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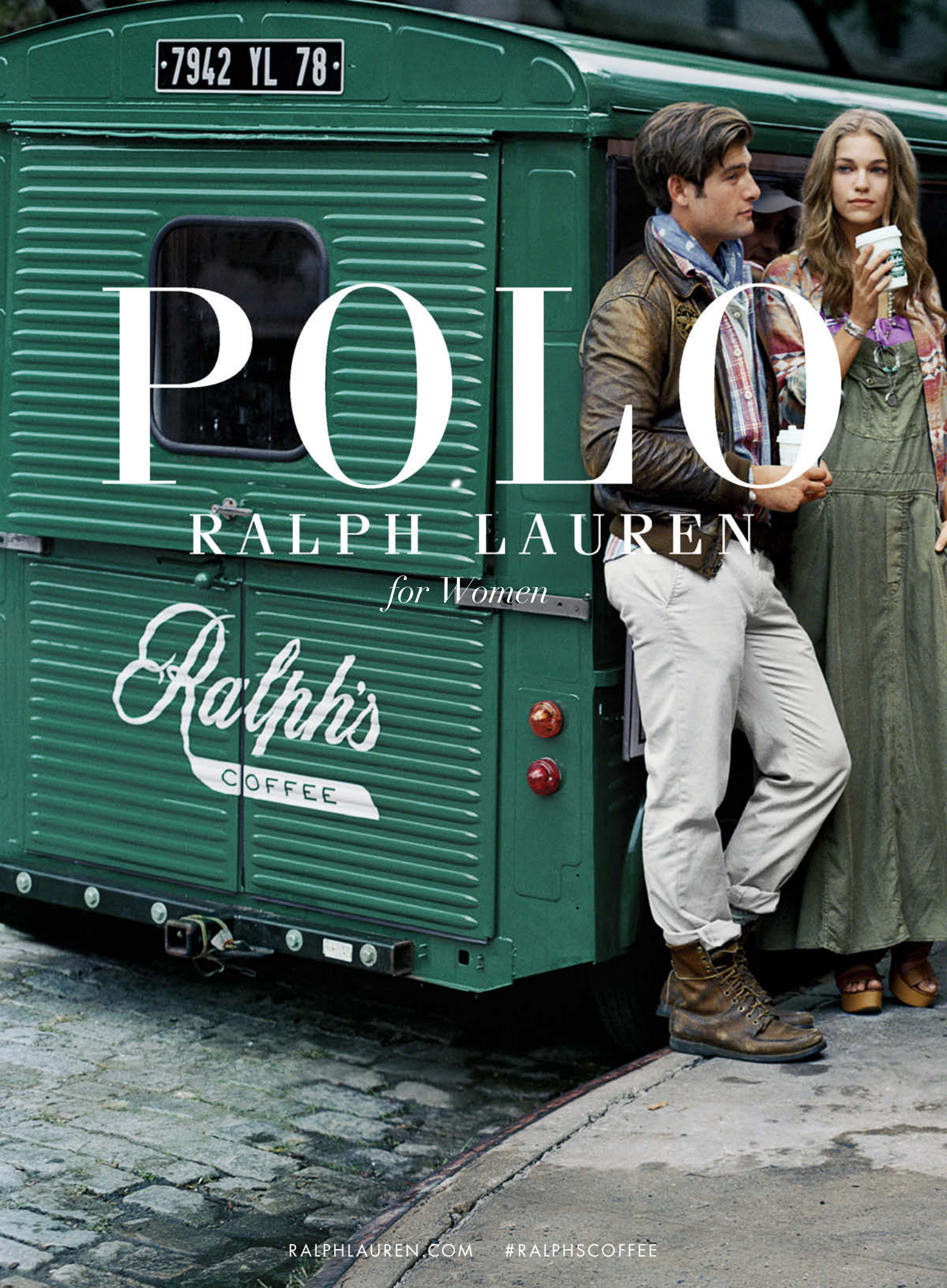
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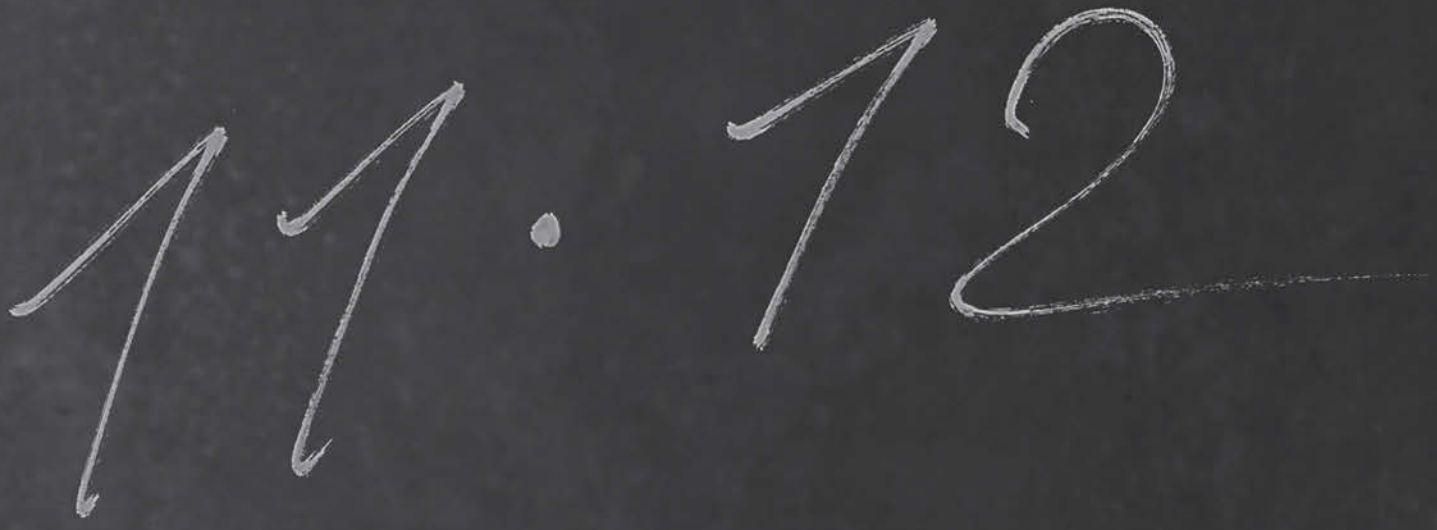
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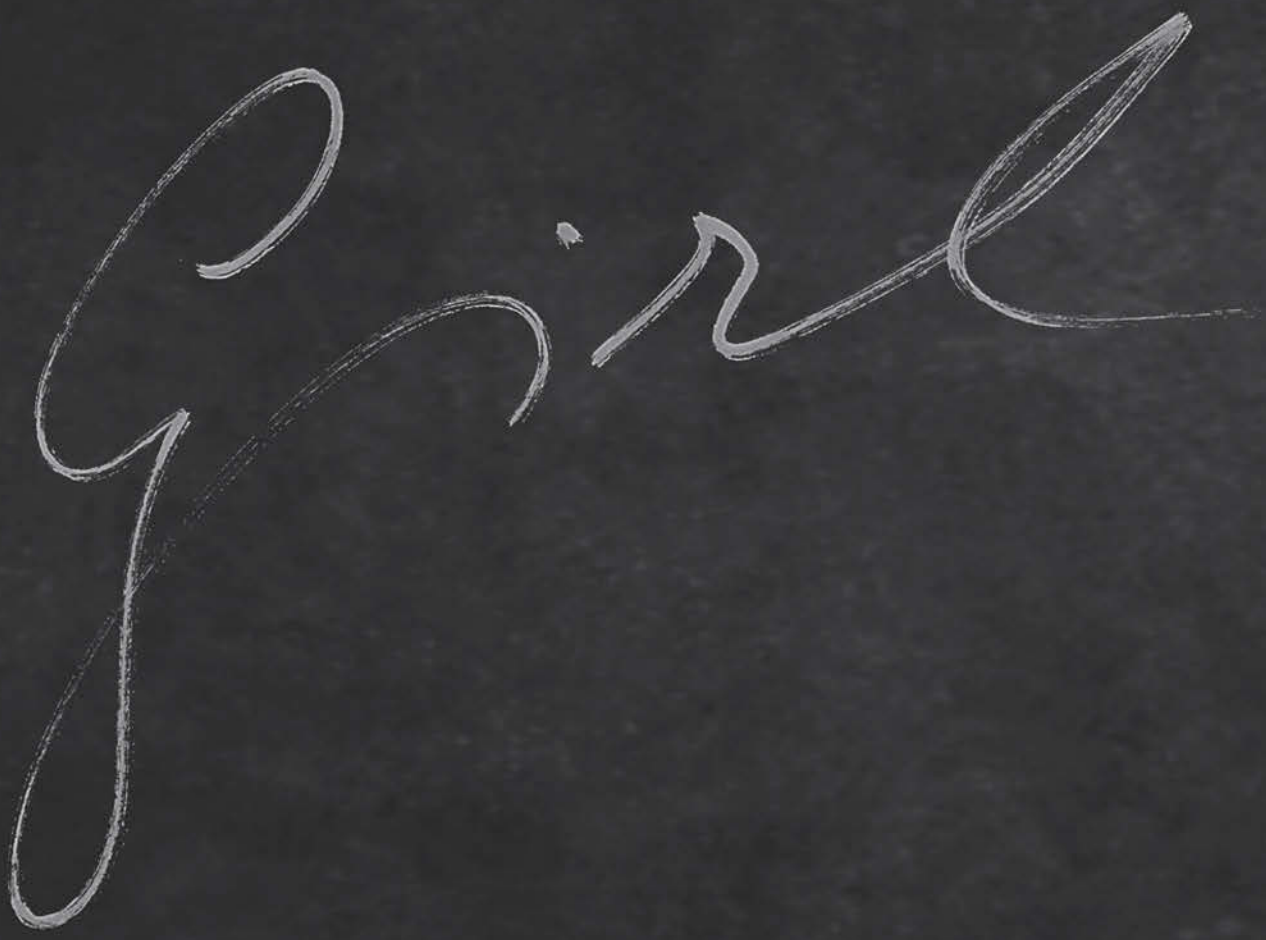




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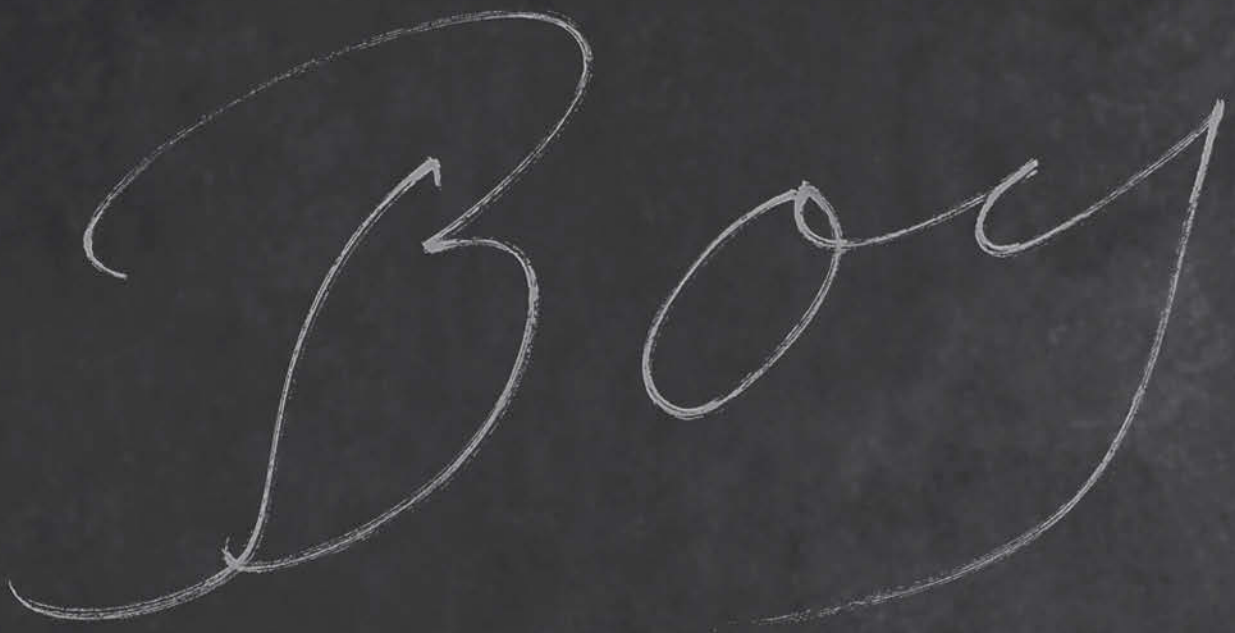
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APRIL

THE MONTH IN CULTURE!



In *The Age of Adaline*, Blake Lively plays a woman who stops aging after an accident and remains endlessly young and beautiful. Which sounds like typecasting until you remember Lively's still only 27. *April 24*

April 2 Contemplate the pitfalls and pluses of the May–December romance at *Skylight*, starring Carey Mulligan and Bill Nighy, which moves to Broadway fresh from theatrical success in London.



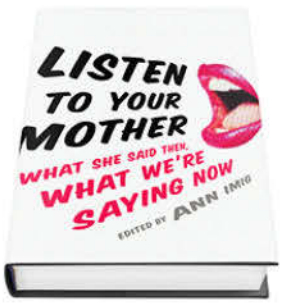
April 4 Bekilted and frequently shirtless Scot Sam Heughan burns up the small screen in *Outlander*, which returns on Starz.



April 5 Brody is dead, long live Brody! Damian Lewis plays beheading-happy monarch Henry VIII on PBS in Masterpiece's six-part miniseries adaptation of Hilary Mantel's *Wolf Hall*.



April 7 Anthology *Listen to Your Mother* presents motherhood in all its multitudinous iterations, with contributions from Jennifer Weiner, Jenny Lawson, and 54 more.



April 10 Clint's buzzy son Scott Eastwood stars as a swashbuckling bull rider in *The Longest Ride*, the latest love-struck adaptation of a novel by national Cupid Nicholas Sparks.

April 6

The Welsh electropop diva known as Marina and the Diamonds releases *Froot*, her third album, and will soon launch a tour involving glowing grapevines and a disco ball made of cherries.



April 12 Everyone's favorite angel-faced trash-talker, Amy Schumer, dishes out the golden popcorn at the MTV Movie Awards.



April 13 Neutral Milk Hotel kick off what they swear is going to be their last tour, really.

April 17 The stars of 2014's *The Drop*, Tom Hardy and Noomi Rapace, meet again in *Child 44*, a Stalin-era thriller.

April 21 April Bloomfield comes clean with a vegetable-focused cookbook, *A Girl and Her Greens*.

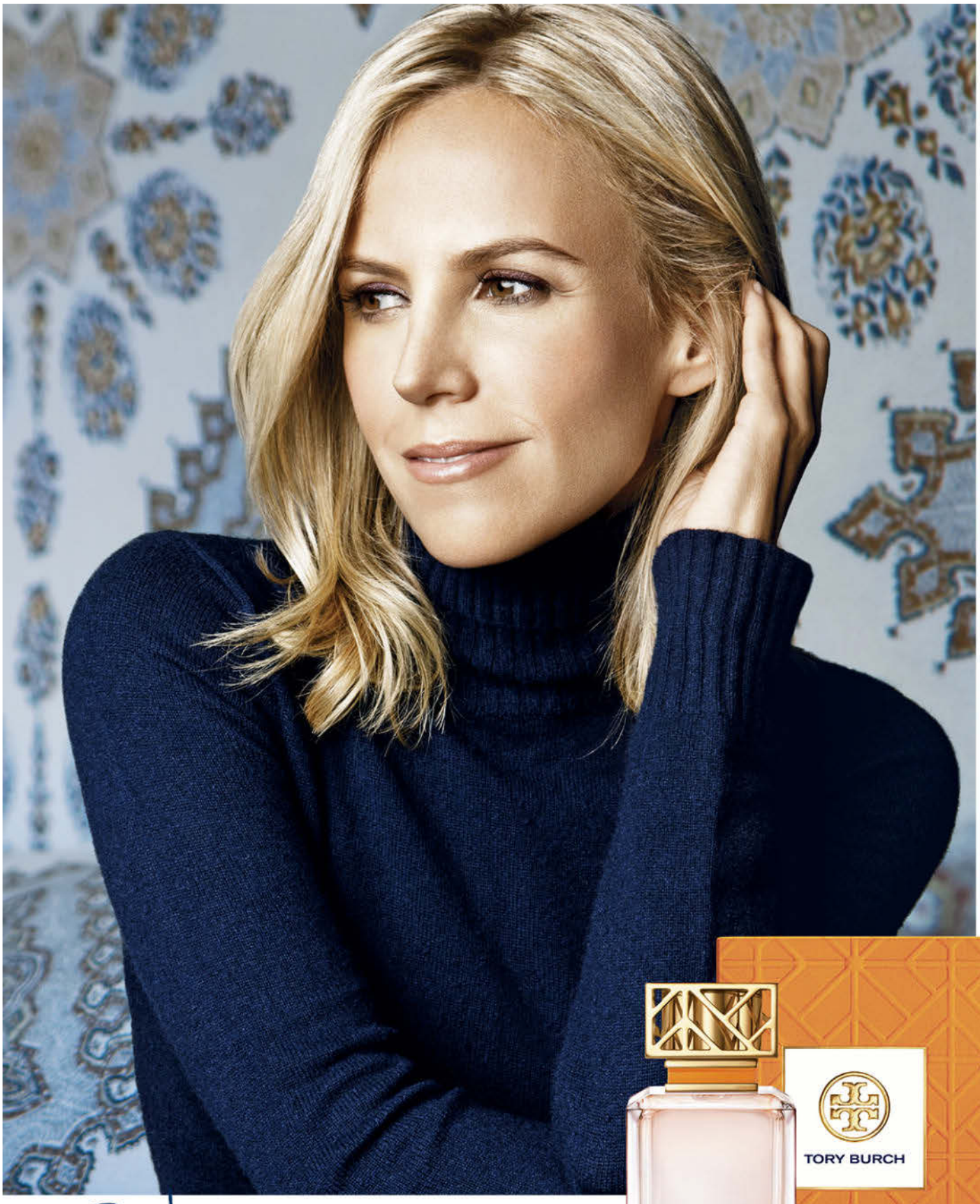


April 23 Painter Lisa Yuskavage, whose bubble-breasted nudes put hourglasses to shame, shows her latest pastel-hued erotic works at David Zwirner Gallery in New York.

April 25 "What Is Luxury?" at London's Victoria and Albert Museum includes not just a jeweled crown and a golden skimming stone but laser-cut couture.



Mulligan: Karwai Tang/Wireimage/Getty Images; Nighy: George Pimentel/Wireimage/Getty Images; Schumer: Justin Stephens; *The Age of Adaline*: Diyah Pera; Neutral Milk Hotel: Courtesy of Merge Records; "What Is Luxury?": © M. Zoeller x Iris van Herpen; Yuskavage: Courtesy the artist and David Zwirner, New York/London; Marina: Charlotte Rutherford; *Listen to Your Mother*: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Eastwood: Michael Tackett; *Wolf Hall*: Ed Miller/Playground & Company Pictures for Masterpiece BBC



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14



Tuesday, April 14
The fashion world's obsession with Chloë Sevigny takes shape in a 224-page volume (Rizzoli) celebrating the indie-film ingenue with personal photos, fashion images (from her Miu Miu ad campaign to a backstage snap with Kate Moss), and a foreword by Sonic Youth legend Kim Gordon.



28

Tuesday, April 28
Couturier Giambattista Valli, known for stretching volume and floral motifs to the extreme, pairs with denim pioneer 7 For All Mankind for a capsule of ladylike silhouettes that make couture of the contemporary.

THE MONTH IN FASHION!



1

Wednesday, April 1
For its recently refurbished Mayfair store, British perfumer Miller Harris enlisted Australian interior designer and beauty heiress Rebecca Körner to conceive a space worthy of its natural, plant-inspired scents. The result: silk-paneled walls and wooden display boxes.



2

Thursday, April 2
This year marks the debut of 82-year-old tenniswear company Lacoste's first-ever tennis racquet. The label—long considered the authority on what to wear on (and off) the court—will produce a capsule collection of clothing and accessories to accompany its equipment venture. Love–all!

9

Thursday, April 9–Sunday, April 12
With Texas having a major cultural moment, the annual Dallas Art Fair will exhibit works from the galleries of 16 international cities, including Viennese painter Alex Ruthner's *Fix* (right), from London-based Ibid Projects.





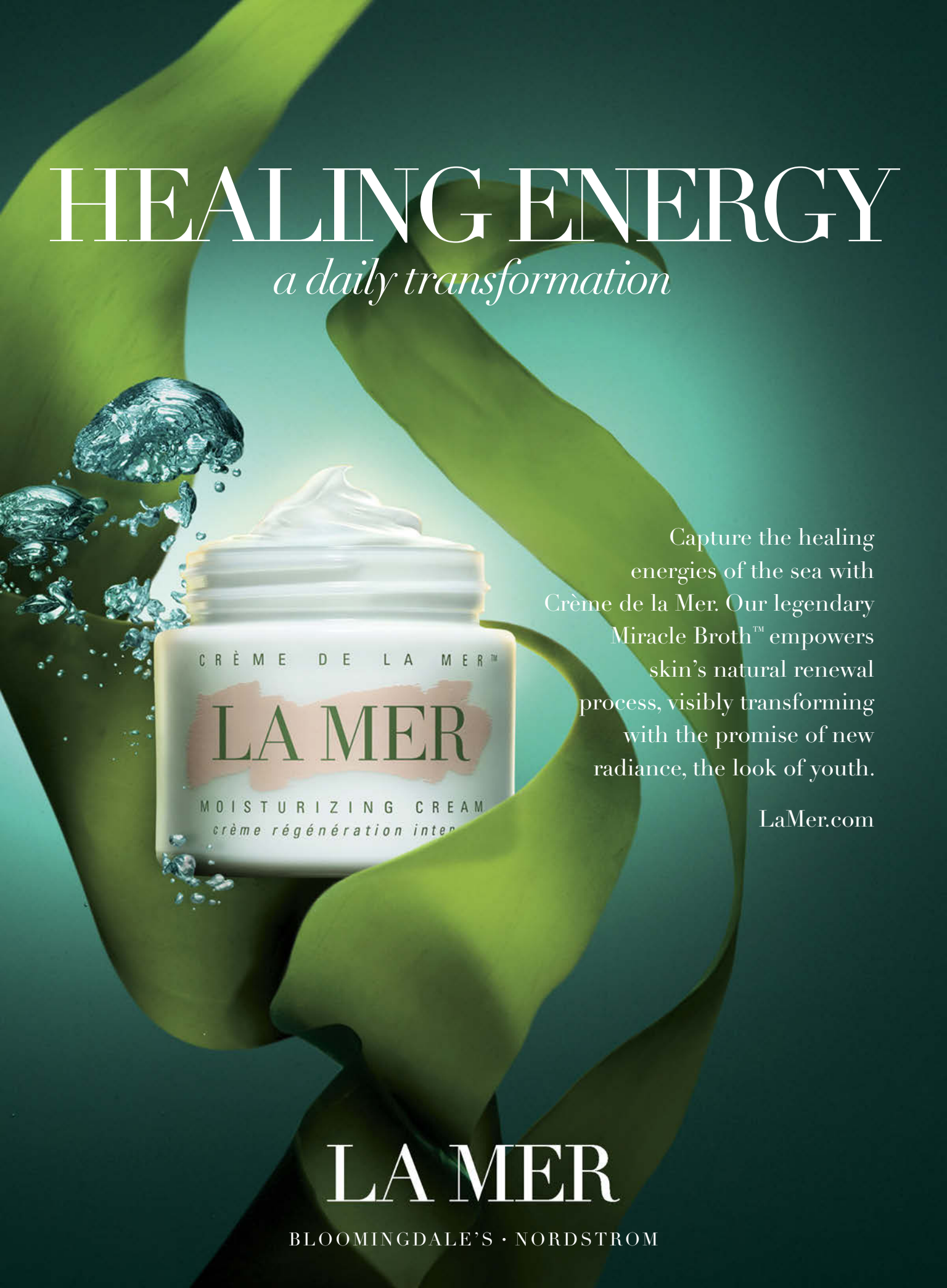
23

Thursday, April 23
The purveyors of street-style-saturated man bags since 2006, twin designers Byron and Dexter Peart of Want Les Essentiels de la Vie are now parlaying their minimalist, architectural vision into a full women's handbag line. Covetable: the duo's brand-new Piper backpack, available in five sweet hues.

Sevigny: Courtesy of Mark Borthwick and Rizzoli; remaining images: courtesy of the designers

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Laura Carmichael, Sasha Alexander & Emily Wickersham



Sia, Alison Sudol & Jill Soloway



Kathryn Winnick, Alyssa Sutherland & Caitriona Balfe

ELLE WOMEN in TELEVISION

The stars were out at ELLE's annual Women In Television celebration on January 13th in Los Angeles. February cover girl, Lena Dunham, along with some of the most prominent talent in TV today, joined ELLE and partners **Hearts On Fire Diamonds** and **Olay** to celebrate the women shaping the small screen.

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Gabrielle Union, Whitney Cummings & Xosha Roquemore



Brittany Snow & Dascha Polanco



Jenna Elfman & Cat Deeley



Hearts On Fire Diamond Activation



Nina Dobrev & Bella Thorne



Busy Philipps & Tracee Ellis Ross



Gillian Jacobs & Katie Lowes


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Clockwise from top left: Michael Thompson; David Bellemere; Liz Collins; Horst Diekgerdes



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THE INFLUENTIALS

STYLE STRATEGIST

JENNY BERNHEIM

Jenny Bernheim has two major passions: fashion and canines. The former fashion PR specialist turned designer and style blogger for her popular site MARGOANDME.COM (named after her beloved puppy), lives for the latest products, accessories, and sartorial secrets. Jenny always adds her personal spin on style – creating unique and unexpected looks that keep her followers coming back for more. Here, she shares some of her favorite outfits, makeup, and shoes that are perfectly on trend this spring season.



"My style philosophy is all about severe femininity, chic with an unexpected jolt and intellectual, without being unapproachable."



1

"Not only is the sheer rose hue of Rapture perfect for spring, but I love its moisturizing, creamy feel."



2

"Sayonara chips! FingerPaints Endless Wear + Top Coat is super long-lasting, for a shiny, just-polished look!"





3

"Onesies are my secret style weapon, perfect for day-time lounging or styling with a jacket to take me out at night."



4

"I love a good bootie, plus the cut-out detailing puts an extra kick in my style and my step."







5

1. **URBAN DECAY,** *Sheer Revolution Lipstick, in Sheer Rapture and Walk of Shame, $22; Moondust Eyeshadow in Cosmic and Ether, $20*

2. **SALLY BEAUTY,** *FingerPaints Endless Wear in Hue Knew?, $7.99; FingerPaints Top Coat, $7.99*

3. & 5. **ROXY,** *Optic Nature Onesie, $99; Women's Relay Pant, $64; Women's Moonshine Tank, $38*

4. **AQUATALIA,** *Liquid in Black bootie, $525; Coy in Heaven, $495; Shell in Caramel Combo, $425*

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Leather, lace, and brocade are even better when layered together. Photographed by Liz Collins. Styled by Samira Nasr

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260 30 YEARS OF...HAIR!
In celebration of our thirtieth anniversary, Julie Schott combs the archives for iconic hairstyles that scream ELLE

262 ROLE MODELS
At '90s fashion shows, there was no social media, and supermodels like Kate, Naomi, and Linda didn't just walk the runway—they became the makeup artists. April Long reports

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Shailene Woodley wears a viscose and polyamide bodysuit and a viscose and acetate bralette from Balmain and a patent leather belt from Lauren Ralph Lauren. To get Woodley's look, try Color Design 5-Pan Eyeshadow Palette in Gris Fatale, Définicils mascara in Black, Modèle Sourcils Brow Groomer, Le Duo Contour & Highlighter Stick, and Shine Lover Vibrant Shine Lipstick in Twisted Beige. All, Lancôme. Photographed by Michael Thompson; styled by Barbara Baumel; hair by Serge Normant at Jed Root; makeup by Rachel Goodwin at The Magnet Agency; manicure by Ashlie Johnson at The Wall Group; production by Dan Foley for 3 Production Inc.; fashion assistants: Alli Conrad and Brittny Chapman

Clockwise from top: Nicolas Moore; Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D; Roxanne Lowit; Cheryl Maeder/Gallerystock; Jay Hanna

Dior



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SUNNY DELIGHT

British eyewear favorite Cutler and Gross links up with two very different American brands, New York designer Timo Weiland and rough-and-ready boot standby Frye, on a range of shades to suit every personality.





195 ELLE SHOPS

ELLE'S TOP SHOP: Blink Boutique, 3706 Lexington Road, Louisville, KY 40207; 502-899-9885

WHAT'S THERE: Open since 2003, Blink Boutique was born out of the desire to offer fashion-forward Louisville residents more casual partywear options by a wide array of designers, from Shoshanna and Parker to Tom Ford.

VIBE: Tiered chandeliers, curtained dressing rooms, and fresh flowers give shoppers a luxurious welcome as they peruse cocktail dresses and a wide variety of jeans from Joie, Paige, Hudson Jeans, and more.

PROJECTED WAIT-LIST ITEMS: Vince sleek leather pants, Rails plaid button-down shirts, and Italian-made metallic and crystal jewelry from Vita Fede

PLAYLIST: Taylor Swift's "Blank Space" and the Miley Cyrus station on Pandora

147 ELLE TRENDS

PLAY MATES

Explore new sides of your style identity with classic prints and not-so-classic extras



Sapphire, diamond, amethyst, opal, and gold earrings, LYDIA COURTEILLE, *price on request, visit lydiacourteille.com*

Silk-blend dress, CH CAROLINA HERRERA, *$600, at CH Carolina Herrera, Beverly Hills*

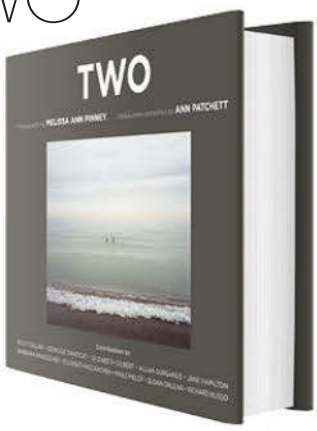
Leather sandal, GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI DESIGN, *$1,595, at Giuseppe Zanotti Design boutiques nationwide*

217 ELLE INTEL

TWO BY TWO

Celebrated author Ann Patchett has joined forces with Melissa Ann Pinney, her longtime friend and a photographer lauded for her personal, documentary images, on *Two* (Harper Design), a moving anthology of short essays, one poem, and Pinney's photographs all exploring the comfort, support, and loneliness of pairs in their many iterations, from a man and his beloved pooch to a writer and her copy editor. Pinney's photographs are nicely coupled with short meditations on friendship, intimacy, and relationships from Patchett's wide-ranging coterie of contemporaries, among them Billy Collins, Susan Orlean, and Elizabeth Gilbert. With striking images and lovely lyrical intervals, this book is itself an example of what can come from a fortuitous pairing: Isn't it nice to have friends like these?

—Cotton Codinha





Top left: Horst Diekgerdes; sunglasses: Ben Goldstein/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); CH Carolina Herrera dress: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Deidre Rodriguez for RJ Bennett Represents); Pinney: © Roger W. Lehman; remaining images: courtesy of the designers



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SIZZLE REAL

If there's anyone on TV helping to recalibrate the male gaze, it's *Outlander* star Caitriona Balfe

In *Outlander*, Starz's breakout period drama about a time-traveling nurse caught in a centuries-spanning, life-threatening love triangle (now returning for the second half of season one), Caitriona Balfe, who plays lead Claire Randall, finds herself at the center of an on-screen sexual revolution. The game changer: After six episodes of sexual tension, forced-together newlyweds Claire and virginal Jamie (Sam Heughan) finally disrobe, but instead of porny showmanship we're presented with egalitarian nudity and vulnerability. For an extended Q&A on the art of getting it on in HD, visit ELLE.com/Outlander.

ELLE: Claire and Jamie's wedding night was one of the most talked about sex scenes in recent history. What was it like to film?

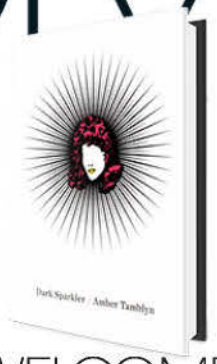
BALFE: By that point, Sam and I had been working together for eight months, so we'd built up a friendship. We all talked a lot about it beforehand and rehearsed every detail to make it as honest as possible.

ELLE: Was it important to you that Claire's sexuality was front and center?

BALFE: So often women are there to be looked at and objectified for the titillation of the male audience. It's so nice that we've been able to turn that on its head and show the female side of it. I got a letter from a fan writing on behalf of her 82-year-old mother who said she loved the show—"even the naughty bits."

ELLE: How closely do you relate to Claire?

BALFE: I am completely confident that I would not be able to go through as much stuff as she does, but I definitely think that her competency has shown me how strong I am. I might be accused of being headstrong like her from time to time.—*Elissa Strauss*



WELCOME TO THE DOLLHOUSE

Amber Tamblyn reframes the starlet narrative with a new collection of poetry

She may have been part of that famously perky, pants-sharing quartet, but 31-year-old Amber Tamblyn, who was raised by two performers (dad Russ was on *Twin Peaks*; mom Bonnie is a singer), is less interested in Hollywood's silver-screen offerings than she is in its seedy underbelly. *Dark Sparkler*, her six-years-in-the-making, Roxane Gay–endorsed collection of metapoems about actresses—some dead, some maligned, some fictional—reveals Tamblyn's deep ambivalence toward an industry that puts stars like her on a pedestal but rarely acknowledges their interior lives. "I wanted to give voices to them and tell the stories of their normality," she says of meditations on fallen icons such as Marilyn Monroe, Dana Plato, and Brittany Murphy. "There was nothing different about them, other than that they lived their successes, their lives, and the darkness of their lives, publicly." Wade in the deep end with Tamblyn at ELLE.com/Sparkler.

RETURN OF THE MAC

In *Irritable Hearts: A PTSD Love Story*, journalist Mac McClelland chronicles her struggle to recover from a stress disorder sparked by the horrors she witnessed in Haiti after the 2010 earthquake. The book, McClelland knows, may be controversial for two reasons. First, "There's a weird but common misperception," she writes, "that trauma exists only in the realm of those who already have it worse than anyone else in the world." Second, McClelland vividly depicts the battery of sexual come-ons that can be all in a day's work for a female reporter alone in places like postearthquake Port-au-Prince. Yet the book isn't just reportage; it's a memoir, and McClelland refuses to hide that she's a woman who enjoys sex. Read the full interview at ELLE.com/McClelland.



Why did Amber Tamblyn dedicate a full blank page of her book to Lindsay Lohan? "Her poem hasn't been written yet," the author says.

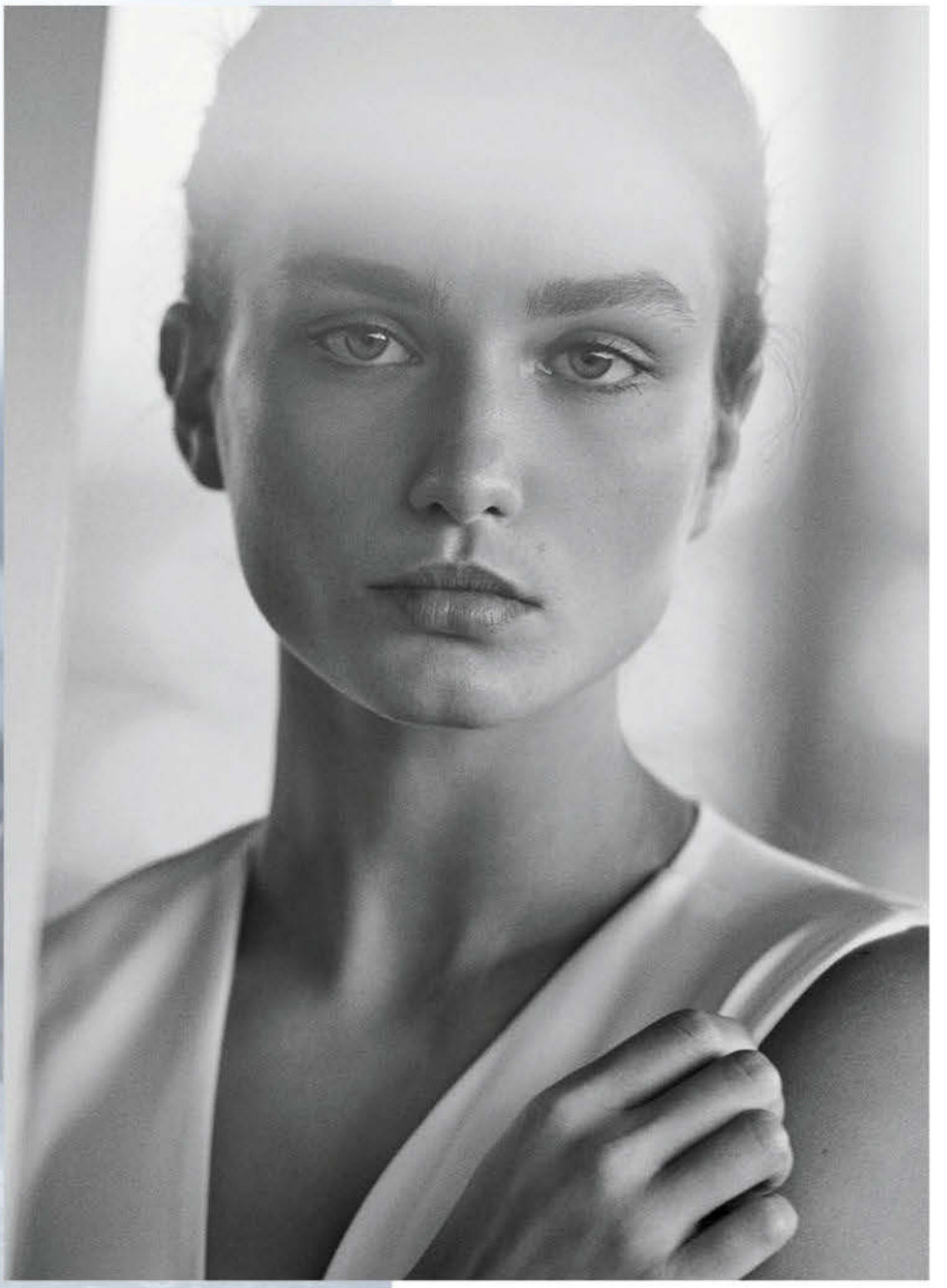
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BUZZ FEED

Three underground designers to whom we flock for that One. Perfect. Thing



MARTIN GRANT: WIDE-LEG PANTS

The Australia-bred designer made a stir at Paris Fashion Week when he debuted every fashion girl's favorite silhouette: voluminous trousers that highlight a trim waist and hide a high heel. Equal parts sexy and innovative, his name won't be underground for long.

SANDY LIANG: OUTERWEAR

Ever seen a shot of your favorite street-style star in a perfectly Pepto-pink cocoon or a flower-dotted moto? Chances are she was rocking Sandy Liang, a New York City–based label that only sells to trendy vendors such as American Rag and Spring.



ZOË CHICCO: SECOND-SKIN BAUBLES

We confess: ELLE.com editors kind of have a *thing* for Chicco's never-take-off stackable rings, downtown-ready bangles, and delicate necklaces **that all but disappear into our clavicles.**

BARRE NONE

A ready-made portal into the secret workouts of the rich and famous

When Natalie Portman needed to get the sinewy definition of a career dancer for *Black Swan*, she dialed up New York City Ballet alum (and sculptor to the stars) Mary Helen Bowers. For her exclusive upper back workout, check out ELLE.com/Bowers.



Grant: Frédérique Dumoulin; Liang: André Herrero; Chicco: Timothy Roberts (2); Biel: Sean Gallup/Getty Images; Swank: Jeff Kravitz/FilmMagic/Getty Images; Danes: Frazer Harrison/Getty Image; Klum: Thomas Concordia/WireImage/Getty Images; Rhoda: Astrid Stawiarz/Getty Images; Rihanna: Josiah Kamau/FilmMagic/Getty Images

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YOUR COACH OF THE MONTH:

GINGER DEAN

The self-taught personal-finance guru will help you balance your checkbook (and your emotions to boot) all month long on ELLE.com

When Ginger Dean was 11 years old, her father passed away unexpectedly. Her mother, who supported her three children with nanny jobs and a meticulously managed "emergency fund," tried to instill a sense of fiscal sensibility into her young daughter—but the concepts didn't exactly take. "She was always having those conversations with me, but by the time I got to college, it was too late," says Dean, now 34 and the creative force behind Girls Just Wanna Have Funds (*girlsjustwannahavefunds.com*), a community of more than 10,000 subscribers that is dedicated to helping women get a better handle on their finances. "How we're socialized brings forth the tacit resistance toward wanting to manage our own money," Dean says. And growing up as a borderline millennial—a demographic stuck somewhere between the enterprising optimists and jaded Gen-Xers—Dean says the money messages were muddled: "We were taught, 'Have your own career and get a good job, but the men are still going to be the ones that should have the better job.'"

It wasn't until after college that the paradox fully presented itself: Armed with a degree in criminal justice from Long Island University, which she earned in 2003—the same year she picked up the Cyndi Lauper–inspired URL on a whim—Dean left her home in Queens, New York, and relocated to Washington, DC, to become the assistant community director at George Washington University. The gig paid $23,000 a year. "I was like, 'Oh! That's a lot of money!'" she says with a laugh. But bad budgeting and high interest rates soon found her saddled with credit card debt. "I actually had to ask my mom to pay off the bill. I was wondering, Why don't I know this?"

After receiving a master's degree in counseling and forensic psychology from Marymount University in Arlington, Virginia, in 2008, Dean—whose dual-pronged career as both a shrink and a debt shrinker has since been featured in *Business Insider* and *The Wall Street Journal*—ramped up her site with the intention of defanging topics such as student loans (always overshoot your balance) and mortgages (twice-monthly payments can shave off years) but also the emotional underpinnings of why and how we spend money. For Dean's level-headed, been-there-done-that advice on how to take control of your own habits, visit ELLE.com.—*Justine Harman*

DEAN'S LIST

Each week, the money maven shares her get-it-together basics:



APRIL 6

Hey, Big Spender!

Just dropped a hefty dime on Net-a-Porter? Hankering for a $9 juice you can't afford? Check out Dean's six-step plan for runaway retail recovery.



APRIL 13

Money Talks

It's not a sexy topic, but financial planning is a solid platform for any relationship. Let Dean help you broker the conversation before it's too late.



APRIL 20

Econ 101

Okay, so your caviar tastes aren't in line with your Bud Light budget. Avoid the accountant's fees with Dean's real-girl budgeting model.



APRIL 27

Sweet Little Lies

When it comes to finances, television is the enemy of the state. From housewives to hoarding, Dean debunks the top media money myths.

Dean: Anthony Tilghman; *Clueless*: © Paramount/courtesy of Everett Collection; *Blue Jasmine*: © Sony Pictures Classics/courtesy of Everett Collection; Econ: Jose Luis Pelaez Inc./Blend Images/Corbis; *Sex in the City*: © HBO/courtesy of Everett Collection

"I will literally be the old woman who lived in her shoes!"—*Sex and the City*'s overspent heroine, Carrie Bradshaw


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THIS YEAR'S MODEL

Recently I was on a panel discussing "what's next" in publishing with four other fashion magazine veterans, gamely moderated by J.Crew's rock-star president and creative director, Jenna Lyons. As I was waiting backstage with my fellow editors, each of whom I respect and often envy, I caught bits and pieces of the interview that was taking place onstage between another magazine great, *GQ* editor Jim Nelson, and blockbuster stand-up comedian and TV star Amy Schumer. I was thrilled to see her because our Women in TV Issue with cover girl Lena Dunham had just hit the stands, and we'd named Schumer to our annual women in television power list. We've also featured her several other times in ELLE because we think she's exactly the sort of woman a women's magazine like ours should be spotlighting. Let me quote our senior editor Rachel Baker, who has a PhD in all things Schumer: "She's the everygirl—if every girl were fearless. Her ability to tap into the humor of the banal side of the zeitgeist is cultural criticism that makes us all feel a little more part of the club, a little funnier, sexier, more confident."

Like I said, we love Amy here. So I was crushed when she told the audience that she really doesn't like women's magazines because, she said after a little probing, they make her feel bad about herself. It's one of those statements that, first, lumps all women together: Does *Good Housekeeping* make you feel bad? Or *Cosmo*? Or ELLE? Because we're all edited for women, but not necessarily the same women. And second, it makes me ponder anew what overall message people think we're conveying. Yes, I've heard the oft-stated charge that women's magazines manufacture problems you didn't know you had, and that by shooting fashion on fashion models we're suggesting to women that unless they're skinny, tall, and under 22, they're somehow deficient. But for those who read ELLE, do they really come away feeling pathologized or fat-shamed or just generally less than? I find that hard to fathom.

In this issue, for example, we try to address a couple of problems we know that women actually have: confusion around the new laws regulating sexual behavior on campus; the challenge not to internalize the culture's biases against single women; what it means to pursue romance after you've frozen your eggs, or, on the other side of the spectrum, chosen not to have a child at all; and, yes, how to wear what we love this season without looking like a slave to fashion.

As for the fashion models: We shoot an average of eight to 10 of them a month for our fashion well, and they're great at their job. They work with the photographers and stylists and the hair and makeup teams to interpret the season through the ELLE filter—all with the notion that fashion is an excellent means of expression and that finding your physical beauty can be a pleasure. Yet there are many other forms of inspiration in ELLE too. For one of the first features in the book, we shot and interviewed 10 of Washington's most influential, accomplished women, from Supreme Court justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg to *PBS Newshour* coanchor and veteran DC correspondent Gwen Ifill. I also had the chance to sit down with the brainy, charismatic, and, yes, beautiful Maria Shriver to talk about her latest endeavor: reframing the conversations about both poverty and Alzheimer's disease, the latter of which affects twice as many women as men. This month we also had a chat with ELLE.com's guest blogger, Ginger Dean, about getting your finances together; and writer Holly Millea had the best time with cover girl Shailene Woodley, who is as talented, complex, and unconventional a star as Hollywood has offered up in a while. It's clear to me that we're holding all of them up as women to admire, support, and emulate. You know, models: model citizens, model creatives, model power brokers, model women. Choose one—or three—for yourself.



There's a lot more to learn about our April issue, and I can tell you about it—on video. Download the free Blippar app and "blipp" this page to watch it come to life.

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THE BRAIN TRUSTEE

Maria Shriver is a polymath if ever there was one. So what's next? She talks to ELLE editor-in-chief Robbie Myers about declaring war on Alzheimer's and feeling like a 20-year-old

There is an unspoken rule that when you interview a woman of accomplishment, someone who's worked very hard her whole professional life to build something meaningful and to actually succeed at making people's lives better, you cannot lead with a comment about the way she looks, lest you stand accused of "reducing" her to her physicality. Okay, so I apologize. But when Maria Shriver walks into a room, you can't help but notice that a force has come into your midst, and it takes a minute to adjust your eyes to all that beauty. The hair, yes, *the* hair! And the eyes, the famous family jawline, the deep voice with only ever-so-slight hints of the Hyannis Port summers that she left behind to forge her own path as a journalist, first at Philadelphia's KYW-TV and then at CBS and NBC, eschewing the Kennedy family business to pursue a professional life as a member of the one group that politicians most fear: the press. It's hard to think of another person who's lived so many different, public lives: as a journalist, a news anchor, a Kennedy, a first lady of California, a documentary producer, a children's book author, a Twitter powerhouse (2.33 million followers), and, with the recent film *Still Alice*, an executive producer of an Oscar-nominated film. Then there's her role as mother to Katherine, 25, Christina, 23, Patrick, 21, and Christopher, 17. Of Maria's many causes and passions, the one to which she is turning her focus right now is Alzheimer's disease. Her 2010 Shriver Report—the second of three heavily researched, highly influential reports on our country's most pressing cultural issues and their potential solutions—illuminated the little-known fact that Alzheimer's is very much a women's disease: Two thirds of its victims are women, and more than 60 percent of the caregivers for those suffering from Alzheimer's and other forms of dementia are women. Now, through her philanthropic organization, A Woman's Nation, Maria is launching Wipe Out Alzheimer's, a full-court-press campaign to fight the disease. She and I spoke about that big push, harnessing power outside of Washington, and what the culture is most craving.

ROBBIE MYERS: In your most recent Shriver Report, you announced that the new face of poverty in America is the working woman.

MARIA SHRIVER: I was really happy that the president in the State of the Union talked about pretty much everything that we recommended—[a] living wage, family leave, equal pay, community college access—but [our report] also recommended that women needed to be smart about family planning; that they need to understand that having a child is a financial decision as much as an emotional decision. That they need to pursue their education, to be financially savvy. If they are employers, they're responsible for giving the equality that they'd ask for.

RM: I love the title of the report, "A Woman's Nation." Where did that come from?

MS: I want to live in a country where women and men are equal, they're paid equally, where we have a conversation that is not machismo, as the Pope says, but is considerate. That is caring, not combative, and that seeks to raise our children to respect people of different genders, different persuasions, different religions. If I were imagining a "more perfect union," what would it look like? A woman's nation looks at social-justice issues, economic empowerment, and it uses media to inform and ignite these conversations and, ideally, come up with ideas that can be turned into action.

RM: How do we get men to care about "women's" issues?

MS: I start from the premise that they do. I don't look at them as the enemy. I'm a mother of two boys. I'm a sister to four brothers, and I have a partner in Arnold in raising four children. Men care about their daughters, wives, sisters, and mothers, and I believe that how we invite them to be part of the discussion is critical. It's up to us as women to be open.

RM: In Congress, it's mostly married white men making decisions on so-called women's issues. Who's represent-

Kwaku Alston/Corbis Outline

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ing the new face of poverty? Who's representing just women in general?

MS: I don't look to Washington to see who's representing. When I was 17 and my dad was running for vice president, everybody in my family was in the front of the plane, where the candidate was, the chief of staff, and the speechwriters. I was in the back of the plane with the press. I was like, These are the people who are really impacting the people in the front. If I were on the plane today, I'd get off the plane.

RM: You would? Why?

MS: Because I don't think either one of those places [is] the place that is inspiring or igniting or impacting. A lot of what you saw on Capitol Hill this past year when it talked about abuse in the military—that came from culture, from documentary, from women on the ground, from agitators, from architects of change. When I handed the Shriver Report to the president and said, "This is the new face of poverty," that came from a team—the Center for American Progress, the Shriver Report team—doing work and agitating. The movie that I did, *Paycheck to Paycheck*—that came from the Shriver Report and HBO. Today, Washington moves when what I call Main Street moves. You saw with marriage equality, the Arab Spring, that all kinds of cultural tools are pushing Washington. It's great when women want to run, but I don't think that's the only way to have an impact. I, at a very young age, made a decision: I don't want to do what my family does—they felt that the only way to have an impact was through elected office. I didn't believe that; I thought the news business was going to have a huge impact. I also had the example of my mother running a worldwide nonprofit [Special Olympics], and she used sports and politics to ignite change all over the world. I saw her always being the only woman in the room, always being a warrior. And then at the age of 21 I fell in love with somebody who was very different from any kind of man I had met. So I pursued my journalism. I married someone from a different party. I was there—front-row seat: a Democrat in a Republican administration. It taught me that the idea that the other is the enemy is misguided. There were good people in the Republican party; I was married to one of them.

RM: You're drawn to truth telling.

MS: Well, I'm drawn outside the box. I'm drawn to making it up as I go along. I'm drawn to creative people, to flawed people, to pained people. Because I see myself as one.

RM: You told me recently that your son goes to weekly Bible classes with dozens of his peers, and that the minister there told you that he felt those kids were looking to be "reparented." Can you tell me more?

MS: I don't go every week—I go to my own church—but I have gone with him. I'm really interested in the concept that, as many people have said, we're a nation now of orphans. That people don't see themselves as belonging to institutions the way our parents did. People are saying, "I don't want to be a Democrat or a Republican. I want to be an Independent." While the Internet has been fantastic in so many ways, I think it has made people quite isolated. They need connection, to know that someone cares about them. People want to belong. That's why when you lose your job, or your parents, or your children, you wobble, or you crash, because you're asking, "What is my purpose?"

RM: So what led you to this huge Alzheimer's initiative?

MS: Well, my father, obviously. He was diagnosed with Alzheimer's a month before my husband decided to run for governor. I wrote a children's book [*What's Happening to Grandpa?*] really as a way to explain it to myself and to my children. [That laid the groundwork for] *The Alzheimer's Project*, a four-part HBO series that's the largest television undertaking to explain Alzheimer's. In the process of doing that, I started noticing everywhere I'd go—there are a lot of women with Alzheimer's. And, like, "Wow. There's a lot of women taking care of everybody with Alzheimer's." We reported for the first time that Alzheimer's disproportionately impacts women's brains and it disproportionately impacts women as caregivers, so they have to drop out to take care of a husband or whatever. Then, all of a sudden, I testified to Congress to help pass a national act. I became more and more of an advocate for increased funding, understanding, awareness. And now I've launched the largest global women's health initiative to wipe out Alzheimer's.

RM: What is your goal with the project?

MS: I'm trying to get a million women to join me to be educated about what Alzheimer's is and isn't. To understand that if you're a woman in your early sixties, you're twice as likely to get it [as] you are to get breast cancer. To understand that you probably will end up caring for somebody with Alzheimer's, and that will affect your financial future. I'm trying to raise millions of dollars so we can study women's brains and understand—is this hormonal? Is it stress? Is it linked to depression? I want to put a fire under men and women who are elected to increase the funding, because it's paltry. This thing is like a high-speed train, and it's coming right to your door.

RM: What should women know to help ward off the disease?

MS: First of all, cardiovascular health is connected to brain health. "Smart games" don't cure Alzheimer's, but they keep your brain active. You must continue to learn—isolation is detrimental to brain health. You need community. A lot of studies show a connection between depression and Alzheimer's, between stress and Alzheimer's. To be mindful is helpful. To eat healthy is helpful. I can't sit here and tell you, "Oh, if you take Resveratrol you'll ward off Alzheimer's." But I say to myself, "It can't hurt."

RM: Do you feel like this is the beginning of something for you? Or is this the summation of what you know so far?

MS: Both. I feel really blessed. I find that I feel in many ways like I'm 20. I'm surrounded by people in their twenties because of my kids. I have many more friends in their twenties—17 to 25—than I do my age.

RM: Really?

MS: Many more. I'm also aware that I'm going to be 60 this year. I want to approach my life with the same enthusiasm that I did when I got my first job. I'm also aware that I'm entering the time when a lot of people are getting Alzheimer's, I'm entering a decade when people I know get sick. In the last four years I've had a lot of changes in my own life. So I'm trying to stay in a place of gratitude and acceptance and to get rid of the fear that we all have when we're heading into a place where we don't really know where we're going. I'm just like, "Okay, let's go." ●

"I THINK THAT ALL OF US NEED TO BE WARRIORS AT TIMES IN OUR LIVES, AND OTHER TIMES WE NEED TO BE VESSELS OF COMPASSION AND PEACE AND JUSTICE."

One study shows that 80 percent of women who live to the age of 90 will get Alzheimer's disease.


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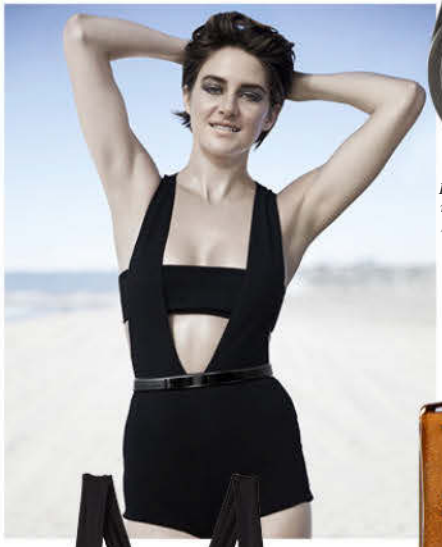
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Behind-the-scenes view of the sun-drenched set

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BALMAIN

FREE RANGE

For our April cover shoot—photographed by Michael Thompson—the ELLE team chose Dockweiler Beach in Los Angeles to showcase actress Shailene Woodley's low-key glamour and signature free spirit. (Case in point: Woodley, barefaced and wearing jeans and a simple tank, drove her own beloved Toyota Prius to the set.) "We were inspired by early-'90s Linda Evangelista. We wanted to juxtapose Woodley's graceful body and this natural Southern California setting with really sharp clothes," ELLE creative director Alex González says. Between shots, the actress—who especially adored a Balmain bathing suit chosen by stylist Barbara Baumel—sunbathed on the sand, showing off her lithe limbs and natural athleticism as she jumped and danced to tunes from Caribou, Solange, and Spoon. "We wanted to let Shailene's joie de vivre be the catalyst behind the shoot," says Thompson. "Her personality is very infectious. From the moment I met her I liked her!"—*Jennifer Arellano*

L.A. confidential: Ritts' iconic photographs



Herb Ritts: L.A. Style, *by Paul Martineau, with an essay by James Crump,* GETTY PUBLICATIONS, *$65, visit shop.getty.edu. Exhibition of Herb Ritts' photography shown at the J. Paul Getty Museum, Getty Center, April 3, 2012–September 2, 2012*



Top left: Michael Thompson; runway: Imaxtree.com (2); beach: Brittny Chapman; American Apparel swimsuit, Monique Lhuillier bandeau, T by Alexander Wang long johns, book cover, and spread: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

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Cristina Nehring

PROVENANCE: "I spent the first few years of my life in Basel, Switzerland."
NOW: Paris
PROFESSION: Author/writer/photographer
BONA FIDES: Work has appeared in *The New York Times*, *Harper's*, and *The Atlantic*; author of *A Vindication of Love: Reclaiming Romance for the Twenty-First Century* (HarperCollins)
THIS MONTH: "The Death of Eros?" (page 288)
READING: *The Way of All Flesh*, by Samuel Butler
FIRST GIG: "I worked as a lingerie-modeling waitress in an extremely seedy steak house in eastern Washington so I could afford to take a Milton class from my favorite college professor."
INSPIRATION: "My daughter's dancing. Eurydice is disabled and, at six, does not yet talk. But she moves like a wild stallion. There is joy, grace, and eloquence in her motions that seem to make language apologetic and redundant."
DREAM PROJECT: "I'd like to write songs as well as books, poems as well as polemics—and I'd like to perform them. I'd like to take far more photographs and blow them up to the size of a house."



Barbara Baumel

PROVENANCE: Paris
NOW: Paris
PROFESSION: Fashion stylist
THIS MONTH: "Catch Her If You Can" (page 306). "My inspiration was a young Linda Evangelista during the '90s. That was an era of strong models—there was so much personality. When I saw Shailene, I could feel that she had a lot of energy, a lot of happiness. She reminded me of that time and the freshness of a picture of Linda or even Christy Turlington. She has so much generosity. There were like 10 people on the set, and to each person she said, 'Hi, my name is Shailene. What's your name? Nice to meet you.' She was so kind."
STYLE NOTES: "I love a twist on the expected. If you take a black dress but pair it with a rough accessory, then it may turn into something else, not just the usual little black dress. I love everything sexy. Yesterday there was a blond girl in the street. She was wearing a hat, a white blouse, a black leather skirt—but not too tight—and little black socks. She was so sexy, you cannot imagine. The hat and the socks made it so modern, so great."



Jillian Lauren

PROVENANCE: Livingston, New Jersey
NOW: Los Angeles
PROFESSION: Writer
BONA FIDES: Work has appeared in *The New York Times*, *Los Angeles*, and The Huffington Post; author of *Some Girls: My Life in a Harem*, *Pretty*, and the upcoming memoir *Everything You Ever Wanted*
THIS MONTH: "The Amazing Baby Race" (page 298)
READING: *Americanah*, by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie. "It's keeping me up at night, which almost never happens. Now, as the mother of a six-year-old, I only like the most entertaining things, and this is just blowing my mind. It's beautiful, it's really a revelation."
ON REPEAT: *Cabaret*. "The wardrobe is my dream wardrobe. It's such a tour de force by Liza Minnelli channeling God, you know? I've always been really captivated by 1920s Berlin. My grandmother was there at that time, and she'd tell me really wild stories about it."
LISTENING: Philip Glass, *The Complete Piano Etudes*
DREAM PROJECT: "I want to write a musical. I think there is something very subversive about musicals, and I'm interested in exploring that."—*Cotton Codinha*

Nehring: Russell Jacoby; Baumel: Patrice Van Malder; Lauren: Robyn VonSwank

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DREAM WEAVER

Globe-trotting designer Emily Diamandis channels the vibrant colors and rich textures of Rajasthan in her luxe collection of knits







As a knitwear consultant (she oversaw Rag & Bone's foray into sweaters and wound up working with the brand for nearly six years), Emily Diamandis spends nearly as much time on an airplane as she does in her Manhattan design studio, shuttling back and forth between far-flung factories and suppliers. Her latest excursion? Rajasthan (India's largest state), renowned for its dazzling textiles and floating palaces. Diamandis went in search of inspiration for Tabula Rasa, her own brand of luxe knitted loungewear, pillows, throws, and travel accessories, and a much-needed respite. *–Naomi Rougeau*

STAY:

"I've always been obsessed with the desert, so I stayed at the Serai, near Jaisalmer. It's just stunning. The decor has a minimalist, colonial feel, with large campaign desks and huge hand-carved beds, and each room has its own private pool (*from $530/night; sujanluxury.com*). You also have your own butler. One day I went out on a camel safari, and when I got back they'd set up high tea in the desert on a dune!"

PACK:

"I always bring my Elbrus cashmere hoodie (*$595; tabularasa-ny.com*), which is great for cocooning into my space and tuning everything else out. I love American Vintage T-shirts, the really fine jersey ones (*$60; net-a-porter.com*), and I've got these great silk pants from Hope (*$200; hope-sthlm.com*) that I always use. During the day I'll pair them with trainers, and for night I'll switch to heels—add some jewelry and they can look quite glamorous."

EAT:

"You can't go to India without having chai from a street vendor. The Taj Lake Palace in Udaipur (*tajhotels.com*) also does incredible curries. When you're in India, you have to take away any preconceived ideas of Western food and experiment because there's just so much."



DO:

"Udaipur is where a lot of designers go to shop. Ganesh Emporium, on City Palace Road, is probably 20 rooms full of vintage Indian artifacts. I bought the most amazing chunky gold bracelet for about $200—someone just stole it last week at the gym, and I'm gutted! The finest quality pashminas will run you about $100, and most of the fabrics I picked up were in the $25/yard range. I also found a hand-painted vintage Bollywood poster for $80." ●





All photos: Courtesy of the subject

1. City Palace, Udaipur 2. The Serai, Jaisalmer 3. Outside the Amer Fort, Jaipur 4. Interior, City Palace, Udaipur 5. Camel safari in Jaisalmer 6. Tabula Rasa Thar hoodies 7. Tabula Rasa travel eye masks


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2015 *WASHINGTON* POWER LIST

FIRST, WE TAKE DC

In the nation's capital, men may head every branch of the federal government—but increasingly, it's women who are stepping up, taking charge, and getting things done. By Rachael Combe and Ben Dickinson



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEROME CORPUZ

Muriel Bowser

Mayor of Washington, DC

Capitol Hill may still be mostly a boys' club, but with the recent election of Mayor Muriel Bowser, 42, you might say that girls rule the 650,000 residents of the city around it: Bowser is actually Washington, DC's second female mayor, and the city's current police chief and schools chancellor are both women as well. Bowser says the most surprising aspect of her 20 months of campaigning was "the reaction I got from little girls—I wasn't prepared for it." They saw a local gal making it big, and "they were so excited. They really gave me inspiration."

Bowser has developed her own girl-power-suit theory: "It's better for a woman to wear a skirted suit," she says, rather than pants with a jacket. "When you're standing next to a man in a suit, you look as businesslike as he does."

She started her career as an advisory neighborhood commissioner, an unpaid elected position that her father had held when she was a kid. "I quickly realized," she recalls, "that change happens when you're able to make decisions about policy and funding. I decided that elective office is how I could have the greatest impact." Her mission as mayor, as she describes it, is to expand the city's burgeoning middle class. "I'm born and raised here, I have seen DC at its low point, and I see it on the rise. But too many Washingtonians don't experience that progress," she says. "I was elected to make sure we're closing the gap. I'm very focused on equalizing school investment and making sure that we have good-paying jobs so people can afford to live here."

Styled by Anatolli Smith; hair by Brian Oliver at THE Artist Agency; makeup by Patti Nelson at THE Artist Agency; manicure by Titilayo Bankole at THE Artist Agency; location courtesy of the W Washington DC hotel. Bowser wears: Les Copains coat, Boss dress, Jennifer Meyer earrings, Hearts On Fire necklace, David Yurman bracelet, R.J. Graziano bracelet, and Coléoptère cuff. For details, see Shopping Guide

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2015 *WASHINGTON* POWER LIST



Stephanie Schriock

President of EMILY's List

Stephanie Schriock, 41, is a master of persuasion in her pursuit of EMILY's List's mission: getting pro-choice Democratic women elected. She first cajoles women to run and then gets donors and voters on board. So far, EMILY's List has helped elect more than 100 congresswomen, 19 senators, 10 governors, and hundreds of state and local officials. Schriock is known for being one of the best campaigners in the business—and she helped drag campaigning into the Internet age while working for Howard Dean and Al Franken. She has quintupled EMILY's List's membership and raised record-breaking sums of money. And she's been spoken of as a possible campaign manager for Hillary Clinton 2016, head of the Democratic National Committee, or even a future senator.

Schriock is big on wardrobe coordination: Before an event with a woman candidate, her staff will often call around to make sure she and Schriock aren't wearing the same thing. "It's something men don't have to do," she says, because their suits are pretty much all the same. "I feel like Elizabeth Warren and I share many jackets. And the last time I was anywhere near Secretary Clinton, we had on the same color—should have called ahead!"



Schriock: Styled by Sabina Schreder; hair by Brian Oliver at T H E Artist Agency; makeup by Patti Nelson at T H E Artist Agency; manicure by Titilayo Bankole at T H E Artist Agency; location courtesy of the W Washington DC hotel. Wallace: Styled by Yashua Simmons; hair by Hiro+Mari for Bumble and bumble; makeup by Asami Matsuda at Artist for Chanel; manicure by Holly Falcone at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel Le Vernis. Schriock wears: St. John coat and dress, John Hardy cuffs, Miriam Salat bangle, and her own earrings. Wallace wears: Roland Mouret dress, Elsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co. choker, and vintage Cartier bracelets from Beladora. For details, see Shopping Guide

Nicolle Wallace

Politico, novelist, and cohost of ABC's *The View*

"When I got the job on *The View*, I started wearing Roland Mouret and Stella McCartney and Victoria Beckham dresses. These clothes are a shocking revelation to me—that's someone else's art. They're beautiful." That's fresh fashion convert Nicolle Wallace, talking about her new life as a media star. Wallace—who was communications director in George W. Bush's White House and on his reelection campaign, then senior adviser to John McCain in 2008—is dismissive about having another political campaign in her future. With her perch on *The View* and her third novel, *Madam President* (Atria/Emily Bestler Books), arriving later this month, Wallace is keeping plenty busy. She says she'll root for the Republican candidate in 2016—but she's not rooting *against* Hillary Clinton, with whom she clearly feels some feminine solidarity: "Even now," Wallace says, "it's, 'Is she going to run, or is she just going to be a grandma?' Do you know how many *grandfathers* there are in the Senate? Does anyone ask whether they're going to run or are they going to sit around and be a grandpa? It's ludicrous!"

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Elise Stefanik

U.S. representative from New York's 21st District

What's really crazy is not that Elise Stefanik is, at 30, the youngest woman ever elected to Congress—it's that she's already a Washington veteran and an old White House hand. She's young enough that her first presidential vote was for the reelection of George W. Bush in 2004. Not long after that, she went straight to the White House with her Harvard BA, arriving just when a special-assistant post in the West Wing was open: Enter Elise. She's still ebullient about her victory as an underdog last fall. "I think being underestimated is an asset!" she says. "I realized early on it's obvious that I'm young, that I don't look like a typical candidate for federal office—so instead of running from that, I embraced it." Stefanik ran on a platform of repealing Obamacare and cutting taxes and regulations; in January, she was appointed to the Armed Services and the Education and the Workforce committees.

Aside from sometimes sporting patterned tights—apparently a daring fashion statement inside the Beltway—Stefanik has an understated sense of style that she characterizes as "classic, with touches of modern femininity." She favors Tory Burch and admires Kate Middleton's fashion sense.



Styled by Sabina Schreder; hair by Brian Oliver at T H E Artist Agency; makeup by Patti Nelson at T H E Artist Agency; manicure by Titilayo Bankole at T H E Artist Agency; location courtesy of the W Washington DC hotel. Stefanik wears: Boss dress, Chanel bracelets, and her own earrings and necklace. For details, see Shopping Guide

Dorothy McAuliffe

First lady of Virginia

As the mother of five children, ages 11 to 22, Dorothy McAuliffe has lots of experience in managing competing needs and personalities—not least that of her larger-than-life husband, Virginia governor Terry McAuliffe. Dorothy remained behind the scenes during Terry's stints as chairman of both Clintons' presidential campaigns and of the Democratic National Committee. But as the governor's wife, she has stepped forward to eradicate childhood hunger—"a passion for as long as I've been thinking about how and what to feed my own family. I always said, if I ever had a platform, I would raise awareness for this issue," she says. She and her husband see programs to feed the 300,000 food-insecure kids in their state as a key part of his jobs-and-economics initiative, and Dorothy works closely with the hunger nonprofit Share Our Strength. "Education is the crown jewel of what we're trying to do," she says. "And we all know that children have to be fed if they're going to be ready to learn."



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2015 *WASHINGTON* POWER LIST

Gwen Ifill

Coanchor of *PBS Newshour*, moderator of *Washington Week*, frequent network roundtable guest, and author

After some three decades in Washington (she lives in the northwest part of the city), Gwen Ifill—pretty much the dean of the capital's broadcast press corps—has a characteristically rock-solid perspective on the place. "There's the city I live in, where people go about their lives, and then there's the city I cover, which is where people feud and infuriate the rest of the country and don't seem to get to the bottom of anything."

Ifill, who was a newspaper reporter for many years before shifting to TV work, is also an author; her first book, 2009's *The Breakthrough*, is a widely admired appraisal of African-American politics. Asked what she makes of the recent resurgence of civil rights issues across the country, she says, "One of the things I remember saying in my book is that there is no such thing as 'postracial politics,' and neither should there be. Not only is it not over, but why would we *want* it to be over, unless we think race is a bad thing? That, to me, is part of what we need to be struggling with in this country—how to talk about race without it automatically being talk about racism or racists. We're just talking about another definition of who we are—which is fine."



Ifill: Styled by Sabina Schreder; hair by Brian Oliver at T H E Artist Agency; makeup by Patti Nelson at T H E Artist Agency; manicure by Tiffiayo Bankole at T H E Artist Agency; location courtesy of the W Washington DC hotel. Psaki: Styled by Anatolli Smith; hair by Brian Oliver at T H E Artist Agency; makeup by Patti Nelson at T H E Artist Agency; manicure by Tiffiayo Bankole at T H E Artist Agency; location courtesy of the W Washington DC hotel. Ifill wears: St. John coat, Marina Rinaldi dress, Elizabeth Locke earrings, Marco Bicego necklace and bangle, and David Yurman ring. Psaki wears: Boss blazer, 3.1 Phillip Lim T-shirt, and David Yurman necklace. For details, see Shopping Guide

Jen Psaki

Spokesperson for the U.S. Department of State

Jen Psaki has traveled to 55 countries with Secretary of State John Kerry, and a dozen more (as well as 46 states) in her previous job as spokesperson for President Obama—and she's still only 36. Working for leaders as varied in temperament as Kerry, Obama, and Rahm Emanuel, she's noticed one trait that effective people share: "They're all straight shooters." She's learned to be direct with her bosses—"they're moving at a thousand miles per hour; they don't always have time to parse the subtle"—and with the press. "The worst thing to experience as a reporter is not hearing back from someone." She's also learned to rely on easy-packing St. John knits that she finds on consignment. "I'm convinced there is a lovely old woman who is the same size as me and has passed on all of her suits." Recently Psaki came under attack in Russia's state-controlled media after she criticized that country's illegal intervention in Ukraine. "[They] talk about what I wear, my hair, there are cartoons—it's definitely sexist," she says. But for Psaki, being targeted by the Kremlin is all in a day's work. "It's sort of a badge of honor that there would be a need to discredit me."

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*Source: The NPD Group, Inc./BeautyTrends®, U.S. volume sales in prestige retail, YTD September 2014. Makeup by Laura Mercier for Laura Mercier. †While supplies last.



Cecilia Muñoz

White House Domestic Policy Council director

"I learned very early as a person of color and as a woman—and, frankly, as a petite woman of color—that if you want to be taken seriously, you really have to know your stuff." That philosophy has led Cecilia Muñoz to the role of point woman, as domestic policy council director, for President Obama's dramatic recent executive initiatives for immigration reform (among many other policy issues). Muñoz hews to a pragmatic sense of style: "I tend to wear dresses—it doesn't involve a lot of decisions. Some things I'm sentimentally attached to, like the earrings my mother-in-law gave me—she's from India, and they're made of beautiful Indian gold. I wear them every day"—along with her Michigan class ring: She's a third-generation Wolverine.



Amy Klobuchar

Senior U.S. senator from Minnesota

Amy Klobuchar, 54, was the first female county prosecutor in Minneapolis and Minnesota's first female senator—so it's no surprise she's on the short list of women who might someday become president. A Yale- and University of Chicago–educated lawyer known for her wit and good humor, Klobuchar has fought for everything from consumer rights to measures against sex trafficking—but she originally entered politics to push for a mothers' rights law after she was forcibly discharged from the hospital before she could bring home her daughter, now a sophomore at Yale, who was sick as a newborn. "She calls me a 'submarine mom,'" Klobuchar says. "I lurk under the surface and come up unexpectedly."



Ruth Bader Ginsburg

U.S. Supreme Court justice

Pathbreaking lawyer and jurist; staunch defender of women's rights, liberties, and equality before the bar; and the second female justice appointed to the Supreme Court—Ruth Bader Ginsburg needs no further introduction to our readers: She sat for a lengthy and widely noted interview that appeared in last October's issue of ELLE. She blazes her own trail when it comes to style, too, with lace gloves, the occasional top hat, and, on her judicial robes, the distinctive embroidered decorative collars that hark back to earlier centuries of European attire and judicial tradition. Most of all, though, Ginsburg looks simply smashing in black—especially to those who believe in the further perfectibility and broader accessibility of the American dream.

Muñoz: Styled by Sabina Schreder; hair by Brian Oliver at T H E Artist Agency; makeup by Patti Nelson at T H E Artist Agency; manicure by Titilayo Bankole at T H E Artist Agency; location courtesy of the W Washington DC hotel. Klobuchar: Styled by Sabina Schreder; hair by Brian Oliver at T H E Artist Agency; makeup by Patti Nelson at T H E Artist Agency; location courtesy of the W Washington DC hotel. Ginsburg: Todd Heisler/*The New York Times*/Redux Pictures. Muñoz wears: Ralph Lauren Black Label jacket and dress, Kenneth Jay Lane pin, and her own earrings. Klobuchar wears: Ann Taylor coat and pants and Diane von Furstenberg blouse. For details, see Shopping Guide


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AG



Coppola and models wearing calf-leather skirts of his design share a quiet moment outside a restored Jean Prouvé house at Art Basel Miami Beach

BALLY HIGH

Paying homage to Bally's modernist design legacy, creative director **Pablo Coppola** is taking the Swiss heritage brand to new prominence. By Alison S. Cohn

"Yeah, go on, put your feet up on the Charlotte Perriand!" Pablo Coppola says, incredulously. It's an early December morning during Art Basel Miami Beach at the Delano Hotel, where the new Bally creative director is posing for a portrait inside a traveling furniture and architecture exhibition that celebrates the link between the 164-year-old Swiss brand and the modernist tradition of art and usefulness. And Coppola (like the rest of us) is aghast that a hotel guest has just commandeered a Cansado coffee table as a footrest. This after plopping down on a Pierre Jeanneret easy armchair, another piece of iconic 1950s furniture that might fetch more than $10,000 at auction.

"Well, at least he has good taste," Coppola reflects. "He sat on a good seat!" Coppola would know. Bally is one of Europe's first luxury accessories houses. Carl Franz Bally and his brother Fritz began manufacturing lace-up booties in the alpine hamlet of Schönenwerd, Switzerland, in 1851, which makes the company three years older than Louis Vuitton. No less an eminence than Queen Elizabeth II was crowned wearing golden Bally silk sandals. Bally was one of the first luxury brands to enter China and has nearly 700 points of sale in more than 100 countries. Having extended its offerings to include clothing, handbags, and small leather goods, it is now a veritable global behemoth, with annual revenue upwards of $440 million. Yet over the years Bally had also become a victim of its own success, with a watered-down aesthetic that might be described as more, well, Swiss Miss than Swiss Modern.

Recently acquired by the privately held investment firm JAB Holding Company, Bally has not only a new creative director but a new CEO, Frédéric de Narp, a power player in the arena of luxury watches and fine jewelry fresh from a turnaround at Harry Winston. "What I love about Bally is that it is a pioneer brand at every level," de Narp says. "Bally is the only Swiss luxury brand in fashion; the rest are in watches. It was managed by engineers who lost the sense of retaining authenticity, so we are here to re-create that." As part of de Narp's strategy, Bally has a new home base in a slick glass office tower in the London neighborhood of Victoria that houses its portfolio mates, Jimmy Choo and Belstaff. The building overlooks the design studio of Tom Ford, which is one of Coppola's past employers, as is Christian Dior. "Since we moved in they keep their curtains drawn all the time," Coppola says with a chuckle. Ford needn't worry: Coppola, a 36-year-old Argentine who studied fashion design at L'Institut Français de la Mode in Paris, is far more concerned with reconnecting with Bally's own heritage of craftsmanship than he is in the goings-on in Ford's kingdom of glamour across the road.

After he accepted the post last year, Coppola's first agenda item was to immerse himself in the Bally archives in Schönenwerd. "They kept *everything*," recalls the designer. "You open a drawer and find advertising proofs or books with pay slips of employees. There are heel samples; patterns for baby shoes; shoes, and shoes, and shoes—35,000 pairs! Plus plans and pictures of stores." As Coppola sees it, that's a good thing, because it's how he learned that Robert Mallet-Stevens, a founding member and leader of the Union des Artistes Modernes—a movement made up of artists and architects in

Models wear: Denim shirts, $395 each, leather skirts, $4,195 each, leather sandals, $595 each, all, Bally, call 844-44-BALLY. Robert Nethery (Hair by Fady Malki with Artists at Wilhelmina for Number 4 Hair Care; makeup by Virginia Le Foy with Artists at Wilhelmina for M.A.C; models, from left: Kailey Hsu at Next Models and Amanda Diane Smith at Next Models)









(Clockwise from top) The Jean Prouvé house in situ at the Delano; a Pierre Jeanneret easy armchair; a model reclines in Bally denim in a Robert Mallet-Stevens coated-tube armchair





(Clockwise from left) The Kolkoz installation at Art Basel; color-matching Bally suiting, foreground, with Zak Kitnick artwork, background; a python Gentlewoman bag; a **Kolkoz "desk"**



the '30s, '40s, and '50s who emphasized function over decoration—designed Bally's Paris flagship and a store in Lyon. Le Corbusier drew up plans for a Bally boutique in Paris. Even architect Karl Moser, often called the father of modernism, collaborated with the brand in 1919.

For spring/summer 2015—his second collection for Bally, which launched ready-to-wear in 1976—Coppola showed a number of looks loosely inspired by classic silhouettes, such as voluminous circle skirts rendered in calf leather. "The idea was to reference that full-skirted '50s woman, but a little bit more chill," he says. Suiting is subtly tweaked in dusty pink. Also new for Bally was the addition of denim; it was important to Coppola that jeans be high-waisted and a bit loose. Shoes are largely flats, or flatforms that give height while retaining ease of mobility. The Gentlewoman handbag, Coppola's signature introduced for fall/winter 2014—a compact box shape with its bottom left corner cut off—remains a big hit. "You can put it all together in a really proper way," Coppola says. "But our girl is someone who doesn't care too much."

There's a certain resonance between Bally's new direction and the Art Basel Miami Beach installation, the centerpiece of which is a restored 1944 prefab house by Jean Prouvé. A 20-by-30-foot masterpiece of utilitarian design, it was commissioned by the French government to resettle displaced inhabitants of the Lorraine region during WWII and could be assembled by two men in one day. Bally showcased the skeleton of the wooden structure at Art Basel in June, alongside a giant model-kit-like installation by the French contemporary-art duo Kolkoz, which was suspended over the Rhine by boat crane. For Art Basel Miami Beach, Kolkoz furnished the completed home with trompe l'oeil pieces such as a "desk" with raised panels that mimic drawers and papers; American artist Zak Kitnick contributed metal shelves repurposed as canvases for large-scale shell prints. The house is making its third and final stop in the last week of March at Design Shanghai, where Chinese artist Wang Yuyang contributes a conceptual installation. He translated the dimensions of the Jean Prouvé house into binary code and, using design software, created a new sculptural object.

"You know, it's funny that now they have become design objects but when they were made the idea was to design them but not to be too precious about it," Coppola says, glancing back over at the midcentury-modern-loving interloper still enjoying his morning coffee. "I think in a way what all these modernists did is a bit what we are trying to do: You put an artistic touch on a shoe, but at the end of the day it needs to sell and to be used. For our stores it would be nice to incorporate some of this furniture. Instead of putting up big paintings we could have pieces that people can actually use." Just remember not to kick up your heels. ●

Models, from left, wear: Denim shirt, $395, jeans, $550, leather sandals, $595, all, Bally. Silk and viscose jacket, $2,195, trousers, $750, silk shirt, $295, leather sandals, $975, all, Bally. Python handbag, Bally, $2,795, call 844-44-BALLY. Robert Nethery (4); Forward (2)



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Delevingne and Lagerfeld in the finale of Chanel's Paris-Salzburg pre-fall 2015 Métiers d'Art show; Jamie Bochert

Top to bottom: Lindsey Wixson; Ondria Hardin; a classic 2.55 handbag gets crafty

THE HILLS ARE ALIVE

An eighteenth-century castle in Salzburg, Austria, restored to perfection by Karl Lagerfeld, laid the foundation for Chanel's rococo Métiers d'Art collection. By Anne Slowey

You wouldn't think that Coco Chanel's iconic jacket owes its beginnings to the absurdist Dada art movement, but it was Dadaist artists Tristan Tzara, Paul Éluard, and Max Ernst who first lured the young designer to the Tyrolean Alps for a vacation in the summer of 1922.

In those days, the Austrian city of Salzburg, home to a major music festival, was where the rich and famous spent their nights listening to music and their days hiking, fishing, and hunting against the glacial mountainous backdrop—all the while dressed in the region's traditional loden jackets, lederhosen, and dirndls.

Chanel returned to Salzburg on the eve of her astonishing comeback in the '50s, this time with her lover Baron von Pantz, owner of the city's prestigious Schloss Mittersill hotel. In a scene that could have been lifted from Wes Anderson's *The Grand Budapest Hotel*—only featuring a more celebrated clientele, including Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Marlene Dietrich, and Cole Porter—a fortuitous encounter with the hotel's elevator operator (or lift boy, as they were called in those days) led to the designer's little-tweed-jacket epiphany.

Ever the cunning marketer, Chanel knew that for her new look to attain cult status, it would need a poster girl. She found one in German ingenue Romy Schneider, then fresh off her role as Elizabeth of Austria in the *Sissi* trilogy (still among the most successful German-language films to date). Schneider's neat, trim good looks made her an ideal Chanel girl both in real life and on film, as when the designer dressed her for Luchino Visconti's 1962 film, *Boccaccio '70*.

Leave it to Chanel's peerless successor, Karl Lagerfeld, to not only re-create Coco's aha moment in a time-traveling musical film, *Reincarnation*—starring Cara Delevingne as Sissi, Geraldine Chaplin as Coco, and Pharrell Williams as the elevator operator (and composer: He wrote the film's theme song, "CC The World." CC...Sissi...get it?)—but also to mine the scene for inspiration. In December, Lagerfeld gathered the fashion flock at Schloss Leopoldskron, the Salzburg castle where scenes from *The Sound of Music* were filmed, for

Courtesy of the designer


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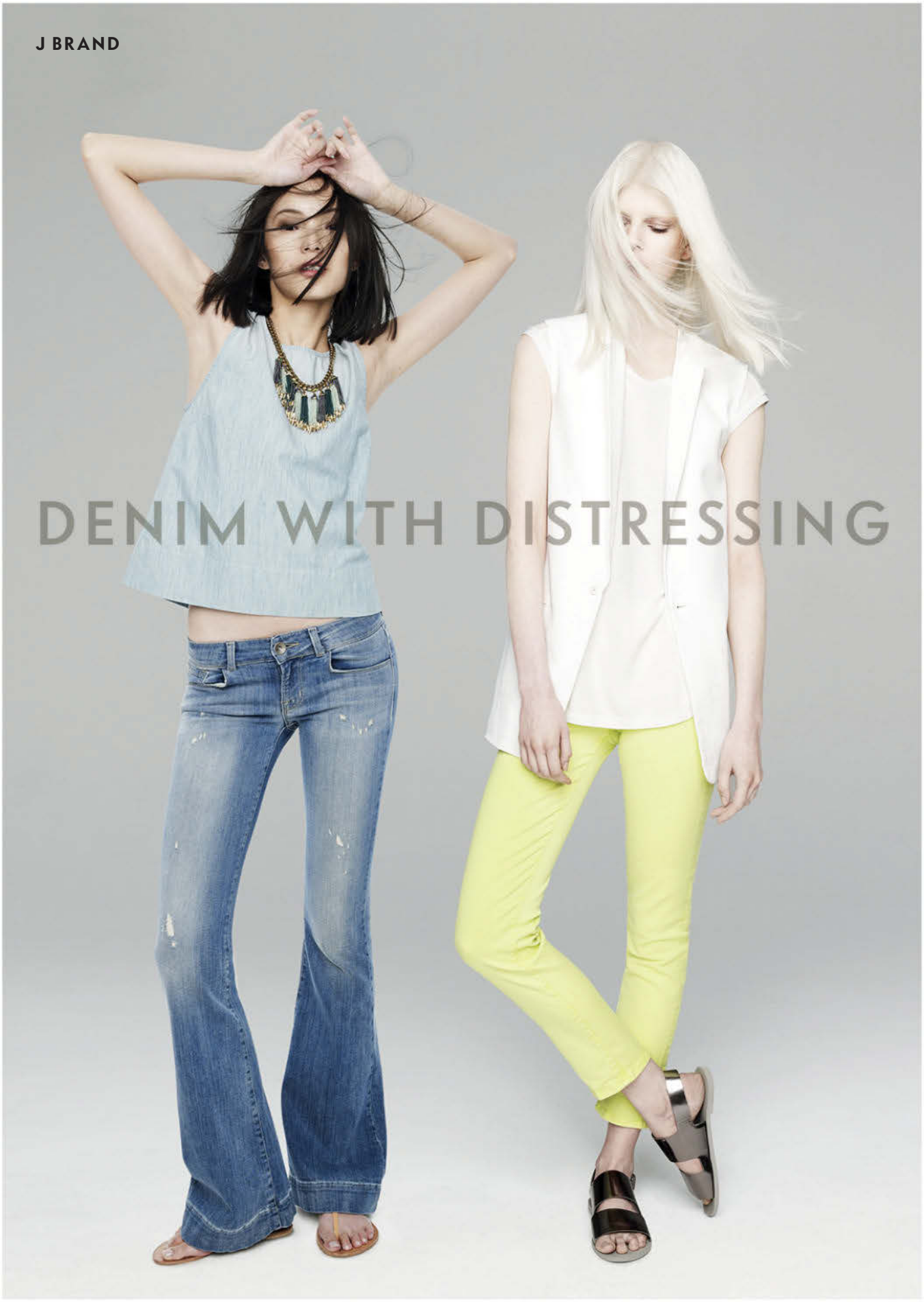
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From left: A close-up look at the Métiers d'Art craftsmanship; Jenner; Lagerfeld and Alice Dellal outside the Schloss Mittersill hotel

an alpine-themed extravaganza.

Who doesn't recall Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer falling in love on the schloss's grounds, or Liesl's leaping-gazebo number with the turncoat Rolfe? The gazebo, sadly, was long gone by the time Lagerfeld's team took over the eighteenth-century manse. They spent six months buffing the place to its original splendor, even refurbishing a 1,000-volume library. By showtime, baroque chairs and courting settees were set under crystal chandeliers, and tables were laden with a royal feast—all to herald a show that was over in 14 minutes.

But oh, what a 14 minutes it was! No Tyrolean trope was left unturned, from lederhosen leggings to jackets adorned with feathers, flowers, and badges resembling those sold at Dschulnigg, the storied Salzburg hunting emporium where in-the-know royals pick up their stag-adorned silver carving knives. There were peacock capes, horn detailing, and dirndl dresses, not to mention clogs and edelweiss- and butterfly-embroidered evening dresses.

According to Lagerfeld, his annual Métiers d'Art pre-fall collections—which feature near-couture creations that run well above the house's ready-to-wear prices—practically sell out. They're named for Chanel's powerhouse Métiers group, a handful of best-of-the-best Parisian ateliers that the company bought one by one, starting in 2002, with the aim of protecting the legacy of their exquisite handiwork. Métiers collections feature the embellishments of costume jeweler Desrues; the feather accents of Lemarié; millinery by famed hatmaker Maison Michel; footwear by shoemaker Massaro; embroidery by the magic fingers at Lesage and Montex; and gloves by the leather-goods house Causse. "It's very expensive because everything is done by hand," Lagerfeld says. "But apparently that's no problem because there's enough money around. Look, there's nothing wrong with the rich as long as they are spending." Customers know these one-of-a-kind designs can never be replicated. "It's not a costume party," he says, and as for those embroidered silk dirndls with ornate gold braces, "it's not *Little House on the Prairie*, either."

Métiers collections are inspired by cities relevant to Chanel's history; through them, Lagerfeld has traversed the Scottish highlands, Middle Eastern souks, Texas rodeos. Would he ever consider space as his final frontier? "I'm much too down-to-earth," he says. "I like bathrooms." If Métiers collections showcase a certain heavy-handedness—there is little ambiguity in, say, the thigh-high deerskin spats Kendall Jenner paraded in the show—Lagerfeld also takes painstaking care to ensure that the general vibe syncs with a modern sensibility. And to every show he adds a soupçon of humor that lets you know—wink, wink—that such looks were never meant to be worn head to toe. "It's a question of mood more than history," he says. "But the mood is present in a thousand details." This time around, they were details he knows especially well, having worn lederhosen until the age of 12 or 13 in his native Germany. Not that he's a sentimentalist or, indeed, a literalist. "It's something you think was like this, but in fact it never was," he says. "It's the idea of something, but it was different. Like remembering without knowing, or without knowing too much. You have to change it. It's a very tortured way to do things. But in the end, the clothes should never look tortured." And when the work is done, he happily moves on. "There's fun in goodbye," he says. "I like for things to happen and then to disappear." ●

Courtesy of the designer


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FASHION



FIRST LOOK

For Bottega Veneta's pre-fall 2015 collection, Tomas Maier mixes couture-inspired flair with low-key shapes

Photographed by OWEN BRUCE

Duchesse top, $960, pants, $590, snakeskin handbag, price on request, all, BOTTEGA VENETA, *at Bottega Veneta boutiques nationwide. Gold, pearl, and stone earrings, both,* DELFINA DELETTREZ, *$920 each. Silver cuff,* TIFFANY & CO., *$2,800. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Styled by Yashua Simmons (Hair by Tamas Tuzes at L'Atelier NYC for Tigi; make up by Justine Purdue at Tim Howard Management for Chanel Beauté; manicure by Rieko Okusa for Chanel Le Vernis; casting by Sisi Chonco for Zan Casting; model: Agata Danilova at Elite New York)

GREEN DAY

Taking cues from army fatigues, structured separates in shades of olive stand at attention

SONIA RYKIEL

SACAI

Metal and strass whistle necklace, CHANEL, *$1,875, at Chanel boutiques nationwide*



MARC JACOBS

Runway: Imaxtree.com (5); Sonia Rykiel jumpsuit: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Banana Republic skirt: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Deidre Rodriguez for RJ Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

N°21

Cotton and twill jumpsuit, SONIA RYKIEL, *$1,070, collection at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide*

ACNE STUDIOS

Cotton skirt, BANANA REPUBLIC, *$124, visit bananarepublic.com*

Calfskin bucket bag, RALPH LAUREN COLLECTION, *$2,500, at select Ralph Lauren stores nationwide*

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The lingerie-as-daywear movement goes full force with spring's bra-baring looks

Silk satin and lace bra, CARINE GILSON, *$338, collection at La Petite Coquette, NYC*

Satin bra, ERES, *$375, call 888-656-ERES*

MAXMARA

Silk charmeuse bra, MORGAN LANE, *$132, visit morgan-lane.com*

Nylon and lace bra, DOLCE & GABBANA, *$745, at select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide*

LOUIS VUITTON

Stretch-cotton sports bra, COMMUNITY FOR ARITZIA, *$30, at Aritzia, NYC*

ALTUZARRA

Runway: Imaxtree.com (2); Carine Gilson bra: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Dolce & Gabbana bra and Morgan Lane bra: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Barbara Eisen for RJ Bennett Represents); Community for Aritzia bra and Eres bra: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Deidre Rodriguez for RJ Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers. For details, see Shopping Guide


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ALTUZARRA



Python shoulder bag, SONIA RYKIEL, *$3,240, collection at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide*



Leather slide, TORY BURCH, *$395, visit toryburch.com*



SONIA RYKIEL

SACAI



Denim skirt, ANTHONY VACCARELLO, *$2,230, collection at The Alchemist, Miami*



PREEN BY THORNTON BREGAZZI

Runway: Imaxtree.com (3); Anthony Vaccarello skirt: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide



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SEA WORLD

Life on the ocean floor inspires spring's aquatic party treasures



VALENTINO

RODARTE

RODARTE

MARY KATRANTZOU

STELLA McCARTNEY

Natural shell, rose gold vermeil, and garnet ring, SHAGREEN & TORTOISE FOR STONE & STRAND, *$1,900, visit stoneandstrand.com*



Printed silk dress, STELLA McCARTNEY, *price on request, at Stella McCartney, NYC*





Bead-embellished satin clutch, ROGER VIVIER, *$3,350, at Roger Vivier, NYC*



Glitter-and-pearl-embellished tulle dress, MARY KATRANTZOU, *price on request, visit marykatrantzou.com*

Runway: imaxtree.com (3); Mary Katrantzou dress: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

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ACCESSORIES



Leather and python sandal, AQUAZZURA, *$930, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide*

BLOCK PARTY

Mondrian-esque pops of color add graphic appeal to spring's brightest bags, shoes, and jewelry

Leather and suede sandal, PIERRE HARDY, *$1,395, collection at The Webster, Miami Beach*

Knit handbag, CHANEL, *$2,700, at Chanel boutiques nationwide*

Enamel bracelets, both, HERMÈS, *$795 each, at Hermès stores nationwide*

Svend Lindbaek (Prop styling by Peter Tran for Art Department); for details, see Shopping Guide


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CONNECT THE DOTS

Classic shoes and bags lighten up in pin-perforated leather

Perforated-calfskin oxford, CHURCH'S, *$640, visit church-footwear.com*

Lambskin handbag, DIOR, *price on request, call 800-929-DIOR*



Lambskin handbag, DIOR, *$4,700, at Dior boutiques nationwide*

Svend Lindbaek (Prop stylist: A Peer from Art Department); for details, see Shopping Guide

The hole punch was first patented by German inventor Matthias Theel in the late nineteenth century.


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TIMBER!

The season's chunky wood-accented accessories are a chip off the old—the '70s, to be exact—block

Leather clog, PRADA, *price on request, at select Prada boutiques nationwide*



Calfskin handbag, THE ROW, *price on request, at The Row, L.A.*

Svend Lindbaek (Prop styling by Peter Tran for Art Department); for details, see Shopping Guide

A pair of wooden clogs unearthed in the Netherlands is believed to date back to 1280.


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HISTORY GIRLS

Two fine-jewelry houses blend trend with tradition

ALL IN THE WRIST

When Sybil Yurman decided she wanted a "bracelet that told time," her husband, king of cable David Yurman, was more than happy to oblige. The stainless steel link Albion timepiece is at the heart of the jewelry designer's updated Albion collection, first introduced in 1994. The rounded corners of the watch's enamel face are a perfect complement to the cushion-cut gemstones that pepper the collection—and which have become a Yurman signature.

Stainless steel and enamel watch, DAVID YURMAN, *$1,850, at David Yurman, NYC*



BAG OF TRICKS

Bulgari's Melone clutch caused quite the stir when it debuted in the early '60s, thanks to its futuristic shape and ornate embellishments—including rare coin accents and pavé diamond panels. Everyone from Elsa Martinelli to Raquel Welch (pictured above and right, respectively) clamored to get their hands on one. For a time, fervent fans had to hit auction houses to get their fix, but this spring the Roman jeweler is reimagining the minaudière in sleek lizard and enamel.

Lizard, enamel, *and crystal clutch,* BULGARI, *price on request, at Bulgari boutiques nationwide*

Bulgari clutch: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Martinelli: Publifoto/Olycom; Welch: The *Life* Picture Collection/Getty Images; remaining image: courtesy of the designer; for details, see Shopping Guide



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STATUS UPDATE

Put some serious spring in your step—and on your arm

1 JEWELED BAG

Crystal-embellished leather handbag, FENDI, *price on request, at Fendi, NYC*



Crystal-embellished leather bucket bag, SOPHIE HULME, *$2,085, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide*





Embroidered satin handbag, DIOR, *price on request, at Dior boutiques nationwide*



Embellished leather tote, TOD'S, *price on request, at Tod's boutiques nationwide*

2 GLADIATOR SANDAL



Leather sandal, STUART WEITZMAN, *$498, visit stuartweitzman.com*



Leather sandal, ANCIENT GREEK SANDALS, *$395, collection at Barneys New York*

Leather sandal, MICHAEL KORS, *$395, at select Michael Kors stores nationwide*



Calfskin sandal, VALENTINO GARAVANI, *$1,495, at Valentino boutiques nationwide*



3 WOVEN BAG

Knit bucket bag, TORY BURCH, *$595, visit toryburch.com*



Macramé handbag, GIORGIO ARMANI, *price on request, at Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide*



Cotton handbag, BALENCIAGA, *$1,255, at Balenciaga, NYC*



Cotton and viscose bucket bag, M MISSONI, *$395, collection at shopbop.com*



Michael Kors sandal: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Solomo for RJ Bennett Represents); Giorgio Armani handbag: Ben Goldstein/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide


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ROCK STEADY

Bold-hued semiprecious stones have a presence—and history—to rival the "precious" triumvirate of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds

Gold and turquoise necklace, AURÉLIE BIDERMANN, $1,755, at Aurélie Bidermann, NYC

Gold and turquoise rings, both, MINOR OBSESSIONS BY FINN, $755–$1,415 each, visit minorobsessions.com

Gold and turquoise earrings, ARIEL GORDON, $425, visit arielgordonjewelry.com

1 TURQUOISE

Among the first gems to be mined, turquoise has long been used in Iranian architecture, where its pastel color is seen as a symbol of heaven on earth and prized for covering palace domes.



Gold and turquoise cuff, IRENE NEUWIRTH, price on request, at Irene Neuwirth, West Hollywood

2 WATERMELON TOURMALINE

Wear the aptly named watermelon tourmaline and you're sure to start a conversation. The tricolor stone brings to mind its namesake fruit and lazy summer days, and looks equally stunning sitting atop a simple ring or with a halo of pavé diamonds.



Gold, rhodium, pink tourmaline, and pavé diamond earrings, J/HADLEY, $2,775, visit jhadleyjewelry.com



Gold, watermelon tourmaline, and pavé diamond necklace, BIBI VAN DER VELDEN, price on request, visit bibivandervelden.com

Gold and watermelon tourmaline ring, DIGBY + IONA, $1,340, at Catbird, NYC



Gold, tourmaline, and pavé diamond earrings, KIMBERLY McDONALD, price on request, at Kimberly McDonald, L.A.

3 MALACHITE

Though its history is dominated by use as a paint pigment and an ornament (see the Malachite Room at the Hermitage), the appeal of this variegated stone has proven to be, well, evergreen, whether paired with pearls or accented by diamonds.



Gold, malachite, and pavé crystal ring, PAIGE NOVICK, $240, visit paigenovick.com



Gold, pearl, and malachite earring, DELFINA DELETTREZ, $920, collection at Opening Ceremony stores nationwide



Gold, malachite, and diamond necklace, ANDREA FOHRMAN, $5,000, collection at twistonline.com



Gold and malachite ring, EDDIE BORGO, $240, visit eddieborgo.com

4 LAPIS LAZULI

Having inspired everything from King Tut's funeral mask to Giotto's gold-star-studded fresco masterpiece on the ceiling of Padova's Scrovegni Chapel, the stone's tried-and-true blue hue will prove to be every bit as classic—and versatile—as your favorite denim.



Gold and lapis lazuli earrings, JENNIFER MEYER, $3,750, collection at Barneys New York



Gold, lapis lazuli, and pavé diamond necklace, JEMMA WYNNE, $4,830, collection at Single Stone on Mission Street, San Marino, CA

Rose gold–plated brass and lapis lazuli earrings, VITA FEDE, $900, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide



Bronze and lapis lazuli ring, PASSERINE, $210, visit pamelalovenyc.com



Delfina Deletrez earring and Vita Fede earrings: Ben Goldstein/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide


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DENIM DARLING

The Rag & Bone girl has come undone for Marcus Wainwright and David Neville's exclusive Bloomingdale's capsule, but don't think for a minute that the frayed denim cutoffs mean she's gone *totally* casual. Slouchy, shoulder-baring knits keep things undoubtedly sexy—and a touch '70s—while a duo of knuckle-dusting rings from Chanel Fine Jewelry ups the glamour quotient for a look that's as luxe as it is laid-back.

Photographed by Owen Bruce



Knit sweater, $220, denim shorts, $175, both, RAG & BONE/JEAN, *at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide. Gold, diamond, garnet, and lacquer ring; gold, diamond, and enamel ring, both,* CHANEL FINE JEWELRY, *prices on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Styled by Yashua Simmons (Hair by Ted Gibson at Jed Root; makeup by Justine Purdue at Tim Howard Management for Chanel Beauté; manicure by Tracylee at Tim Howard Management for Dior Vernis; model: Agata Danilova at Elite New York)


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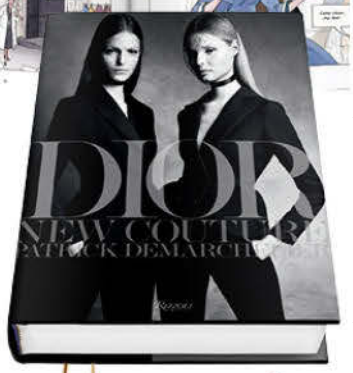


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FASHION NEWS





PARIS *Dior: New Couture* is Rizzoli's second volume of Patrick Demarchelier's portraits cataloging the house's most iconic designs, while Annie Goetzinger's graphic novel *Girl in Dior* (NBM) offers a whimsical tale of a young reporter, hired to chronicle Christian Dior's debut show in 1947, whose life changes dramatically when she's asked to model. *rizzoliusa.com; nbmpub.com*



NEW YORK Model Hanne Gaby Odiele, who has gained countless fans with her relaxed off-duty style, channels her laid-back look into a new line of utilitarian footwear with designer Matt Bernson. *mattbernson.com*

NEW YORK
Carolina Herrera Jr. enlisted Argentinean painter Grillo Demo to help bring her CH Carolina Herrera Falling Jasmine jewelry to life. The 10-piece collection features gold and white enamel blooms on everything from rings to headbands. *carolinaherrera.com*



VIENNA Daniela and Annette Felder, the glamorous sisters behind Felder Felder, have teamed up with eyewear label Silhouette to create a range of space-age-chic titanium sunnies. The Judy Jetson–worthy frames are available exclusively at Bergdorf Goodman. *silhouette.com*





MIAMI Dive back in time with swim shop Everything But Water's thirtieth-anniversary collection, for which 30 designers revisit such iconography as Audrey Hepburn's mod striped two-piece in the classic *Two for the Road*, as reimagined by Nanette Lepore. *everythingbutwater.com*



LONDON
Aussie Daniel Mcilwraith has proven himself a more-than-worthy successor to former Antipodium designer Geoffrey Finch, carrying the torch for the subverted classics for which the cult-fave London label is known. His new collection of crisp cotton shirtdresses and separates for spring/summer 2015 was inspired by Chloë Sevigny—and televangelist Tammy Faye Bakker, among others. *antipodium.com*

Sunglasses and swimsuit: Ben Goldstein/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); Odiele: JP Kim/Getty Images; remaining photos: courtesy of the designers



SOFT SERVE

DROMe has all your lightweight spring wardrobe staples—in leather.
By Alison S. Cohn

NAMES: Marianna and Ferrero Rosati
AGES: 34 and 59
PROVENANCE: Massarella, Italy
CURRICULA VITAE: Marianna, designer of the "ready-to-wear, made-in-leather-only" line DROMe, received her master's—a dual degree in design and business management—from Polimoda International Institute of Fashion Design & Marketing in Florence. Her father and business partner, a baker's son from a small village in Tuscany where the entire extended family still lives, has quite a different set of credentials: He started work in a cousin's tannery at 20. "My knowledge is very simple," Ferrero says. "I was born where leather is the history of the place."
UNDER THE TUSCAN SUN: Prior to founding DROMe in 2009, Ferrero produced specialty leather goods for luxury brands such as Prada, Gucci, and Jil Sander. Over the course of more than 20 years, he devised a number of proprietary treatments for skins, crafting them (even python) into materials soft enough to be made into clothing. "I showed Gianni Versace, and he said, 'This is impossible,'" Ferrero recalls with a chuckle. "I sold him four kilometers!"
LEATHER AND LACE: "What I love about leather is that it's *trasversale*"—across the board, Marianna says. "You can pair a perfecto with a dress and be quite elegant, or you can wear it with a pair of trousers and sneakers." For their spring/summer 2015 collection, shown at Milan Fashion Week and inspired by the surprising geometries of architect Frank Gehry, Marianna and Ferrero created heavily perforated dresses, pinstripe napa blouses, and pleated skirts in featherweight and silklike leather, made from 12 different types of the material, including denim-bonded napa, sporty calf, and stretch plongé.
LIVING THE DREAM: According to the Rosatis, the name DROMe comes from a word for "dream" in northern European languages. "A *drom* is also what Roma people sing when they travel," Marianna says. "It's like a continued soundtrack, basically." One that plays beautifully.
PRICES: From $665 for a suede shirt to $1,826 for a textured leather coat
WHERE TO BUY: Saks Fifth Avenue and Matchesfashion.com ●



(From top) Looks from the DROMe spring/summer 2015 collection; Marianna and Ferrero

Courtesy of DROMe



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Webb at Indochine in NYC with models wearing looks from the designer's summer 2015 Banana Republic collection

BANANA APPEAL

Marissa Webb brings a spirit of playfulness to Banana Republic. By Alison S. Cohn

When Marissa Webb's father heard she'd been offered the position of creative director at Banana Republic, he sent a banana tree to the New York–based designer's Union Square studio. "It was very tall," she recalls. "It hit the ceiling!"

A 10-year veteran of J.Crew, Webb—whose eponymous contemporary line is carried by the likes of Bergdorf Goodman and Barneys—has fond memories of shopping at Banana Republic near her childhood home of Doylestown, Pennsylvania. "My pops wears all these vintage Banana Republic cargo vests and oversize Hawaiian shirts," she says. "I think once upon a time he thought he was Indiana Jones. When we went to the store, there would be, you know, giraffe statues and pictures of elephants."

Webb, who was adopted at age four from Korea, is today wearing a cropped neoprene moto jacket over an eyelet tunic top that on her tiny frame reaches nearly to the ripped knees of her skinny jeans, all from her **debut collection for Banana** Republic, arriving in the **retailer's 700-plus stores this month. She hopes to reinject that spirit of adventure and** whimsy into the brand. Banana Republic was founded in the Bay Area in 1978 as an expeditionwear supplier for safari enthusiasts and even published its own catalog-cum-adventure-journal called *Trips*, but in more recent years has seen flagging cachet and become practically synonymous with quote unquote office-appropriate suiting.

Webb, something of a street-style star herself, has the modern creative-professional look down pat. "A tailored blazer with a pair of soft pants and sneakers or denim and heels is how women dress for work now," she says. "It's also how they dress on the weekends." So far, her vision to get women going bananas for Banana again has impressed the big shots. "Marissa brings impeccable taste and relevant style to Banana Republic—she's exactly what the brand needed," says Art Peck, chief executive officer of Gap Inc., the parent company of Gap, Banana Republic, Old Navy, Athleta, and Intermix. "Fostering creativity across the portfolio is important to me, and we're excited to see what she will deliver."

For her first collection, Webb culled inspiration for a number of heritage pieces—a utility jacket, a patch-pocket vest, a hibiscus-print romper—from items in her father's closet. "I wouldn't suggest wearing head-to-toe cargo with lace-up boots and a big safari hat, but a safari jacket with a smocked skirt and lace-up sandals is very modern," Webb says. "I want to offer women classic items but mix them up so they feel they have the freedom to experiment." ●



Tina Tyrell (Sittings editor: Yashua Simmons; hair by Jeanie Syfu for Tresemmé; makeup by Anne Kohlhagen for Chanel; models, from left: Victoria Anderson at Wilhelmina Models; Vanessa at Marilyn Agency NY). Top left: Webb wears: Jacket, $225, shirtdress, $110, all, Banana Republic. Jacket, $150, skirt, $90, earrings, $40, bracelet, $40, sandals, $148, all, Banana Republic. Vest, $98, romper, $150, cuff, $50, pumps, $138, all, Banana Republic, visit bananarepublic.com. Bottom right: Jacket, $150, top, $298, shorts, $60, earrings, $40, cuff, $50, all, Banana Republic. Top, $80, pants, $98, earrings, $40, scarf, $40, cuff, $50, all, Banana Republic, visit bananarepublic.com. For details, see Shopping Guide

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PRO TIP

Create a mauve smoky eye; sweep shade #9 over the mobile lid and lower lash line. To deepen the intensity, press shade #10 into the outer corners of the eye.

GET SMART

Charlie May and **Arme de l'Amour** are helping redefine what it means to be a fashion designer. By Alison S. Cohn



(From top left) May; looks from the designer's spring/summer 2015 collection

SELFIE-MADE

For all the griping about fashion bloggers earning commissions from online retailers for the products they display on their sites, in truth the percentages are pretty negligible. British designer Charlie May, however, is actually making bank—which is a happy accident. May, the daughter of a Devon farmer, never set out to be an Internet celebrity. She started her blog, Girl a la Mode—an ode to her love for tailored but superrelaxed silhouettes—while she was studying fashion at the University of the West of England, Bristol, as "just an inspirational sideline hobby thing." After moving to London to intern for Thomas Tait, May joined Instagram and got a *lot* of likes—her following on @charliemay is currently more than 100,000—and suddenly realized she could use her social channels as a platform for her own minimalist designs.

The 26-year-old held a presentation for her spring/summer 2015 collection during London Fashion Week in September, but the best PR might be the (perfectly filtered) images she posts of herself sporting pleated raw silk camidresses or neoprene sweatshirts and culottes with her trusty Stan Smiths around her Shoreditch neighborhood. "Wholesaling is difficult for a young designer, but if you can sell directly to the consumer, well, then you're laughing, really," May says, referring to her e-commerce site, which is now shipping to the United States. ●



(From top) Pieces from the spring/summer 2015 Arme de l'Amour collection; Berendika



PRINTED MATTER

The uses for 3-D printers—desktop devices that spit out plastic instead of ink—are seemingly endless: We've seen 3-D-printed forks, bicycles, and even prosthetic limbs. But when it comes to wearable 3-D, what we wind up with is a lot of, well, tacky plastic baubles. Arme de l'Amour designer Ivana Berendika studied both fashion and interior design at Parsons The New School for Design in NYC and learned that among industrial applications the new technology is also used for rapid prototyping. So she decided to make 3-D-printed models for her gorgeously architectural rings and bracelets, inspired by everything from the polka-dot patterns worn by Gustav Klimt muse Emilie Louise Flöge to the ruffles on a Gucci dress. The final forms—carried by Fivestory and on Net-a-Porter—are cast from gold-plated brass. "The computer program I use is called Rhinoceros," the 36-year-old Serbian-born, Miami-based jeweler says. "It's the same software people use for building everything from furniture to cars or yachts." ●

Courtesy of the designers

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TAYLOR PATTERSON

Owner and florist, Brooklyn's Fox Fodder Farm

"My day starts at 7 A.M. at the flower market, so I have a uniform approach to getting dressed because at 6 A.M. I don't want to think about accessorizing. I don't want to care if I'll get dirty cutting flowers. If I have a meeting, I'll put on a nice blazer. I usually wear Acne jeans, boots, and a fisherman sweater—comfortable enough that I feel good working in them, but I can go to dinner without looking like a slob. This Rachel Comey jumpsuit is the perfect midway between utilitarian and nice."

Cotton jumpsuit, RACHEL COMEY, *$610, collection at totokaelo.com. Cashmere cardigan (tied at waist),* THE ELDER STATESMAN, *$950, visit elder-statesman.com. Gold necklace,* ELSA PERETTI FOR TIFFANY & CO., *$2,100, visit tiffany.com. Gold bracelet,* MATEO, *$2,375, visit mateonewyork.com. Patent leather sandals,* CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN, *price on request, similar styles at christianlouboutin.com. For details, see Shopping Guide*

Shawn Brackbill (Styled by Yashua Simmons; hair by Jillian Halouska for Bryan Bantry Agency for Oribe Hair Care; makeup by Nina Park at The Wall Group)



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DINAH FRIED

Partner and creative director, Small Stuff; author of Fictitious Dishes blog

"I started a graphic design firm in 2014 with my husband. My wardrobe is mainly black, gray, white, and navy, but I'll wear a hint of color. I don't wear blue jeans ever—even though we are a casual office, I'm always prepared to meet with clients. I have an A.P.C. braided multicolor belt with a gold buckle that I'll wear over a dress or a skirt if I want to look really polished quickly. I loved the Agnona cape—it's chic without being over-the-top."

Double wool gabardine cape, AGNONA, *$3,495, collection at net-a-porter.com. Cotton shirt,* STELLA McCARTNEY, *$1,255, at Stella McCartney, NYC. Denim jeans,* AG, *$178, at AG, NYC. Calfskin shoulder bag,* MYRIAM SCHAEFER, *$4,150, collection at A'maree's, Newport Beach, CA*

AMANDA NIU

Controller, Kickstarter

"Our company is a little more casual and focused on creativity, so my coworkers tend to be very expressive in their dress, and it's not just the girls! Vintage shirts have a real appeal in the office, as well as a lot of Kickstarter T-shirts—we often give away tees as a reward on a project. It's pretty popular to wear those around, kind of like a badge of pride. I usually try to keep the tees tailored so I can wear them under a Vince or Theory blazer and pair it with a skinny jean and boot."

Wool crepe and satin jacket, PALLAS PARIS, *$1,460, collection at theline.com. Vintage cotton T-shirt, from* WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND, *$300, at What Goes Around Comes Around, NYC. Denim jeans,* PROENZA SCHOULER, *$255, at Proenza Schouler, NYC. Leather belt,* SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE, *$445, at Saint Laurent, NYC. Gold and black onyx bracelet,* MATEO, *$875, visit mateonewyork.com*



Shawn Brackbill

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SHOPS



Styled by Yashua Simmons (Hair by Tamas Tuzes at L'Atelier NYC for Tigi; makeup by Justine Purdue at Tim Howard Management for Chanel Beauté; manicure by Rieko Okusa for Chanel Le Vernis; casting by Sisi Chonco for Zan Casting; model: Agata Danilova at Elite New York)

YOU BETTER WORK

Since Alexander Wang debuted his slouchy-yet-polished knits in 2007, easy staples have worked their way into flexible work spaces and corner offices. Now even sweatshirts, sweatpants, and sneakers are getting comfortable in the chic woman's on-duty rotation, thanks to next-level tailoring in elegant silhouettes. Case in point: This recent collaboration between Nike and Japanese brand (and ultimate street-style bait) Sacai features billowing pleated skirts and track jackets that—if provoked—you can really move in. But this isn't a trend that needs to be confined to the workweek: It's simply the starting line for 24/7 comfort.

Photographed by Owen Bruce

Nylon and mesh jacket, $400, skirt, $250, leather sneakers, $175, all, NIKE x SACAI, *visit nike.com/nikelab. Tulle bra,* ERES, *$235. Silver and diamond earrings,* LYNN BAN JEWELRY, *$4,500. Palladium-finish metal rings, all,* DIOR, *prices on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



CATHERINE MALANDRINO
INDIGO



Photos: Jason Setiawan – Doux & Co.

CATHERINE MALANDRINO

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BASIC INSTINCT

Three wardrobe staples hit Refresh for spring

1 SPORT DETAILS

Cotton-blend cardigan, CH CAROLINA HERRERA, *$510, at CH Carolina Herrera, Beverly Hills*

Cotton blazer, J.CREW, *$188, visit jcrew.com*

Rayon-blend jacket, FRENCH CONNECTION, *$228, visit usa.frenchconnection.com*

CARVEN

Gold and pink sapphire pendant necklace, ELENA VOTSI, *$1,250, collection at net-a-porter.com. Sequin-embellished silk dress,* HILFIGER COLLECTION, *$690, at Tommy Hilfiger, NYC. Leather handbag,* LONGCHAMP, *$745, at Longchamp boutiques nationwide*

2 WHITE TANK

DIOR

Wool tank, CREATURES OF COMFORT, *$161, visit creaturesofcomfort.us*

Silk and cashmere tank, MAGASCHONI, *$148, visit magaschoni.com*

Silk and cotton tank, T BY ALEXANDER WANG, *$255, at Alexander Wang, NYC*

The white tank gets a promotion from underthing to major player when paired with a feminine voluminous skirt.

Rose gold, aquamarine, and diamond earring, LITO, *price on request, collection at twistonline.com. Acrylic-blend skirt,* MARNA RO, *$398, visit marnaro.com. Mesh ankle boot,* ALDO, *$110, visit aldoshoes.com*

3 FULL SKIRTS

Faux-leather skirt, BANANA REPUBLIC, *$150, visit bananarepublic.com*

Cotton-blend skirt, CH CAROLINA HERRERA, *$445, at CH Carolina Herrera, Beverly Hills*

Twill skirt, THE LIMITED, *$70, visit thelimited.com*

MIU MIU

Lambskin belt, DEBORAH DRATTELL, *$220, visit deborahdrattell.com. Viscose, nylon, and elastane top,* ASOS, *$67, visit asos.com. Suede pump,* PIERRE HARDY, *$725, collection at Louis, Boston*

Runway: imaxtree.com; Creatures of Comfort tank, French Connection jacket, Mama Ro skirt, and Hilfiger Collection dress: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); Deborah Dratell belt, Banana Republic skirt, and J.Crew blazer: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); The Limited skirt: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Melissa Nicole Buck for RJ Bennett Represents); T by Alexander Wang tank: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styling by Deidre Rodriguez for RJ Bennett Represents); Magaschoni tank: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styling by Deidre Rodriguez for RJ Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

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BANANA REPUBLIC
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EASY STREET

Loungewear layers and laid-back extras skip sloppy and go heavy on sleek

DAY:



Freshwater pearl and crystal earrings, NEKTAR DE STAGNI, *$379, visit nektardestagni.com*

Leather top, JOSEPH, *$1,675, visit joseph-fashion.com*





Cotton skirt, JULIEN DAVID, *$777, collection at Dover Street Market, NYC*



T BY ALEXANDER WANG

Leather bucket bag, TORY BURCH, *$550, visit toryburch.com. Leather sandals,* ZADIG & VOLTAIRE, *$405, visit zadig-et-voltaire.com*



WEEKEND:



Stainless steel, composite, and quartz watch on nylon strap, MOVADO, *$495, visit movado.com*



Jersey sneaker, COLE HAAN, *$178, similar styles at Cole Haan stores nationwide*

The comfort of sweatpants fused with the sophistication of cigarette trousers (shown on the top flap) makes running to meetings easy.



Cotton, fleece, and mesh top, DIESEL, *$148, visit shop.diesel.com*



Calfskin backpack, GOLDEN GOOSE DELUXE BRAND, *$1,280, visit goldengoosedeluxebrand.com*



Acetate-blend shorts, H&M STUDIO, *$30, visit hm.com*

Joseph top, Julien David skirt, Alexander Wang pants, and A.L.C. top: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Barbara Bui blazer: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Barbara Eisen for RJ Bennett Represents); Diesel top: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); H&M Studio shorts: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Melissa Nicole Buck for RJ Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

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Marissa Webb

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▼SOFT PANTS *$98*





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NIGHT:



Suede and patent leather sandal, JIMMY CHOO, *$995, visit jimmychoo.com*



Gold and pearl cuff, JEMMA WYNNE, *price on request, collection at marissacollections.com*



Wool and silk blazer, BARBARA BUI, *$1,360, visit barbarabui.com*



Rayon knit crop top, A.L.C., *$185,* ***collection at Intermix stores nationwide***

Polyamide and silk pants, ALEXANDER WANG, *$550, visit alexanderwang.com*

Black-rhodium-finished gold, pearl, and diamond earrings, JEMMA WYNNE, *$2,950, collection at net-a-porter.com*


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SHORT CUTS

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SAINT LAURENT



Cotton denim shorts, LEVI'S, $58, visit levi.com



Denim shorts, 3X1, $225, collection at Intermix stores nationwide



Cotton and elastane shorts, ZADIG & VOLTAIRE, $230, visit zadigetvoltaire.com



Denim shorts, DENIM & SUPPLY RALPH LAUREN, $70, collection at Macy's stores nationwide



Denim shorts, THE CASTINGS FOR ARITZIA, $95, visit aritzia.com



Cotton and elastane shorts, GENETIC LOS ANGELES, $138, collection at Nordstrom stores nationwide

EDITOR CONFESSION:

"WHEN I PUT ON MY WHITE SHOES, I FEEL LIKE THERE'S A LITTLE EXTRA SAMIRA IN THE MIX."



For ELLE Fashion Director Samira Nasr, clean-slate boots, heels, and loafers are perennial go-tos. The love affair began with a childhood pair of white pointed-toe ballet flats; today Nasr procures new bespoke white boots from a cobbler in the small Italian village of Forte dei Marmi.



Leather ankle boot, GIANVITO ROSSI, $1,170, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide



Leather pump, ALTUZARRA, $995, collection at fwrd.com



Woven leather flat, VINCE, $295, collection at saksfifthavenue.com



Calfskin ankle boot, PIERRE HARDY, $1,165, visit pierrehardy.com



Calfskin sneaker, RALPH LAUREN COLLECTION, $550, visit ralphlauren.com

Nasr: Garance Doré/Trunk Archive; runway: Imaxtree.com; 3X1 shorts: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Levi's shorts, The Castings For Aritzia shorts, Denim & Supply Ralph Lauren shorts, and Genetic Los Angeles shorts: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide


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5 BEST: RETRO TEES

A far-out ringer T-shirt—paired with bold geometric earrings—is new again



Jersey cotton T-shirt, CAFEPRESS, *$24, visit cafepress.com*



Gold earring, LYNN BAN JEWELRY, *$4,700 (for pair), visit lynnban.com*



Cotton T-shirt, FOREVER 21, *$15, visit forever21.com*



Gold earring, EDDIE BORGO, *$325, visit eddieborgo.com*



Gold earring, EDDIE BORGO, *$175, visit eddieborgo.com*



Vintage cotton T-shirt, from WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND, *$198, at What Goes Around Comes Around*

Cotton T-shirt, SPREADSHIRT, *$25, visit spreadshirt.com*



Gold earring, ANA KHOURI, *price on request, collection at Barneys New York*



Organic linen T-shirt, H&M STUDIO, *$25, visit hm.com*

Gold earring, LYNN BAN JEWELRY, *$3,600 (for pair), visit lynnban.com*



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These chic bags—all customizable in multiple colors or hardware finishes



Crocodile clutch, ETHAN K, *price on request, visit ethan-k.com*



Python and leather bucket bag, DELPHINE DELAFON, *$665, collection at net-a-porter.com*



Python handbag, METALSKIN, *$1,875, visit metalskinnyc.com*

Runway: Imaxtree.com; Cafepress T-shirt, H&M T-shirt, and Spreadshirt T-shirt: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Forever 21 T-shirt and vintage T-shirt from What Goes Around Comes Around: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

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GUCCI

Cotton and twill cropped trousers, SONIA RYKIEL, *$670, collection at Chalk, Evanston, IL*

Silk trousers, CH CAROLINA HERRERA, *$445, at CH Carolina Herrera, Beverly Hills*

Stretch-cotton trousers, SEE BY CHLOÉ, *$420, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide*

WEAR IT: BOW-ADORNED HEELS

Say thank you for spring's gift-wrap-inspired pumps



Leather pump, NICHOLAS KIRKWOOD, *$995, visit nicholaskirkwood.com*



Calfskin mule, N°21, $842, collection at magentacouture.com



MIU MIU



Tulle and ottoman mule, PAULE KA, *$900, at Paule Ka, NYC*



RODARTE

STYLE IT: SKINNY SCARF

This necklace alternative is equal parts glam rock and uptown sleek

Cotton and rayon scarf, DONNI CHARM, *$55, visit donnicharm.com*

Lurex scarf, HILFIGER COLLECTION, *$160, at Tommy Hilfiger, NYC*

Silk scarf, SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE, *$390, at Saint Laurent, NYC*

Tossed around the neck or styled as a belt or handbag accoutrement, the '70s scarf is having a moment.

Silk scarf, ECHO DESIGN, *$38, visit echodesign.com*

Runway: Imaxtree.com (2); CH Carolina Herrera trousers, Sonia Rykiel trousers, See By Chloé trousers, Donni Charm scarf, Echo Design scarf, and Saint Laurent by Heidi Slimane scarf: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Hilfiger Collection scarf: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Barbara Eisen for RJ Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide



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UPTOWN SWEET

Calfskin messenger bag, MARC BY MARC JACOBS, *$468, visit Amazon.com /Fashion*

White gold, pearl, and diamond earrings, TARA PEARLS, *$2,087, visit Amazon.com /Fashion*

Leather sandal, REBECCA MINKOFF, *$295, visit Amazon.com /Fashion*

Lace-collar dress, RACHEL ZOE, *$355, visit Amazon.com /Fashion*

Embellished leather sandal,* SCHUTZ, *$160, visit Amazon .com/Fashion

DOWNTOWN SEXY

Embellished satin sandal, GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI DESIGN, *$1,875, visit Amazon.com/Fashion*

Lace dress, REBECCA TAYLOR, ***$495, visit Amazon.com /Fashion***

Rose gold, rhodium, and gold-plated brass ear cuff, GILES & BROTHER, *$65, visit Amazon.com/Fashion*

Cotton-blend jacket,* RACHEL ZOE, *$495, visit Amazon.com /Fashion

Leather bucket bag, VINCE CAMUTO, *$248, visit Amazon.com/Fashion*

Embellished espadrille, ASH, *$225, visit Amazon .com/Fashion*

GIVENCHY

Runway: Imaxtree.com; Rachel Zoe dress, Rebecca Taylor dress, and Rachel Zoe jacket: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Marc by Marc Jacobs bag: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

1 FULL FLORAL

Linen and silk dress, TRACY REESE, *$448, visit Amazon.com /Fashion*

Elastane-blend dress, ELIE TAHARI, *$448, visit Amazon.com /Fashion*

MICHAEL KORS

Silk dress, REBECCA TAYLOR, *$350, visit Amazon .com/Fashion*

Calfskin cross-body bag, MILLY, *$198, visit Amazon .com/Fashion. Suede sandal,* BELLE BY SIGERSON MORRISON, *$240, visit Amazon.com/Fashion*

2 NEW STRIPE

Printed dress, DONNA MORGAN, *$130, visit Amazon.com /Fashion*

CUSHNIE ET OCHS

Cotton-blend dress, RACHEL ZOE, *$395, visit Amazon.com /Fashion*

Striped dress, REBECCA MINKOFF, *$298, visit Amazon.com /Fashion*

Leather sandal, STUART WEITZMAN, *$325, visit Amazon .com/Fashion. Gold- and rhodium-plated metal bracelet,* CC SKYE, *$250, visit Amazon.com/Fashion*

3 GLOBAL SHIFT

Satin dress, NANETTE LEPORE, *$398, visit Amazon.com /Fashion*

Printed dress, GREYLIN, *$150, visit Amazon.com/Fashion*

GIAMBATTISTA VALLI

Linen and viscose dress, TRACY REESE, *$548, visit Amazon.com/Fashion*

Gold-plated metal choker, JULES SMITH, *$65, visit Amazon.com /Fashion. Snakeskin sandal,* REBECCA MINKOFF, *$250, visit Amazon.com /Fashion*

Runway: imaxtree.com (3); Donna Morgan dress, Greylin dress, Elie Tahari dress, and Nanette Lepore dress: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Rebecca Taylor dress, Rebecca Minkoff dress, and Rachel Zoe dress: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Judith Trezza for RJ Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

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A FAMILY THING

Sonically smooth and oozing cool, trip-hoppy sibling trio James Davis ups the R&B ante with a slick debut
Photographed by Naj Jamai

Styled by Sarah Schussheim (Hair by Sheridan Ward for Oribe Haircare and T3 Micro; makeup by Kirin Bhatty for Nars; manicure by Barbara Warner at Celestine Agency). Auston Reynolds wears: Dolce & Gabbana jacket, Dior Homme shirt, and Ray-Ban sunglasses. Jess Reynolds wears: Her own T-shirt, sunglasses, and necklace. Ray Reynolds wears: Schott NYC jacket, Public School shirtdress, and Ray-Ban sunglasses. For details, see Shopping Guide

In recent years, artists such as Frank Ocean and Lorde have triumphed by taking an unconventional approach to rhythm and space, creating a sense of air and mystery instead of diving into the effects-packed, amusement-park feel of most new pop and R&B. So consider the time exactly right for the intimate folk-funk of family band James Davis. Comprised of twin sisters Jess and Rey Reynolds and their younger brother, Auston, the exhilarating, almost unclassifiable Los Angeles–based group is set to release their forthcoming, self-titled, six-song EP, a spare, hypnotic mix of atmospheric acoustics ("Can't Love Me") and soaring melodies ("On Me"). It displays, like the music of sibling bands from the Beach Boys to the Jackson 5 to Haim, an unconscious and biological sense of timing and harmony that can come only from growing up in the same household and speaking with the same patterns and rhythms. "We write songs all the time, every day—in the middle of conversations, at rehearsal, at the dinner table," says Jess, 26. "We pull from all of our influences, and this is what comes out. This is the music we want to hear." "We have no rules," adds Auston, 22. "Sometimes it's like taking a can of paint and just throwing it on a canvas."

The children of a professional baseball player and a backup singer (the band name is a combination of their father's middle name and their mother's maiden name), the Reynoldses moved all around California growing up, but music was a constant presence thanks to their parents' diverse record collection—everything from Billie Holiday to Fleetwood Mac to Curtis Mayfield. Even so, the sum of the siblings' individual skills as musicians needed time to gestate. Jess was offered a record deal at age nine and then another at 15. Neither panned out, but with Rey developing as a focused songwriter and Auston having studied audio engineering at the Los Angeles Film School, they sorted out their particular strengths (usually with Jess writing lyrics, Rey concentrating on melodies, and Auston handling production) and grew increasingly self-sufficient as a band, finding inspiration in songs by Kings of Leon, another family outfit, as well as Led Zeppelin and Sam Cooke.

The group eventually came to the attention of Motown when a friend who had been filming videos for their songs submitted his reel to the label. It ended up being the sound of the clips, rather than the look, that got noticed, and James Davis, now signed with Motown and declared a top priority, points to "Better Than You Are," their sweet and woozy first single, as a breakthrough moment. "I was talking to Jess about our childhood and our family," Rey says, "and I just went in the bathroom and started writing. I recorded it acoustically, had Jess sing the hook, and then took it to Auston and convinced him to put his touch on it. I didn't expect it to be so moving. But it speaks to how we hold on to each other to get through hard times."—*Alan Light*



Rey (left), Auston (middle), and Jess (right)



Chandler and Cardellini

(TV)

GOING TRIBAL

Netflix's *Bloodline* puts the family drama back where it belongs—in your face

At the start of *Bloodline*, premiering March 20 on Netflix, you might think that the Rayburns are keeping it all together. Mom and Pop (Sissy Spacek and Sam Shepard) run a Florida Keys bungalow resort, son John (Kyle Chandler) is a respectable county sheriff/family man, daughter Meg (Linda Cardellini) a successful lawyer, and the youngest son, Kevin (Norbert Leo Butz), captains the resort's diving excursions. But by the first episode's last scene—after the black-sheep, deadbeat eldest brother, Danny (Ben Mendelsohn), resurfaces—one horrifyingly unmentionable act ignites a thrilling, atmospheric 13-episode series that, like *Six Feet Under* and *The Sopranos* before it, reminds us why we can't tear away from these flawed-family dramas.

"These kinds of shows really examine character," Cardellini says. "The Rayburns, they all think they're good people. But the show asks, At what point are you a good person doing a bad thing or just a bad person who doesn't realize it?" It's these inquiries—and also a deft ensemble whose familiar charms (from Cardellini's *ER* era and Chandler's epic run on *Friday Night Lights*) compellingly contrast their characters' battles with guilt and distrust—that incite our own questions about one's responsibilities as a member of a clan. Sure, love goes a long way, but *Bloodline* forces us to consider what any of us are truly capable of when familial survival is at stake. "You hope people never go to such extremes," Cardellini continues. "But when you think you're a close family, and secrets surface that reveal why people made choices you never understood, you begin to understand things in a frightening way. You get tested. And then *you* have to start making choices."—*Seth Plattner*

Photographed by Naj Jamai; Rey Reynolds wears: Sandro top, Alexander Wang shorts, and Ray-Ban sunglasses. Auston Reynolds wears: Tim Coppens tank, Ray-Ban sunglasses, and his own necklace. Jess Reynolds wears: Tanya Taylor dress and her own sunglasses and earrings. *Bloodline*: courtesy of Netflix. For details, see Shopping Guide

"It feels amazing," Rey Reynolds says of performing live with James Davis. "It's life changing to see people cry about our songs."

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Watts and Stiller; (bottom) Driver and Stiller

(REVIEW)

HITTING REFRESH

One couple jolts another out of its meandering malaise in a sneaky comedy about misreading people—including ourselves. By Ben Dickinson

In his 2010 novel, *Freedom*, Jonathan Franzen comments that "there are few things harder to imagine than other people's conversations about yourself." Ben Stiller has perfected the portrayal of a character type for whom this thought experiment is likely to be especially fraught: a sensitive, ruminative person who, for reasons that are elusive and mysterious (and to no one more so than himself), has failed to assume control of his destiny and realize his potential—has, in short, failed to thrive. In the *Night at the Museum* movies, that guy is Larry Daley; in director Noah Baumbach's *Greenberg* (2010), he's the titular fellow, first name Roger. When Roger asks his solicitous friend and former bandmate, Ivan (Rhys Ifans), what people say about him, Ivan obligingly lets him in on a whole series of verbal unkindnesses. Roger concludes that, on the subject of himself, the world is wrong, and he is right (which is problematic, to say the least).

Stiller is again that guy as Josh in *While We're Young*, the smartly funny and sharply observed new film by Baumbach, who has become the cinematic bard of bohemian Brooklyn (*The Squid and the Whale*, *Frances Ha*), much as Woody Allen was the auteur of late-twentieth-century Manhattan. Josh and his wife, Cornelia (Naomi Watts), have settled into a married middle age warmed by a deep companionate glow—but they've also bogged down a bit. Disappointed in their efforts to have a child, they feel increasingly oppressed (and made ambivalent) by their friends' smug preoccupation with parenthood. Cornelia busies herself helping to produce documentaries made by her distinguished and revered father (an imperious, imperturbable Charles Grodin). Josh, having himself made an admired and promising documentary debut a decade ago, has since been unable to complete an ambitiously philosophical sophomore effort on the deep roots of America's propensity to rush into foreign military quagmires—stymied by a lack of funds (and, perhaps, vision) and the consequent need to teach documentary filmmaking.

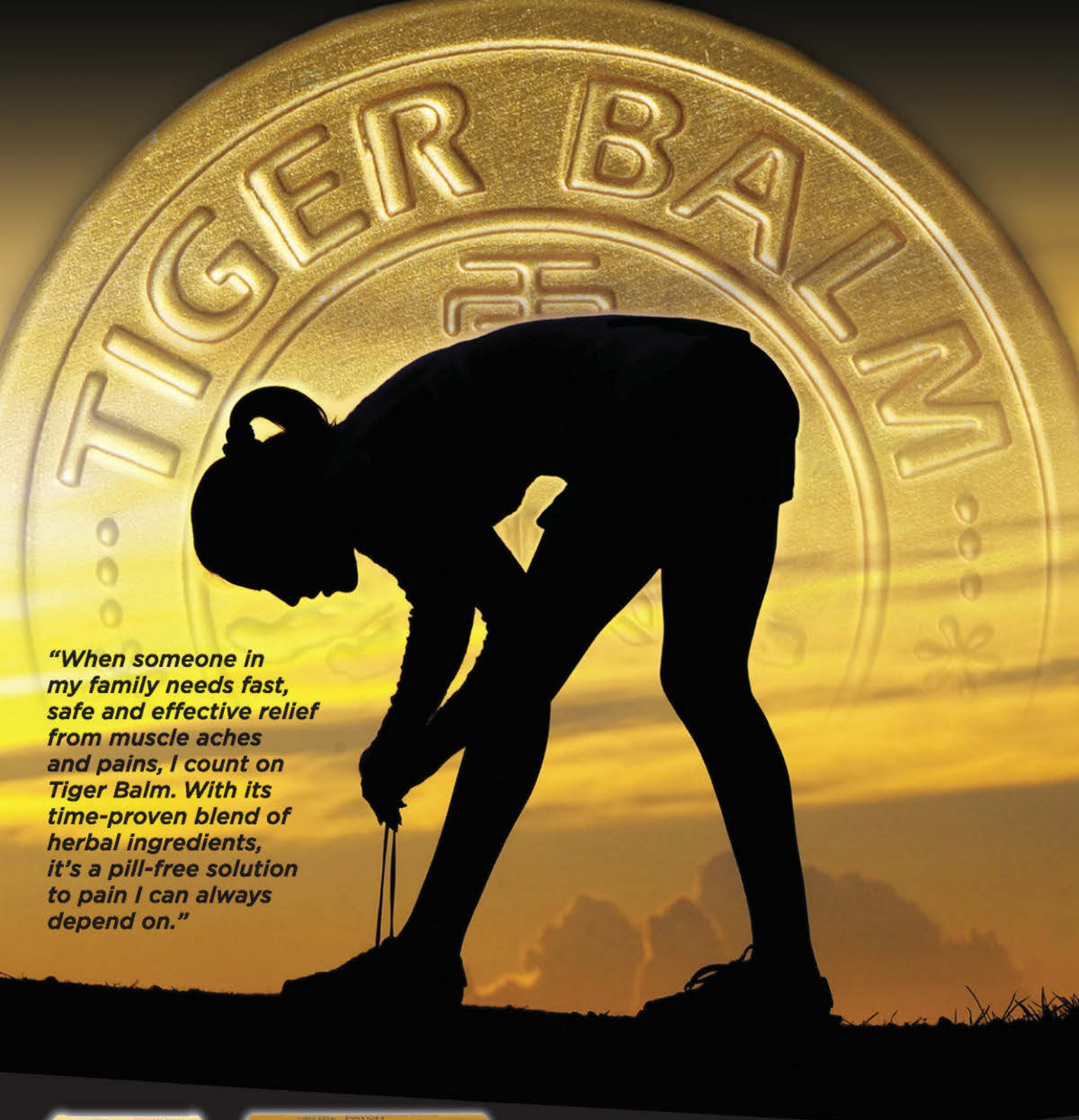
It's after one of Josh's lectures that an eager young hipster named Jamie (Adam Driver) approaches him to ask for guidance on how to produce his own project. In a matter of days, Josh and Cornelia find themselves smitten by the emotional openness and freethinking unconventionality of Jamie and his wife, Darby (Amanda Seyfried, deftly playing the maybe-not-so-unknowing ingenue), whose primary vocation is manufacturing artisanal ice cream, and the doors open wide to boon companionship and impromptu adventures, from hip-hop dance classes to communal drug trips. The older couple concludes that the mundane routines and distracting techno-clutter of their lives have been salubriously shaken up by their new pals' low-tech, low-overhead approach to life.

But then Jamie's project takes off: In contrast to Josh's, it's a rivetingly intense human-interest story. Rather abruptly, some decidedly mixed emotions well up in mellow old Josh, and Baumbach's comedy of Gen-X and Millennial manners veers into more dramatic, plot-driven territory. Driver in particular delivers a knife-edge, flawlessly understated performance as events conspire to turn Josh's reality into a fever dream of frustration.

Watts, who's adding *While We're Young* to an inspired recent run (*Birdman*, *St. Vincent*), shines—with a few soft shadows of midlife regret—as the bemused but loyal spouse who sticks with Josh as they feel their way through an especially bewildering patch of life. And Baumbach succeeds in vividly depicting how the people who occasionally serve as catalysts in our lives inevitably do so with results we cannot imagine beforehand—but, if we're lucky, leave us with a little more self-knowledge than we started with. ●

Jon Pack/courtesy of A24









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Binoche and Stewart

(DIRECTOR'S SPOTLIGHT)

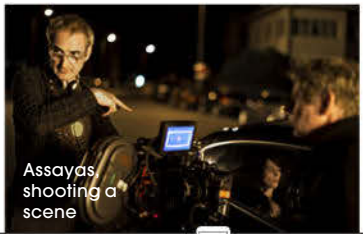
STIRRING SECOND ACT

Two giants of French cinema team up with some brash American talent

Reality and artifice are intricately interlayered in Olivier Assayas' prismatic, marvelously nuanced film *Clouds of Sils Maria*, out this month, which ought to raise the French director's profile and reputation considerably on these shores. As Assayas (*Irma Vep*, *Demonlover*) tells it, he and Juliette Binoche (*The English Patient*) both assumed that they would again work together after their initial collaboration, *Rendez-vous* (1985), which Assayas cowrote with director André Téchiné, made Binoche a star at age 21. But the return engagement never happened, at least until Binoche played a supporting role in Assayas' acclaimed 2008 film *Summer Hours*. "We had friendship," he says, "we had history, and ultimately there was a film missing in our filmographies—one we made together. She called me one day and said, 'We should make a film. Why hasn't it happened before?'"

Clouds of Sils Maria is built around themes that resonate with Assayas and Binoche's own story. The ever-radiant Binoche plays movie star Maria Enders, who, as the film opens, is traveling to the Swiss mountain town of the movie's title to eulogize the playwright who wrote the theatrical drama that made Enders a star 20 years earlier, when she was very young. Kristen Stewart plays Enders' personal assistant, Valentine—a wry young woman who, we soon see, is every bit the intellectual equal of her employer. At the memorial, a hot young London director begs Enders to again star in the landmark play—this time, though, as the older woman who is tormented and destroyed by the ruthless ingenue that Enders originally played.

While Enders feels honored by the offer, it also rubs her face in the fact that she is no longer youthful. With deep ambivalence, she holes up with Valentine in a chalet and immerses herself in her new role. Valentine reads the lines of the younger woman and, as she and Enders analyze and argue about the play and its meaning, an uncanny bifocal effect emerges: The play's dialogue begins to resonate, in an odd and inexact way, with the evolving relationship between these two women. "On one hand," Assayas says, "it's a game of mirrors—I'm playing with what we know of Juliette and what we know or imagine of Kristen. On the other hand, it's a simple, straightforward story about coming to terms with aging, with time. Are we going to carry it as a burden, or can we maybe turn it to our advantage?"



Assayas shooting a scene

Then the actor who's going to play Enders' young nemesis on the London stage, Hollywood starlet Jo-Ann Ellis (a spectacular Chloë Grace Moretz), shows up in Sils Maria to pay her respects and powwow with Enders. Clearly a very complicated piece of work, she both flatters and scandalizes Enders, and certainly rattles her nerves. This disparate trio of women thereafter engages in an elaborate pas de trois of complex emotional dynamics. "I had the dream cast for this film," an obviously grateful Assayas says. "It was tailor-made for Juliette, but Kristen and Chloë understood profoundly what was going on. Whatever feels right in terms of feminine sensibility is because it's channeled by them—they absorb it and appropriate it, and they are the cocreators of these characters."—*B.D.*

(MOVIES)

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SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION

Debut director Victor Levin's ***5 to 7*** explores the noble dream of open marriage: that the stable solidity of family and the anarchy of erotic love can coexist without exploding like matter and antimatter. Grown men will fall face-forward for Bérénice Marlohe's French grande femme; women will coo over Anton Yelchin's good-hearted youth. Then we'll all pick ourselves up and return to this fallen world.



DON'T CONFUSE WITH *SERENE*

In ***Serena***, a broody Southern gothic romance adapted from Ron Rash's novel and directed by Susanne Bier (*In a Better World*), Jennifer Lawrence looks almost iconic in the tragic title role with her 1920s hairstyle, and she aces some very tricky emotional scenes opposite her gallant, ardent, trusting North Carolina lumber-magnate husband, played by Bradley Cooper.



IS THAT YOUR FINAL ANSWER?

Intentional or not, there's deep irony in the title of British director Rupert Goold's ***True Story***, adapted from Michael Finkel's memoir. Working with the limited affective palette of a stone-cold sociopath, James Franco spirals us into the heart of darkness as Christian Longo, who pretended to be journalist Finkel (Jonah Hill), then befriended and, for a time, bedazzled him.—*B.D.*

Clouds of Sils Maria: © Carole Bethuel (2); *5 to 7*: courtesy of Walter Thomson; *Serena*: courtesy of Magnolia Pictures; *True Story*: courtesy of Fox Searchlight Pictures

For a taste of the powerhouse female talent in *Clouds of Sils Maria*, blipp this page to watch the trailer now.

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(BOOKS)

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SOUTH BY SOUTHWEST

Kirstin Valdez Quade's sparkling debut collection, ***Night at the Fiestas*** (Norton), set mostly in New Mexico, features dreamers and schemers whose lives pulsate with wild hopes, hard luck, stunning secrets, and saving grace. In the title story, young Frances is "twitchy with impatience. If (her) life was to be a novel...then finally... something might happen at the Fiestas that could constitute the first page."

50 MADAME CURIES

Rachel Swaby's no-nonsense and needed ***Headstrong: 52 Women Who Changed Science and the World*** (Broadway) dynamically profiles historically overlooked female visionaries in science, technology, engineering, and math. Exhibit A: chemist Alice Ball (1892–1916), who discovered the cure for leprosy at age 23.

MAGICAL THINKING

"It doesn't matter whether she's a ghost, or a memory, or my idea, or her idea, or God's idea, or dust, or sound waves, or transfigured molecules, or an echo from the Cosmos. She's here with me," writes Alice Eve Cohen in ***The Year My Mother Came Back*** (Algonquin), a wry, magical memoir about the transcendent power of mother-daughter love.—*L.S.*

(NONFICTION)

AMERICAN DREAMER

But so much more than that too, in this important new biography

By Keziah Weir

There have been other bios of Michelle Obama, mostly quickies timed to Barack's 2008 election. But in *Michelle Obama: A Life* (Knopf), political journalist Peter Slevin, who covered the Obamas for a decade, has written a literate, deeply reported portrait of the First Lady.

Growing up the daughter of Chicago natives who harbored lasting regrets for not having earned college degrees, Michelle "developed a ferocious work ethic," Slevin writes, that she applied to changing the things she could. When she met Barack in 1988, she was struck by his ease in moving between worlds separated by race and class. Slevin, a former political reporter for *The Washington Post* who interviewed scores of the Obamas' colleagues and friends (the Obamas did not participate in his reporting) and relied on others' published interviews, writes that Michelle grew increasingly frustrated by Barack's endless time spent campaigning and her consequent role as primary caregiver to their daughters: "Like many professional women of her age and station, Michelle was struggling with balance and a partner who was less involved—and less evolved—than she had expected." She knew that the strength of their marriage would depend on "figuring out how to carve out what kind of life I want for myself beyond who Barack is and what he wants."


Slevin

Slevin invokes the broader implications of Michelle's trajectory without making her totemic, an easy and damaging slip that she is aware of in regard to her husband. "There are many of us who want to lay all of our wishes, fears, and hopes at the feet of this young man, but life doesn't work that way," she said presciently in 2004. Just as she's consistently reiterated Barack's humanness over the years, Slevin treats her and her accomplishments with the detail and nuance they deserve. ●



(FICTION)

COLOR BIND

The great Toni Morrison stuns us again with a novel about race and consequence

By Lisa Shea

More than any other contemporary American writer, 84-year-old Nobel Prize winner Toni Morrison has claimed the historically explosive, intertwined subjects of race and gender via a series of profound, nonpareil novels, beginning with *The Bluest Eye* in 1970.

At the start of *God Help the Child* (Knopf), her sly, savage, honest, and elegant twelfth novel, a character named Sweetness ruefully recalls the birth of her daughter, Lula Ann. "She was so black she scared me. Midnight black, Sudanese black. I'm light-skinned, with good hair, what we call high yellow, and so is Lula Ann's father. Ain't nobody in my family anywhere near that color."

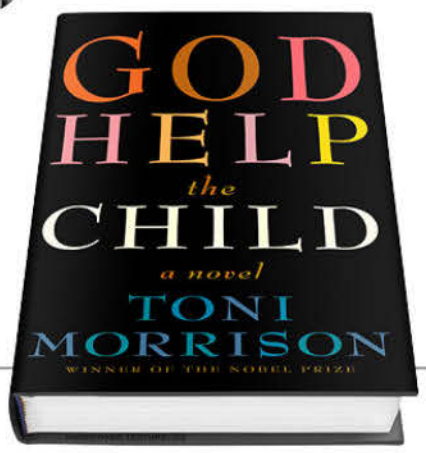

Morrison

Sweetness predicts a harsh life for Lula Ann—her only child—whom she considers taking to an orphanage because of her skin. After a girlhood marked by an absent father and her desperation to win the approval of her strict and embarrassed mother, Lula Ann, at 18, changes her name to Bride. By her early twenties—bold, striking, and confident—she heads a successful cosmetics line in Los Angeles, where she drives a Jaguar and employs a maid.

Morrison spikes elements of realism and hyperrealism with magic and mayhem, while sustaining a sexily poetic and intoxicating narrative atmosphere, as when Bride's lover Booker first lays eyes on her. "Simply dumbstruck by her beauty, Booker stared open-mouthed at a young blue-black woman standing at the curb laughing. Her clothes were white, her hair like a million black butterflies asleep on her head."

When Booker walks out on Bride after six months—the things he left behind are "too alive...toiletries, clothes, and a cloth bag containing two books, one in a foreign language, the other a book of poems"—her swift unraveling and slow resurrection and Booker's hard look at his family history supply the book's heartbeat.

Once again, Morrison thrillingly brings the storytelling moxie and mojo that make her, arguably, our greatest living novelist. ●



Still life (top left): Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D; Slevin: Andrew Johnston; Morrison: Timothy Greenfield-Sanders



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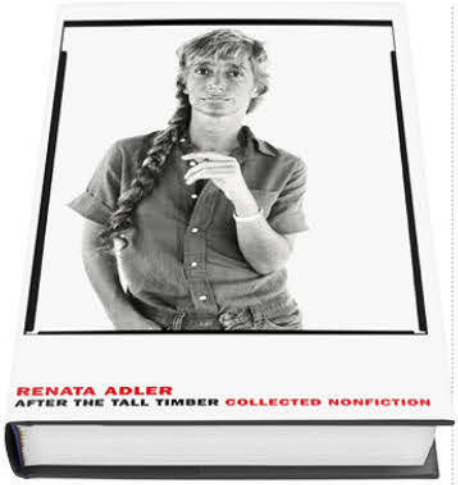
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(NONFICTION)

REBEL, REBEL

She wrote what she saw. And she saw it all

By Molly Langmuir



Renata Adler was hired by *The New Yorker* straight out of college in 1963 and promptly began churning out pieces—on hippies in Los Angeles, civil war in Nigeria—that were clearly the work of a tenacious reporter and a brilliant mind. Acutely attuned to the hypocrisies and petty vanities of powerful people and institutions, her writing prompted admiration, notoriety, and then, eventually, enough controversy that she was what she calls "mildly blacklisted. Or not so mildly." Her first breach, in 1980, was a piece blasting hallowed film critic Pauline Kael; her final one, in 1999, was a book that began, "As I write this, *The New Yorker* is dead." Then, in 2013, things changed for her once again when her two modernist novels, *Speedboat* and *Pitch Dark*, were reissued to much acclaim. Now comes *After the Tall Timber* (NYRB), a collection of her nonfiction.

Would you have written the pieces that burned bridges if you'd known how they'd be received? "There are things I would change, but none in a more mollifying direction. Though I don't welcome confrontation. Really, I don't." **Did you follow the *Rolling Stone* story about rape at UVA? You have some experience with the press piling on.** "It seems absurd to say the reporter should have interviewed the people who were alleged to have raped the girl. The victim is in a position where she can't say anything. The whole point was not to [be forced to] do what she's now being forced to do. It's awful. When I was about that age, I knew a man who would tell this anecdote about how happy he was at college with the male bonding, and that they had done gang rapes. That was all one thought for him."

Does the current state of public discourse seem dire to you? "I think we're madly astray. All public conversation is public relations. It's very hard to think anybody is doing a wise or even an honorable thing in public life." **Someone recently described you as the rare woman who was rewarded for speaking her mind.** "It's a nice way to put it, but what happened is I got sort of lucky after years in the wilderness. I was lucky at the beginning and at the end." ●

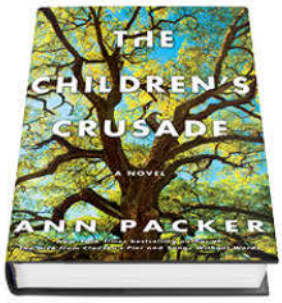
(FICTION)

THEY FUCK YOU UP

A tour de force family drama

By Lisa Shea

Best-selling author Ann Packer ups her game with *The Children's Crusade* (Scribner), an **engrossing saga that unfolds over five decades in the verdant hills south of San Francisco.**



What sets this novel apart from her previous work—*The Dive From Clausen's Pier* and *Songs Without Words*—is how deeply and intimately her big, plot-rich canvas captures the Blair clan's collective and individual yearnings and disappointments.

Dr. Bill Blair's patriarchal desires seize him in "a reverie in which he was surrounded by children, dozens of them, darting between trees, throwing balls, jumping in leaf piles, calling 'olly olly oxen free.'" His expectations ultimately clash with those of his spouse, Penny, whose maternal duties frustrate her artistic ambitions. "I need a place...for me," she says during a standoff where the family's backyard shed becomes the novel's catalyst. "I mean why do we have a row boat? Why don't we have a kiln?" From here the story's vital conflict pivots and is played out in their four children's lives.

Packer brilliantly constructs the siblings' narratives with both an appealing lightness and an arresting gravitas: Robert, a doctor, like his dad; psychiatrist Rebecca; teacher Ryan; and lost soul James. Each of the siblings revisits the family drama through the reckoning lens of their grown-up identities. With every chapter the novel acquires the tensile heft of a multigenerational universe that is both **sequential and eerily simultaneous.**


Packer

The lesson of this ambitious tale is that our dreams are no match for meeting life on life's terms, and Packer's golden touch makes us care that much more deeply for this memorable tribe. ●

(NONFICTION)

THE ELLE'S LETTRES 2015 READERS' PRIZE

15 ELLE readers choose their favorite among three promising new books—this month, memoirs about adventures yielding life lessons

1



SMOKE
MEILI CADY
(DEY STREET)

"Somewhere between *Orange Is the New Black* and *The Bling Ring*" is how one reader summed up the allure of this read, which many found by turns improbable and irresistible. Cady, who hails from a small Washington town, headed for Hollywood after high school in search of fame but found herself under the spell of a woman who claimed to be a Samsung heiress and an Asian pop star, and who just happened to have a can't-miss business proposition for her that...missed, hilariously badly.

2



THE END OF THE RAINY SEASON
MARIAN E. LINDBERG
(SOFT SKULL)

When Lindberg was growing up, her father regaled her with tales of how his stepfather left their family in New York City in 1929 to search for a lost treasure in Brazil and ended up falling victim to cannibals. After working in journalism and law, she felt compelled to flesh out the legend with some verifiable truths. This ruminative family mystery brims with incident, from tropical trail-tracing to personal health crises, and, ultimately, both some disturbing revelations and a hard-won peace of mind.

3



MOTORCYCLES I'VE LOVED
LILY BROOKS-DALTON
(RIVERHEAD)

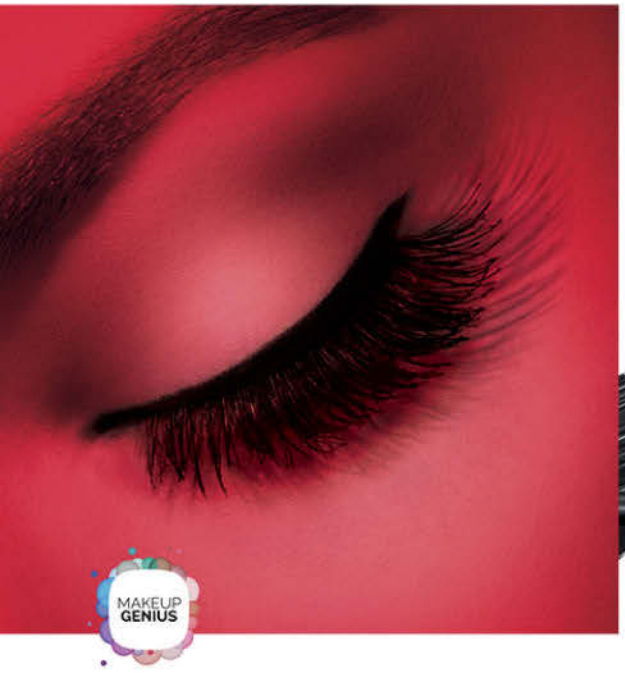
A young woman of passion and, well, velocity, Brooks-Dalton has written a bright, brisk ode to her beloved two-wheelers, which picked her up when she returned to her Vermont hometown. Feeling directionless after having traveled the world for several years, and leaving her mate and companion at the end of all those peregrinations, she pointed a fat rubber tire away from her rageful father and cruel older brother, heading out on the highway and crisscrossing America.—*B.D.*

Packer: Elena Seibert

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BEAUTY



Bright red Dior Rouge Dior 999, an ELLE Genius favorite, matches the shade worn at Christian Dior's first show in 1947.

Riccardo Tinelli (Hair by Patrice Delaroche; model: Philippine at Mode Moiselle)

2015 GENIUS AWARDS

In our tenth annual celebration of the world's top makeup, hair, and skin-care pros, we share their secrets—from the season's most flattering lipstick shade to the one easy trick for bombshell hair—no appointment required

NAILS





(Clockwise from top left) Cheptene's new neutrals include DIOR *Vernis in Junon, Incognito, Hypnotic, Rose, Sienna, Spring, Palais Royal, and Trianon.*



Not only does Cheptene love the ultrathin brush of CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN *polish, but Rouge Louboutin Classic Red is "always fashionable."*







DIOR *Crème Abricot makes fingers and cuticles "soft to the touch" but not greasy.*

THE NAIL GUN

Lucia Cheptene
HOME BASE: PARIS

Claim to fame

While Cheptene carries more than 300 bottles of polish in her kit, you won't find a metallic or glitter among them. Rather than painting intricate nail-art designs, the Moldova-born manicurist, beloved by Parisian beauty editors, keeps things shiny and simple, featuring ultrahealthy cuticles and nourished nails enhanced with quietly chic shades.

Secret weapon

High-gloss sparkle-free basics such as red, dark blue, and black. "Yellow and green are not classic colors," Cheptene says, "and I avoid all the shimmering lacquers because I don't find them chic."

Quick fix

To mimic the look of a manicure in less than 15 seconds, raid your kitchen. "If you have an important meeting and your nails need immediate care," Cheptene says, "find some olive oil and dab it on nails and cuticles."

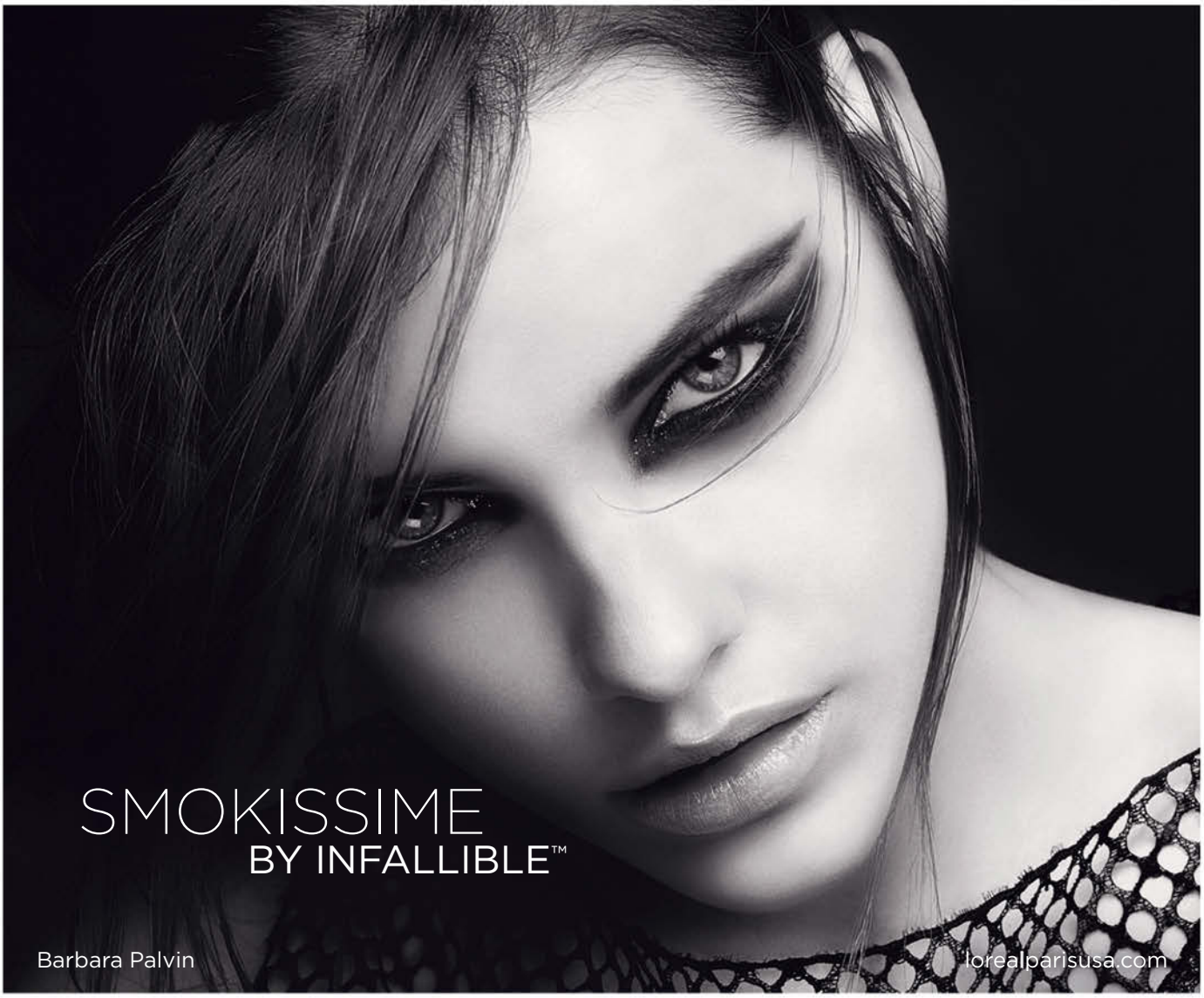


Cheptene applies ESSIE *Millionails treatment under every shade for extra "durability and strength."*



A layer of GIORGIO ARMANI *Nail Lacquer top coat adds a laminate finish to any polish.*

Riccardo Tinelli (Manicure by Lucia Cheptene); still lifes: Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D (11)





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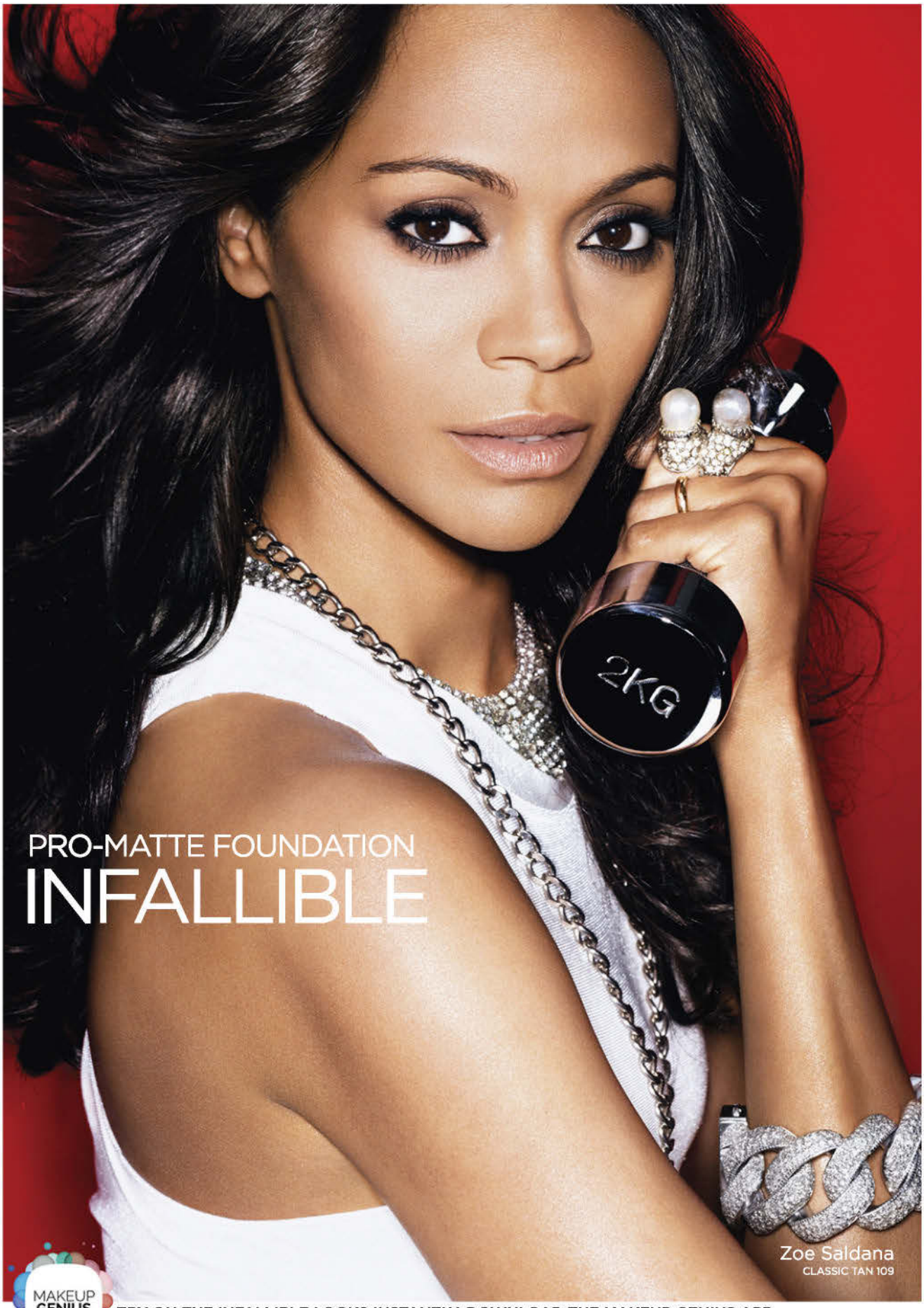
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MAKEUP

For a lasting, luminous finish, makeup Genius Vicky Steckel layers FRESH *Seaberry face oil under* CHANTECAILLE *Just Skin Tinted Moisturizer. On lips,* CHANEL *Rouge Allure in Badine.*

Nicolas Moore (Makeup by Vicky Steckel; model: Anais Pouliot at Elite Paris)



Steckel buffs lips with FRESH *Sugar Lip Polish to erase* ***flakiness.***

THE LIGHT TOUCH

Vicky Steckel
HOME BASE: NEW YORK CITY

Claim to fame

Steckel's big break is the stuff of legend: A chance meeting in Miami landed her on a shoot with Pat McGrath, which led to a yearlong gig as McGrath's first assistant. She's now the go-to for modern bombshell beauty—barely there foundation, a soft pout, mile-long lashes. "I really believe the less you put on, the better," Steckel says. "You can't see your **beautiful lips if they're** covered in gloss."

Secret weapon

Steckel stockpiles raw cocoa butter from her native Dominican Republic to smooth onto freshly exfoliated lips. "It's natural and moisturizing, and it tastes like chocolate."

Quick fix

For instant oomph rivaling that of extensions, try faux lashes in addition to mascara. Steckel traces the upper lash line in black pencil, positions a still-tacky Make Up For Ever strip using tweezers, then fills in gaps between fake and real lashes with black liquid liner.



Matte beige-pink* CHANEL *Rouge Allure Intense Long-Wear Lip Colour in Badine "shows off the shape of the lips," Steckel says.

For superluxe length that's "natural and understated," Steckel layers* MAYBELLINE NEW YORK *Volum' Express The Falsies waterproof mascara.



Steckel creates clump-free volume by separating individual lashes with the* TWEEZERMAN *Folding iLashcomb in between coats of mascara.



The wonder duo: The BEAUTYBLENDER *(above right) and* TOM FORD *Traceless Foundation Stick erase everything: "I've even used them to cover tattoos."*



To eradicate smudges, *Lottie first cleans up any fallout from shadow or mascara, then taps on moisturizing* DIOR *Diorskin Nude concealer to finish.*

Lottie's essential for "the middle of the day ***when you're on a really*** *long editorial": a few spritzes of* CAUDALIE *Beauty Elixir, which* ***"wakes up the makeup,*** *so it doesn't get cakey* ***or powdery looking."***





The Swiss Army knife of powders, CHARLOTTE TILBURY *Filmstar Bronze & Glow does it all: Dab on lids as shadow; on cheeks for a "deep contour"; use the paler tone as a "highlighter all over" and the dark shade as blush or bronzer.*



THE CALIFORNIA DREAMER

Lottie
HOME BASE: LOS ANGELES

Claim to fame

With a loyal following on Instagram, Lottie racks up likes for the signature West Coast glow she creates. "When I do editorials, I always like to have a really nice shine on the skin. That translates for my celebrity clients' looks too," Lottie says of her shiny-happy superstar fan club, which includes Alexa Chung and Solange Knowles.

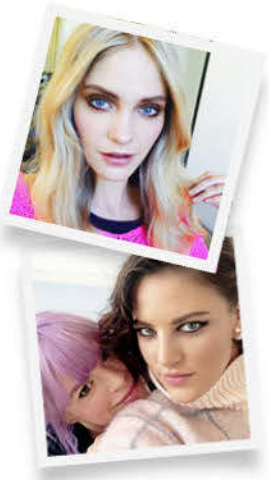
Secret weapon

Tinted body cream Prtty Peaushun "keeps the skin really healthy and glowy," she says.

"I'll put it on legs and arms, and then use **the excess on the high** points of the face: the cheekbones and the top of the nose. And when I do editorial, I'll just use more of it to create a surreal shine."

Quick fix

Even It Girls get acne: Lottie erases spots by "layering and layering." She uses a damp Beautyblender to dab trace amounts of Tom Ford foundation onto skin until the "face is flawless."



(From top) Model Heidi Mount flaunts Lottie's signature glow; model Eliza Cummings and Lottie on set for Nasty Gal

Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D (4); Jon Paterson/Studio D (1); Instagram (2)



Okubo brightened Elite Paris top model Anais Pouliot's eyes with lime-green pencil.



The matte texture of TROI OLLIVIERRE *lipstick (shown here in George) gives it a "very modern," long-lasting finish.*



M.A.C Medium Angled Shading Brush #275 "easily fits the eyelid" for flawless blending.



"Lightweight, sheer, and easy to use" CANMAKE *Cream Cheek in Clear Red Heart "looks great on all skin colors."*



Okubo's perfect match for an orange-red lip? Peridot liner, such as NARS *Soft Touch Shadow Pencil in Celebrate.*



THE DRAMATIST

Kaoru Okubo

HOME BASE: NEW YORK CITY

Claim to fame

Who says you can't rock a strong mouth *and* bold eyes? With her sixth sense for complementary colors, Okubo makes rule breaking look effortless. The Osaka native can take a tomato-red lip from polished prep (see her work in the J.Crew catalog) to '80s excess simply by pairing it with an over-the-top emerald smoky eye.

Secret weapon

"Sometimes it can be hard to bring the color out," Okubo says, especially if you're working with a pastel shade or a dark skin tone. She applies a primer (her favorite is Nars Smudge Proof Eye Shadow Base) and then white or beige shadow as a foundation to make color pop.

Quick fix

When pigment strays onto skin, Okubo cleans up with Scotch tape. "I take a little piece and then tap, tap it" under eyes and along cheekbones.



THE VISIONARY

Yadim

HOME BASE: LOS ANGELES

Claim to fame

From smearing opaque brights on Lady Gaga to glossing up Gisele Bündchen's lids for her H&M campaign, for Yadim, a dramatic eye means more than just black shadow. He plays with texture and colors, "using products in places that they're not originally meant for," which means dark lip pencils double as vibrant eyeliner, and shimmery eye shadows illuminate lips and cheeks.

Secret weapon

Water. Yadim, Maybelline New York's global makeup artist, uses simple H_2O to increase the pigment payoff of any eye shadow, dampening the applicator for "over-the-top, intense color."

Quick fix

A greasy eye may be gorgeous on the runway, but it gets messy fast in real life. To make the look less emo and more office friendly, Yadim coats the lid with a base of indelible ink liner instead of eye shadow, then dabs just a touch of lip balm on top.



LANCÔME *Bi-Facil Eye Makeup Remover "is kind of an unsung hero," Yadim says. "It's a staple that I think almost every makeup artist has in their kit."*

Yadim uses the thinnest part of the marker tip of MAYBELLINE NEW YORK *Master Graphic—"it's like a Sharpie for eyes"—to draw on a precise flick.*





To brighten eyes before applying shadow, Yadim brushes YVES SAINT LAURENT *Touche Éclat on dark circles, lets it set for 30 seconds, then "pats it, rather than smears it" for lightweight, precise coverage.*



For an unexpected smoky eye, Yadim sweeps on burgundy MAYBELLINE NEW YORK *Color Molten Duo in Rose Haze.*

Nicolas Moore (Makeup by Kaoru Okubo; model: Anais Pouliot at Elite Paris); still lifes: Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D (4); Jon Paterson/Studio D (1)





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HAIR

For volume, hair Genius Sebastien Richard preps with BIOSILK *Root Lifter. "Spray a good amount into the roots and blow-dry with a big round brush," he says.*

Nicolas Moore (Hair by Sebastien Richard; model: Anais Pouliot at Elite Paris)



THE BODY BUILDER

Sebastien Richard
HOME BASE: PARIS

Claim to fame

Richard got his start serving up slept-in texture to supes such as Claudia Schiffer and Kate Moss—his first megaclients—back in '94. "At the time there was a tendency to do very glamorous all the time," he says. "I liked how the hair looked after the girls were coming back from the beach, so I decided to start doing that on photo shoots."

Secret weapon

Richard creates a tousled look by twisting clean hair into a bun before bedtime. "Most of the time that's what we do on trips," he says. "Hair looks better when it's not really clean washed. The third day it's perfect."

Quick fix

An indoor ocean breeze. For instant beach texture without setting foot in the sand, "use a little bit of salt spray at the same time as you use your blow-dryer, just to make it messy."



Thin strands *get a boost with a pinch of* LA BIOSTHETIQUE *Volume Powder.*



Richard creates a "soft and piecey" look by working BIOSILK *Silk Therapy Lite through the ends of finished hair.*



Richard preps hair with PHYTO *Volumizing Spray—"it makes the hair a little thicker"—before drying.*



He applies "just a drop" of LEONOR GREYL ***Styling Cream to moisturize dry hair.***



SACHAJUAN *Ocean Mist creates "the right amount of grit without overdrying."*



R+CO *Aircraft Pomade Mousse "gives hold and structure that's still easy to manipulate."*



For loose waves, Atkin wraps one-inch sections away from the face around a GHD *Curve Classic Curl Iron.*



ORIBE *Dry Texturizing Spray is "the perfect combo of hairspray and dry shampoo."*



THE WAVE MAKER

Jen Atkin
HOME BASE: LOS ANGELES

Claim to fame

When Atkin isn't prepping Hollywood's biggest names for the red carpet (or just for the plain old paparazzi), she's bringing California glamour to a royal roster of Dubai's most discerning clients. Her signature look? A tumble of loose bedroom waves, popularized by bombshell clients Rosie Huntington-Whiteley, Kim Kardashian, and Chrissy Teigen. "I set the hair with a curling iron and secure with two-prong clips," she says. "Once the curls have cooled, I take out the clips, use my Mason Pearson to brush the curls out, and then back-comb the curls into place."

Secret weapon

A moisturizing hair mask. "I love to go to the health-food store and just get a can of coconut oil and do treatments," Atkin says. "I always tell clients to put coconut oil in their hair before SoulCycle and tie it in a bun."

Quick fix

A toothbrush. "I have one in my kit, to get all the baby hairs at the hairline or the annoying hairs at the nape of the neck," Atkin says. To tame flyaways, she blasts bristles with hairspray first.





(From top) Atkin gives Gwen Stefani soft curls for *The Voice*; Khloe Kardashian is a regular in Atkin's styling chair

Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D (2); Instagram (2)



Hazan mixes SWEET'N LOW *into bleach to cut scalp pain: "It helps neutralize some of the ammonia used in hair color and mitigate irritation."*



THE TONE RANGER

Rita Hazan
HOME BASE: NEW YORK CITY



For even coverage, Hazan recommends splitting hair into sections with a YS PARK *rattail comb before dipping into an at-home dye.*



"If you color your hair, it's important to use a sulfate-free shampoo," such as SHU UEMURA *Full Shimmer Illuminating Shampoo.*

Claim to fame

When Hazan wove soft honey strands into Jennifer Lopez's brunette hair for the cover of *On the 6* in 1999, a believably "I'm Real" color was born. "Highlights will instantly wake up your face 100 percent," says Hazan, who favors soft caramel midtones. "The worst thing is to have dark hair that's dense. You want to break it up."

Secret weapon

A color-enhancing treatment. Hazan uses her two-step shine treatment, Weekly Remedy, to lock in color at the salon and prescribes a dose for every subsequent wash. "You're only at the salon every two months, so you have to maintain your hair at home," Hazan says. **"Between shampoo, straightening, and blow-drying, you have to add nutrition back into the hair from torturing it."**

Quick fix

Dry shampoo or cover-up, such as Hazan's Root Concealer, will help to hide regrowth. When all else fails, a messy part can bridge the gap between color appointments.



"I tell my clients to use this to keep their color vibrant until I see them next. If you're glossing throughout, your hair color will never fade," she says of RITA HAZAN *Ultimate Shine Gloss.*



Riccardo Tinelli (Hair by Patrice Delaroche; model: Nicole at Premium Models); still lifes: Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D (7)





BUMBLE AND BUMBLE *Styling Lotion "gives some body to the hair and makes it thicker."*

For the perfect imperfect blow-dry, the T3 *AntiGravity brush is "light and easy to use."*





SHU UEMURA *Detail Master adds "hold and shine" to Delaroche's ponytails.*



L.T. PIVER PARIS *Brillantine Cristallisée Pompeïa: "I like to blow-dry the hair, and then after, I f--k it up with this kind of wax."*



L'ORÉAL *Elnett is "not too wet, it's not too dry—it's perfect. And it's a little bit shiny."*



THE COOL BREEZE

Patrice Delaroche
HOME BASE: PARIS

Claim to fame

Delaroche's dream girl "wants to be rock 'n' roll and have fun," he says. To get I'm-with-the-band texture beyond the mosh pit, Delaroche mattifies "too-done" hair by working a texturizing powder such as Osis+ Dust It into the roots.

Secret weapon

A smoothing leave-in conditioner, such as Revlon Professional Equave Instant Beauty. "You can spray a little bit and it's not too heavy. It doesn't make the hair too flat," says Delaroche, who uses it on freshly washed, damp hair.

Quick fix

A deconstructed updo. "You can do a high ponytail and make a little bun," Delaroche says. "Put everything up, and you can tease the hair a bit. It's chic, easy, and elegant."

SKIN



Zeichner considers "antioxidant trifecta" SKINCEUTICALS Phloretin CF a daily essential.

NEUTROGENA *Rapid Wrinkle Repair is "a great entry-level retinol."*



THE FRESH PRINCE

Joshua Zeichner, MD
HOME BASE: NEW YORK CITY

Claim to fame

Patients in search of subtlety flock to need-to-know needle pro Zeichner, the director of cosmetic research in dermatology at Mount Sinai Medical Center, who prefers to "add volume and lift, rather than fill individual lines" for natural-looking results. "It's okay to have a wrinkle," he says. "You want to look good for your age, not plastic."

Secret weapon

Zeichner injects hyaluronic-acid-based filler Voluma, which can last up to two years, "very deep—underneath the muscle, the fat, and the soft tissue"—to give definition to cheekbones.

Quick fix

For patients unable to take the downtime for a skin-resurfacing procedure such as Fraxel, Zeichner recommends Neotensil, a topical that flattens out puffy undereye bags by forming an invisible film over skin for up to 16 hours: "It's a temporary solution until we want to treat the area another way."

CERAVE *AM Facial Moisturizing Lotion "provides barrier repair along with sun protection."*

OLAY *Regenerist Micro-Sculpting Serum "is rich in peptides that stimulate collagen production."*

Kristin-Lee Moolman/One League (model: Aamito at Boss Models Cape Town)



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SKINCEUTICALS *Epidermal Repair "relieves inflammation, so it's therapeutic for compromised skin."*

A spritz of AVÈNE *Thermal Spring Water after cleansing "helps balance skin's pH and soothe redness."*

Patting a few drops of "moisturizing and plumping" TATA HARPER *Beautifying Face Oil onto skin will "refresh bedraggled makeup" for a midday reboot.*

THE SMOOTH OPERATOR



Debra Jaliman, MD
HOME BASE: NEW YORK CITY

Claim to fame

Jaliman streamlines silhouettes and tightens skin on faces and bodies with an arsenal of state-of-the-art lasers, fat freezers, and radio-frequency devices. With 2012's *Skin Rules: Trade Secrets from a Top New York Dermatologist*, she literally wrote the book on looking good.

Secret weapon

Liposonix, which uses high-intensity ultrasound to shrink fat cells in a single session, is Jaliman's go-to gadget for body contouring: "It works incredibly well on saddlebags and love handles."

Quick fix

For patients "who want to look great immediately," Jaliman loves nonablative Laser Genesis, which stimulates circulation and collagen synthesis by gently heating the skin. "It gives an incredible glow with no downtime."



Jaliman keeps AQUAPHOR *Healing Ointment on hand for use on ultrasensitive patients after laser treatments. "I've never seen an allergic reaction to it," she says.*

VASELINE *Intensive Care Advanced Repair lotion "has a lot of the same ingredients as prescription moisturizers."*



THE GLOW-GETTER



Annie Chiu, MD
HOME BASE: REDONDO BEACH, CA

Claim to fame

For Chiu, an even-toned, luminous complexion "will make anyone, regardless of age or race, look **younger, more rested, healthy, and vibrant." A good at-home anti-aging regimen is key:** "Invest in products that build collagen, because that alone **will improve glow and** brightness."

Secret weapon

In-office peels are complexion-**rejuvenating all-stars. "Laser technology is fabulous, but it's very** problem specific," Chiu says, "whereas a chemical peel can improve the overall **canvas of the skin—the texture, tone, pore size, and discoloration—all at once, with minimal** downtime, and across all skin types."

Quick fix

Mix Greek yogurt with the liquid from a steeped green-tea bag, then apply it as a 10-minute mask for a DIY radiance boost. "The tea tightens pores and gives you instant brightness," Chiu says, "while the yogurt moisturizes and soothes."

EXUVIANCE *Age Reverse BioActiv Wash "breaks down the oil in pores so they look smaller."*



SKINMEDICA *TNS Essential Serum, which contains "peptides, seven antioxidants, and growth factors," is Chiu's favorite multitasker.*



The hyaluronic acid in MURAD *Intensive-C Radiance Peel "attracts moisture to the skin and gives you a dewy, refreshed look."*



Jumbo Tsu (Model: Tian Yi You); still life: Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D (1)

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HALL OF FAME

It's not déjà vu: Over the past 10 years, these product MVPs have had a recurring lead role in ELLE Geniuses' kits



THE LIGHT SAVER

Allison Hanlon, MD, PhD
HOME BASE: NASHVILLE

Claim to fame

Hanlon is sought after for her expertise in diagnosing and treating skin cancer: She's trained in Mohs, a specialized micrographic surgery that allows for the removal of carcinomas with minimal damage to the surrounding skin.

Secret weapon

Hanlon uses photodynamic therapy to zap away precancerous lesions and to treat overall sun damage. There's "redness and some peeling" for about a week after the procedure, but "it also brightens the overall complexion."

Quick fix

Manual exfoliation with a Clarisonic brush or gentle cleansing scrub "will remove dead, sun-damaged skin and get rid of the dullness that can happen with age," Hanlon says.



"Skin cancer on the lips can be very aggressive, so protection is important," Hanlon says. SUN BUM *Sunscreen Lip Balm SPF 30 "can easily be worn under sheer lip gloss or lipstick."*



***Hanlon uses* CETAPHIL** *Gentle Skin Cleansing Cloths "to remove makeup and SPF before following up with a cleanser."*



ROC *Retinol Correxion night cream "can increase collagen and lighten freckles" without irritation.*



ELTAMD *UV Daily* ***Broad-Spectrum SPF 46 "contains hyaluronic acid and vitamin E," so it's hydrating and quickly absorbed.***



For a non-Rx skin fix, NEOCUTIS *Bio-Cream jump-starts collagen formation with protein-derived growth factors.*



It's designed for platinum blonds, but CLAIROL PROFESSIONAL *Shimmer Lights will cut brassiness in every hair color.*



Lightweight enough for just running errands, GIORGIO ARMANI *Luminous Silk Foundation builds to provide red carpet–worthy coverage.*



Makeup artists use moisturizing, pigment-rich* DIOR *Rouge Dior (shown in 999, the iconic red designed by Mr. Dior himself) on both lips and cheeks.



BUMBLE AND BUMBLE *Surf Spray pulls quadruple duty as a hairspray, texturizer, volumizer, and defrizzer.*

Facialists and derms do agree on one thing: The* DR DENNIS GROSS *Alpha Beta Peel, with regular use, will help prevent acne and minimize wrinkles.



Almost every single one of our hair Geniuses told us that he or she relies on a MASON PEARSON *Mixed Bristle Brush for the perfect blow-out.*


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30 YEARS OF...HAIR!

In celebration of our thirtieth anniversary, a look back at the most history-making, copycat-inducing, timeless hairstyles from the ELLE archives. By Julie Schott



1986


1986

LIFT OFF

The late 1980s ushered in gravity-defying volume, with lift from the crown to the nape of the neck. "Yes, hair was big, but that was because the fashion needed it," deadpans hairstylist Oribe, a fixture on set with ELLE from the decade of excess through to today.


1985

PUFF PIECE

An instant favorite of longtime ELLE creative director Gilles Bensimon, model Gail O'Neill was tapped to pose for her first ELLE shoot when she was working for Xerox. Her big, easy, undone hair became one of the magaZine's trademarks.


2003



1996

BLOWN AWAY

In the late '90s, no cut was sexier than Linda Evangelista's sleek, layered bob. After the turn of the century, Heidi Klum's ELLE shag even inspired vandalism: Women ripped her cover off issues still on the newsstand to take into their salon. Then, texture softened up, and Jessica Alba–esque blow-out mania took over.


1991


1988

SWEPT AWAY

Rachel Hunter's loose late-'80s ringlets (right) evolved into Claudia Schiffer's early-'90s windblown beach hair, the precursor to Gisele Bündchen's 2000-to-present après-surf waves.


2006

Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (original photographs: Gilles Bensimon)

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Moss lashes out at Gucci, 1996.

ROLE MODELS

Another reason to call them super: '90s top models—Kate, Naomi, Christy, Linda—doubled as runway makeup artists. April Long investigates

Step backstage at virtually any major fashion show in 2015, and this is what you'll see: elbow-to-elbow hair and makeup artists enacting frantic transformations on late-to-arrive models; film crews jostling for space with photographers, manicurists, publicists, scoop-hungry journalists, and bloggers trying to procure an Instagrammable snapshot to fire off to their followers around the globe. It's as if the whole world—if not physically present then virtually so—is desperate for a VIP-pass preview of the coral lip or the blue cat-eye, the wild bouffant or the modest ponytail, before it hits the runway. As Shiseido artistic director Dick Page puts it: "God forbid someone in Illinois should not know the trend by lunchtime!"

It was not always thus. There was a time, before designers discovered how lucrative it can be to partner with big beauty brands, when what happened off the runway was considered merely an inconsequential footnote to the main event. In a 1991 episode of MTV's *House of Style*, Cindy Crawford described the preshow scene as "about as glamorous as a supermarket sale," even as the images flickering on-screen—megastar models drinking champagne, smoking, whispering into cellphones the size of dachshunds, and gazing into compact mirrors while touching up their lipstick—belied her words.

"People were used to seeing the girls on the runway, so they didn't think the backstage was interesting, because it was real," says celebrated photographer Roxanne Lowit, who started shooting preshow prep in the 1970s (and who snapped the images on these pages). "People couldn't imagine why I wanted to be there, but I thought it was magical."

"There weren't as many people, and because there were fewer shows, it was a much more relaxed atmosphere," says London facialist Nichola Joss, who worked backstage as a manicurist in the early '90s. She remembers Kate Moss, "who has always loved doing her own nails," helping out with pedicures. "It was like girls getting ready together to go out. We would play cards or smoke cigarettes or have a glass of wine. It was less health and safety, more rock 'n' roll."

The beautification process was considerably more improvisational. Hair stylist Oribe—by his own admission, in a drug-fueled fit of inspiration—smeared models' faces with a shimmery pomade before sending them out on the runway at Cuban designer Manolo's show in 1993; Joss, who is now a skin expert for St. Tropez, says her early tanning technique involved mixing theater makeup with hairspray "and spraying it on the models' bodies using the kind of guns you'd use for painting cars."

Until the mid-'80s, models were often responsible for their own primping (in decades prior, they even provided their own shoes and accessories). Makeup pros, when present, weren't entirely in control. "They tried to give direction," says Stephanie Seymour, who debuted on the catwalk in 1985, "but no one listened."

Elle MacPherson remembers feeling daunted by the other girls' dexterity with brushes and wands: "We all had Henri Bendel brown-and-white striped makeup boxes, which was the cool thing to have," she says. "I sat around, trying to copy Linda Evangelista. She would just *transform*." Some of the techniques MacPherson picked up remain in her regimen today. "I hated doing lipstick because I could never get my lip line right, so I just focused on doing the eyes. I got quite good at doing a black smoky eye, and I still do the same makeup now. I use a soft black eyeliner and a Q-tip, smudge around the rims

Roxanne Lowit

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SHOW GIRLS



"Linda would say, 'Put your tongue on the roof of your mouth. It will give you a stronger look on the runway,'" Lowit recalls.





Left: Turlington touches up those famous lips backstage at Karl Lagerfeld in 1991. Right: Yasmeen Ghauri, a runway regular from 1990 to 1997, gives herself a mani.



Evangelista, putting her brow skills to use on Campbell



"From working with the best, I knew as much as the great makeup artists," Schiffer says. "If I wasn't happy with the makeup someone applied on me, I changed it."

of my eyes, add mascara, and I'm done."

By the mid-'90s, things had changed. Talented hair and makeup pros—including François Nars, Kevyn Aucoin, Page, Mary Greenwell, Linda Cantello, and Oribe—gained megastar status, having risen alongside the supes they beautified. "The supermodels became the first generation to always have someone doing their makeup," Greenwell says. "We were in their glory, and the team became very important." So much so that the models would jostle for face (and hair) time with the top gun backstage.

"The girls used to fight over my chair," Nars says. "Linda used to run over and be the first to sit down. She didn't want anyone else on my team to do her makeup, just me." It was Nars who taught Evangelista, whom the other models revered as being a makeup maestro herself ("She saved my life more than once with her skills," Seymour says), how to do her brows, using a photo of Sophia Loren as a template.

"It really changed her face," Nars says, "and she became known for her bold eyebrows. She still uses the techniques I taught her, and she's very good."

If the lead makeup artist wasn't available, the models would take matters into their own hands rather than get made up by an assistant. Tatjana Patitz, whose first show was Azzedine Alaïa in Paris in 1984 and whose fame was cemented when she appeared in George Michael's "Freedom '90" video alongside Evangelista, Crawford, Christy Turlington, and Naomi Campbell, remembers: "You'd stand in line for the artist you wanted to work with, whether it was Stephane Marais or Dick Page, and if you got an assistant, you'd become a little snobby, like, 'That person's not going to do the foundation right.' We didn't want to risk it, so we'd just do it ourselves."

Claudia Schiffer, who recently launched her own hair-care line, Essence Ultime, with Schwarzkopf, also intervened with her strands. "I often asked the hairdresser to amend my hairstyle to what suited me better," she says. "Unless it was Oribe or Serge Normant, who I trusted blindly." A pro tip she still uses? "For long-lasting volume, I back-comb at the roots, then flatiron what I teased."

"When I started doing shows that Linda, Christy, and Naomi were in, I realized they were just used to doing it themselves," Page says. "And why wouldn't they? They were there because they looked like that. So Linda always wanted to do her little thing, and Naomi would want to do the *whole* thing—or she'd let you do it and then want to do it all over again. It was like a ritual."

At today's fast-moving fashion weeks—when hair and makeup are decided upon in advance of the shows and precise face charts are distributed to armies of talented artists who follow them to a T, using specific shades—you're unlikely to see a model so much as touch up her own lipstick.

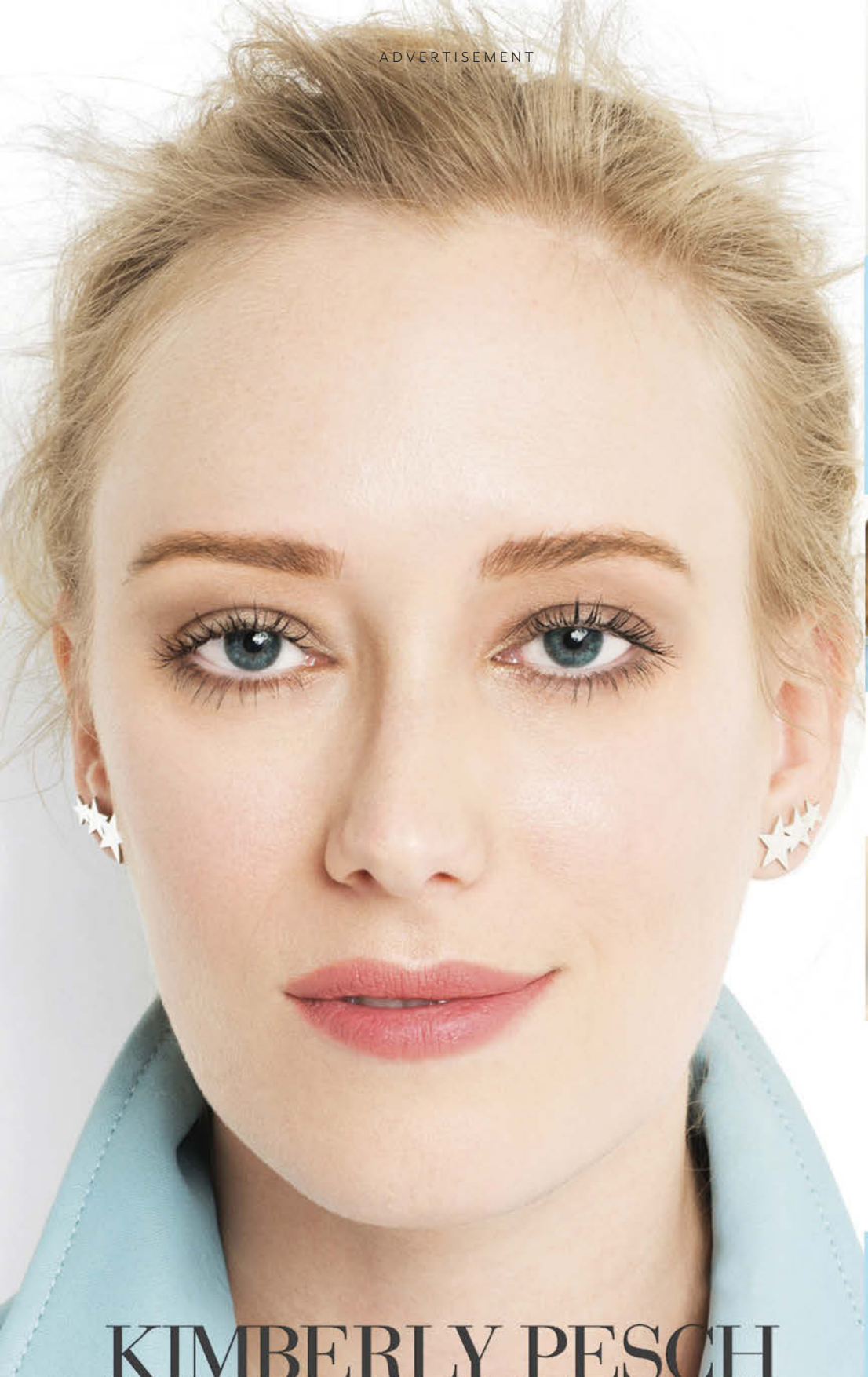
"Today, it's important for the models to look very uniform with their makeup," Nars says. There may be less room for last-minute improvisation, but having such visionary pros at the helm opens the door to more wildly inspiring moments—think of the vivid green-and-blue crescent-moon eyeliner Page painted on models' lids at Michael Kors for spring 2013, or the gold brows Pat McGrath created at Dior for spring 2014—than could be achieved in the past.

Most of all, it means that runway beauty has gotten more democratic. Now it's easy to find out precisely which products, shades, and tools were used at any given show, and exactly how they were applied. Rather than guessing what brow pencil Evangelista might have had in her personal kit, we can know for sure—and make the look our own. ●

Roxanne Lowit

We know how the supes prepped for the catwalk, but what did they get up to afterward? For an exclusive pass to some of the hottest fashion parties of the '90s, visit ELLE.com/superparties.

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KIMBERLY PESCH

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As a prominent fashion and beauty blogger, Kimberly Pesch knows the importance of a well-honed beauty routine. Understanding that her most defining feature is her deep blue eyes, she wears **1-DAY ACUVUE® DEFINE™ Brand Contact Lenses** to accentuate her light eyes and give her the confidence she needs to take on the day. To play up Kimberly's unique aqua hue, Nikki chose contrasting makeup colors of warm browns and coppers with a pinch of peach to highlight how her true blues sparkle through the lenses.



THE LOOK:

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1-DAY ACUVUE® DEFINE™ really enhances and plays off each girl's natural beauty, making their eyes look bigger and brighter. -Nikki DeRoest



Apply a soft brown base to the lid, using fingers to smudge. Smooth colors with a dry brush and use a gold powder on the inner corners of the eye to highlight and create extra brightness. Finish with mascara on the top and bottom lashes.

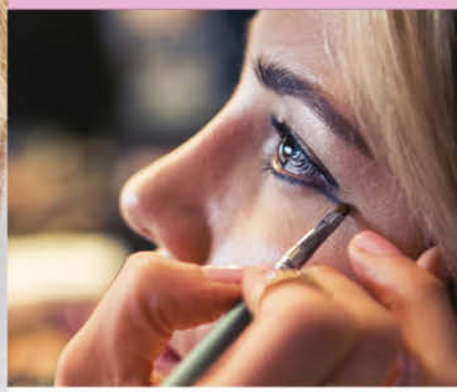
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THE LOOK:

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Begin with a wash of champagne gold shimmer across the eye. With a black pencil, draw upward and outward to create the top line; for the second, lower line draw straight out to elongate. Finish with mascara on top and bottom.



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-Michelle Salas

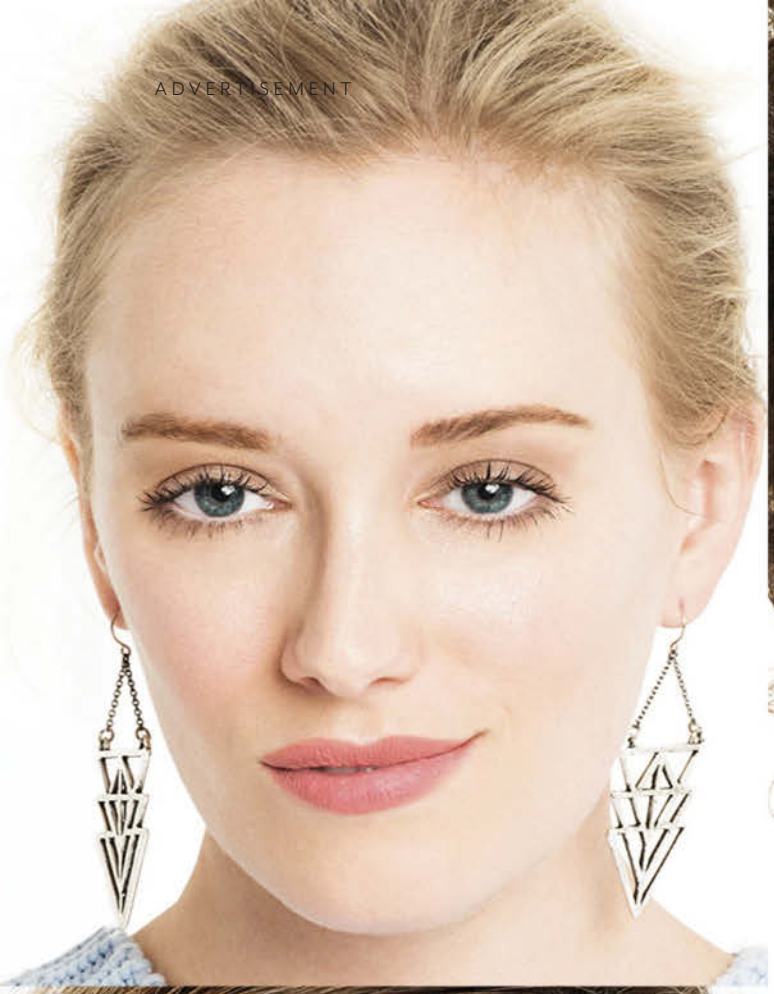
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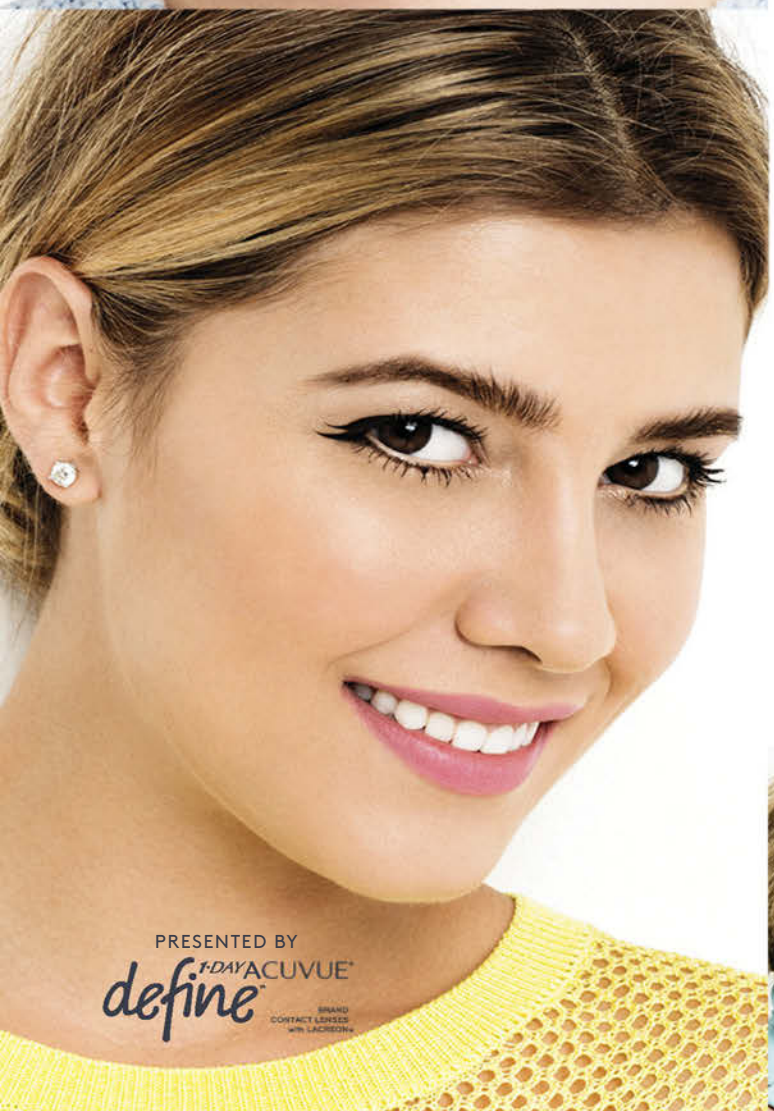
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KILL OR BE KILLED

Some researchers theorize that women are more averse to team sports than men are. Can a competition-phobic writer toughen up? **By Olivia Stren**

Soccer is a beautiful, elegant game to watch. Unless you're watching me play. "You're on!" a teammate yells my first day on the field. I scurry, hoping for invisibility, toward the safety of the sidelines, feeling vulnerable and stunned, like a gimpy gnu among prowling lions. I'd recently watched a National Geographic documentary about predatory beasts, which the narrator gravely described as "built to kill." Standing awkwardly on the field, I feel like I might be built to *be* killed. Habit (and fear) impel me to get out of everybody's way, especially the ball's. I exert a great deal of energy that might have been better spent, say, running, wondering if I should've worn shin guards, why I didn't tie back my hair, why anyone would do this by choice. At halftime, a teammate offers helpful counsel: "Just get in there! Even if you don't kick the ball. Get in the way! Get in people's faces!"

This person clearly doesn't know whom she's trying to "encourage." At the French school I attended as a girl in Toronto, my teachers exhibited that distinctive Gallic gift for ridicule, favoring a shame-building approach to education practiced with notable enthusiasm by my middle-school phys-ed teacher, Mademoiselle Odor (yes, really). Mlle O. had been an Olympic gymnast hopeful, squat as a kettlebell; her claim to fame—this was the '90s—was that she'd whipped Alannah Myles into "Black Velvet" shape. Even her square, powerful jaw looked as if it had dabbled in bodybuilding, and it wasn't softened by her fine hair, which she disciplined into a tight ponytail that swung, skinny as a jump rope, when she barked orders such as "*Cinquantes pompes!*" ("50 push-ups!"). That was the sort of command you'd get if you showed up sporting nonuniform gym socks, the mere sight of which still prompts in me a Proustian montage of fear, loathing, and gymnasium lighting.

As a result, while I'm not entirely anti-athletics—I managed to develop a love for tennis—I reserve a special phobia for team sports. Partly I'm afraid of incompetence and failure, partly of being *seen* as failing. As a pleaser by nature, there's also the added pressure and, frankly, terror of letting down a group of endorphin-addled strangers.

As soon as phys ed was no longer compulsory, I sprinted the other way. In that, I am hardly alone. Thanks in part to Title IX—the federal education legislation passed in 1972 mandating that girls be given the same athletic opportunities as boys—far more girls in the U.S. play sports today than they did 40 years ago. But according to a report from the University of Minnesota's Tucker Center for Research on Girls & Women in Sport, girls are twice as likely as boys to drop out of sports, and at younger ages. The report blames everything from fewer opportunities for girls to play high school

Cheryl Maeder/Gallerystock

Since Title IX was passed, the number of high school girls who participate in sports has gone from one in 27 to one in 2.5.

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sports to the stigmatization of female athletes as gay to a paucity of strong female athletic role models. Girls' estrogen levels are also rising during this time, feeding the desire for intimacy as opposed to combativeness, while testosterone is soaring in boys, pumping up their competitive drive, according to theories advanced by neuroscientists such as Louann Brizendine, author of *The Female Brain*. "It's much harder for girls to learn that stealing-the-ball competitive instinct," argues Claire Shipman, coauthor of *The Confidence Code*. "Instead of leaning into the sport, which would be really good for girls, their confidence shrinks and they drop out."

Studies have long correlated participation in sports in adolescence with higher wages and educational attainment in later life, but I've always wondered if that's a chicken-egg thing: Is it simply that high achievers are born with confidence that sets the stage for them to do well in sports? Or is it that playing sports actually boosts confidence? Both, says economist Betsey Stevenson, an associate professor of public policy at the University of Michigan and a member of Obama's Council of Economic Advisers. "It's not just that the people who are going to do well in life play sports—sports help people do better in life." In her own 2010 study, Stevenson found that high school athletes of both genders earn 15 to 20 percent more than others, possibly because former jocks are less leery of fighting for what they deserve. "In the workforce, women encounter many aspects of competition," she says. "I've often felt that's part of the benefit of girls participating in sports in high school—to make them comfortable with competition in the way that men are."

So, more than 20 years after Mlle O. faded out of my life, I find myself wondering about the person I'd be now had I been more adept at sports (or even viewed myself as more adept) back then. Would I be happier and heartier, more self-assured? Generally less hobbled by the bugaboos—doubt, overthinking, compulsion to please—that have no place on a sports field? Hell, maybe I'd even view my body differently—as instrument rather than object. Instead of focusing on its shape and weight and what kind of clothes it can wear, maybe I'd think about what it can do.

I doubt that taking up Ultimate Frisbee at age 38 is going to fast-track me to tycoonville, but neuroscience research has established that the brain remains malleable throughout adulthood. "Participating in sports facilitates a cascade of brain functions," says Laura-Ann Petitto, PhD, science director of the National Science Foundation's Science of Learning Center at Gallaudet University. "Oxygen uptake [during increased physical activity] facilitates frontal-lobe processing and higher cognitive processing." Sports also aid memory and hormonal regulation, the latter of which ramps up our sense of well-being. "And I wouldn't fail to emphasize that to enjoy these benefits, we don't need to have played sports at 15," Petitto says.

My friends do not seem to share her optimism. When I tell them I've determined to muscle past childhood fears, one e-mails: "Wait. You're playing sports? No, no, no. No...no. NO. Etc." Another friend, after emitting an unnecessarily loud snort, says, "This, I gotta see," which she follows with: "Don't die!"

I start by taking up a colleague on her (frankly abhorrent) invitation to join her coed sports team, the Miserables, for a dodgeball game. The vogue for "nostalgic" playground sports is still going strong; the Miserables play in an actual middle school gymnasium, complete with dank smell and rubber squeaking against shiny wooden floors. When I share a flashback horror with Petitto, she tells me to tough it out. I can override what she calls the negative "neural highways" established in childhood by garnering enough new, positive experiences. "Just letting yourself *think* about the fun you had—you benefit from the thought," she says cheerfully. "That's the power of the human brain!"

On the dodgeball court, I dart around like a ball in a lottery machine until suddenly I realize I'm the last one standing on my team. Which is a good thing. I've avoided—indeed, dodged—elimination. For once, my talent for fleeing from the ball in question (basket, Nerf, dodge) comes in handy. There is even applause! Until I get pelted by a storm of balls fired from across enemy lines.

I console myself with the theory that in this arena, failure, too, has benefits. A 2013 poll by Ernst & Young established that 96 percent of women who claim C-suite positions played sports in high school or in college; and Beth Brooke-Marciniak, the company's global vice chair for public policy, believes this is as much due to what sports teach us about losing as it does about winning. "Women in the workplace agonize over failure, fret about it—they don't know how to lose," she says. "But as Billie Jean King said, 'Failure is just a form of feedback.'"

To really put myself to the test, I decide to join a soccer team—for at least a month. (Okay, let's be honest, *decide* is the wrong word; I was going to take up skiing, until my editor pointed out skiing is the consummate individual sport.) In the week leading up to the first game, I begin to feel much as I used to before gym class—my mind swirling with potential excuses (i.e., lies). I have suddenly, as it happens—you won't believe it!—broken my leg. I'm violently allergic to field grass. I'm tubercular. Then I remind myself that I am 38, not eight. I must pull myself together.

Which is how I find myself on that field with sweat-glazed strangers shouting at me to get in people's faces. "Get in the way! Be an obstacle!" yells one of my new teammates on the Riot Club, a coed soccer team. The exhortation reminds me why team sports continue to feel so unnatural to me. As Shipman said, I've spent my entire life trying to be accommodating—trying to get *out* of people's way.

In the weeks that follow, I attempt, uncomfortably, to fight this instinct. I once enact a knee pass (a shining moment!) and sometimes even make contact with the ball in a way that isn't accidental. By my third week, I begin feeling less self-conscious, more prone to doing (as opposed to thinking about doing). The Riot Clubbers are supportive: "Good job!! Go!! Get in that guy's face!!"

But when I do get in said guy's face, he kicks the ball squarely into mine. "Are you okay?" a concerned teammate asks me. "Do you feel stunned?"

"Not really more than usual," I say.

As I wander off the field to ice my stinging face, another teammate pats me on the back: "That was badass!" Blocking the ball with one's countenance is, perhaps, not ideal. But after the game, as everyone takes deep swigs of water and stretches their hamstrings, my "block" inspires when-I-was-concussed tales of hospital stays and sports injuries—the kind that always seemed glamorous to me. (My only memorable injury occurred when the pottery wheel at summer camp fell on my foot.) I recall something Petitto said about the value of sports: "There's also the pleasure part. Pleasure should be on the list of benefits." And as my teammates volley anecdotes of broken noses, torn muscles, and vomiting, I feel, somehow, accomplished, welcomed, a part of the (Riot) club. I also feel, as my cheek tingles from the smack of the ball, stronger: I faced—forgive the pun—my fears. Plus, I avoided death. ●



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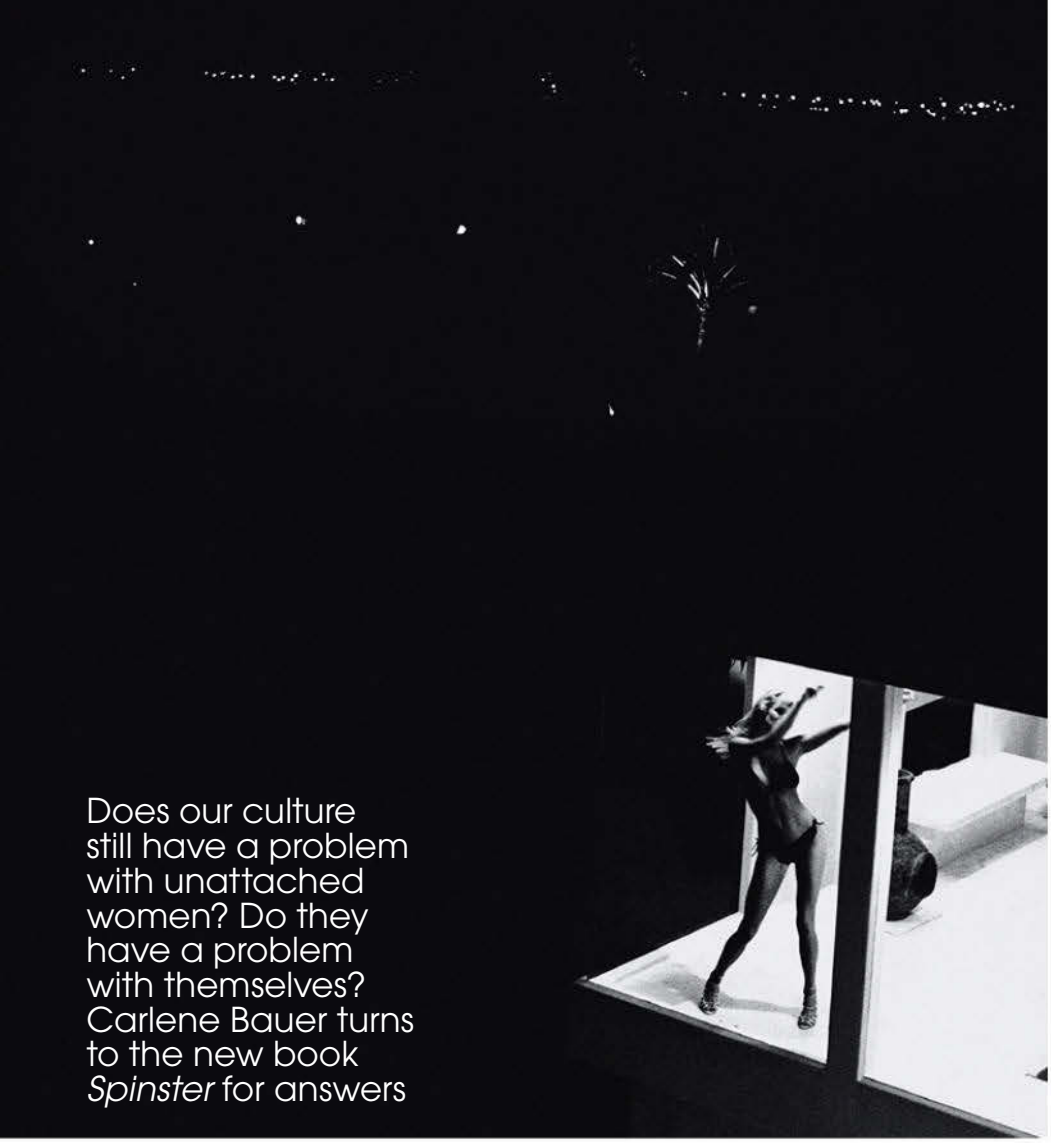
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Does our culture still have a problem with unattached women? Do they have a problem with themselves? Carlene Bauer turns to the new book *Spinster* for answers

DANCING WITH MYSELF

In the year 2000, when writer Kate Bolick was in her late twenties in New York, she noticed a curious gap between what everyone seemed to think being a single woman in a big city was like and what it actually was. "The culture was telling us that the only way to be single was to be frivolous and obsessed with dating," she tells me, referring to *Sex and the City*, "or desperate and self-loathing" à la *Bridget Jones's Diary*.

That year Bolick, the author of the new book *Spinster* (Crown), discovered a figure from the turn of the century who'd serve as an antidote to what she calls this "reduced conversation." Her name was Neith Boyce, and she was a Greenwich Village bohemian who wrote, among other things, a column for *Vogue* called "The Bachelor Girl," in which she attempted to, in Boyce's words, "convince the world that she is possible."

Eventually Bolick assembled a group of guides from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries to help her navigate life as a woman who wants to make writing her central focus, as opposed to marriage or children. "I wasn't a woman who needed convincing that she wanted to be alone," Bolick writes, "but I did need help seeing clearly what that reality might look like and evidence that there were indeed rewards to be gained if I was bold enough to pursue them."

She calls her surrogate mothers "awakeners"—a term borrowed from Edith Wharton, who is among them, as is *New Yorker* writer Maeve Brennan, poet Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Charlotte Perkins Gilman, author of the feminist classic *The Yellow Wallpaper*. The back and forth between their stories and Bolick's own are the backbone of *Spinster*, which is a kind of sequel to "All the Single Ladies," Bolick's blockbuster article for *The Atlantic* about the realities of being a single woman—featuring a pensive photo of the author herself on the magazine's cover.

The members of her charmed circle aren't spinsters in the strictest sense of the word. And neither is Bolick, 42, who takes us through four satisfying relationships—and one torrid romance—from college to the year she turned 40. All her awakeners were married at some point, and two had children, but, as Bolick writes, each possessed "a highly ambivalent relationship to the institution of marriage" and "the opportunity to articulate this ambivalence."

So the book is not about rejecting attachments—readers learn that Bolick's friends are like family, and her own family is dear—but about what it's like to choose independence and a series of partners over becoming what Gilman once called "that useful animal, a wife and mother." And what it's like to feel uncomfortable with the big gestures of the second-wave feminists who gave you your life (literally and figuratively for Bolick, whose own mother came of age in the '60s) and instead have more affinity, stylistically and temperamentally, for women of a much earlier era. "There was a wide-openness, a radicalness [in my mother's generation] that I admired," Bolick says when we talk, "but I couldn't personally relate to it."

Bolick's evocation of the untethered state is often beautiful, her metaphors precise and lyrical in the manner of her heroines. More important, she does not flinch from describing just how alone alone can feel. "You are solid," writes Bolick, "intact, and then, without warning, a hinge unlatches, the chimney flue swings

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open, the vast freezing black night rushes in, and there is nothing to do but grope in the cold to set things right again."

Bolick is adept at spotting the unexamined confusions and curious silences that have arisen in the wake of an incomplete sexual revolution—and that bedevil those of us who are living outside of our culture's sturdiest institutions. "I shouldn't have needed help thinking beyond the idea of marriage," Bolick writes. People living alone now account for 28 percent of U.S. households, after all, and the number of adults aged 25 and older who've never married—about 42 million—is at a record high. "And yet," she adds, "nowhere did I hear, or take part in, serious conversations about the lives of unmarried women. Instead, whatever candor had erupted in the '60s had been sucked into a black hole of constant chatter about dating, sex, marriage, children." The result was that she was constantly having to fight off the assumption that deep down, what she *really* wanted was marriage. "The ubiquity of received attitudes about what men and women did and did not want seemed to relieve everyone of the responsibility to actually examine their desires," she writes.

Precisely because these received attitudes are so ubiquitous and even infectious—and because you can't hire a lawyer to force your mind to stop discriminating against itself—this spinster found herself wishing for Bolick to go further in her critique of conventional thinking, as well as be surer about the benefits of going it alone.

While she's admirably frank about how fraught it can be to search for meaning without marriage and children providing automatic answers—"Freedom is unbearable," she notes—she doesn't manage to articulate why the search is worth it. Put another way, what are the rewards of freedom? What can freedom teach, when it's not unbearable, of course?

Her literary guides seem to have more conviction in their chosen course than she has in hers. Wrote Neith Boyce, with an almost blithe shrug at the order of the day: "There were always enough who wanted to get married and carry on the race.... If a woman liked to play with words and set them in patterns and make pictures with them, and was taking care of herself and bothering nobody, and enjoyed her life without a lot of bawling children around, why shouldn't she?" Gilman, who traveled widely for work, invented a category she called "A Woman-at-Large," which she declared was "most essential to the workings of advanced civilization." Their relative confidence in the worth of eschewing traditional roles might have something to do with the fact that, in those days, the ties that bind bound much more tightly. Marriage and family aren't as confining for contemporary women, and subtler cultural forces are always harder to recognize and inveigh against. To some extent, this limits the awakeners' usefulness for us here in 2015. Their observations end up reading like high-end self-help exhortations, inspirational in the moment, but the bolstering quickly fades, leaving you wondering: Why is it again that I've chosen this life as a solo traveler, or what can I find on this road?

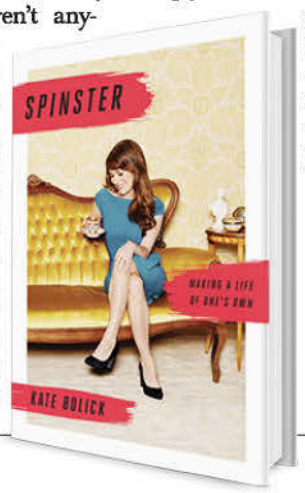
Ironically, it's a man, E. B. White, quoted by Bolick near the end of the book, who points toward at least one answer. It's from his essay "Here Is New York": "On any person who desires such queer prizes, New York will bestow the gift of loneliness and the gift of privacy." In my experience, those queer prizes *have* been gifts, even if they've sometimes chosen to find me rather than the other way around. They can lead to exhaustion with your own damn fearful self, giving you no choice other than to be more of who you are, for better or for worse. Put another way, spending time deciding what you want to do, at whatever hour, simply because that is your inclination might be an excellent way to train yourself out of anxiety and dependence on others to give the green light. Cultivate enough respect for your inclinations and you might become, surprisingly, your own spiritual authority.

Admittedly, such gifts aren't anything you can build a movement around, and acknowledging them won't always stop you, the single woman, from falling into feeling that what you're doing is irresponsible and self-involved. We've earned the right to have sex with whomever we want when we want, but for many, many women, marriage remains the expected goal, as Bolick point outs—and children the expected goal of marriage, such that desire for desire's sake is hard to see as anything other than a selfishness that we're meant to grow out of en route to a solid, procreative partnership. Because our culture insists on pitting desire against duty, and we tend to organize our lives around the latter, we end up giving short shrift to pleasure as something that can be as sustaining as obligation. So perhaps not until we give sex its due will single people stop seeming slightly suspect, even to themselves—and the only ones willing to argue loudly against betrothment will be polyamorists, those infernally cheerful multitaskers.

Freedom can be unbearable. As Americans, it's hard to say that because a) we invented that shit, and b) people don't like to admit they're afraid. There is a wonderful line Bolick uses to describe Edna St. Vincent Millay: "A deep regard for the ungovernable had always been central to her character." A deep regard for the ungovernable. If we're not smug, erotic adventurers-slash-terrorists, can we still tolerate the uncertainty that can come with being single? Can we look at the ungovernable straight on and bear that if we tangle with it sexually and/or emotionally, we're just as likely to lose something as gain something?

Inhabiting that ambivalence can make you long for sentences that smash the order of things, just so you can feel what it's like to finally know where you stand. That is not the kind of book Bolick wrote, however. And of course no one book can be expected to solve the problem of being avowedly single in a world filled with mixed messages, unspoken resentments, and unresolved tensions. Perhaps no book, in the end, can help you believe more firmly in the rightness of your path. But to the extent that books can serve as strong rebuttals to the pernicious pull the old ways still have on us, the question may be: Now that we have rooms of our own, and can furnish them exactly as we want, how to learn that what goes on in the mind of one's own is law and dictate enough? ●

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RISE AND SHINE

From fresh fragrances to shimmery shadows, seven picks to brighten the month

By Ashley Flor

Night Vision
The faintly metallic Urban Decay Moondust Eyeshadows in Solstice and Ether lend lids an iridescent shine.

Liquid Asset
Once available only as roll-ons, Lurk organic perfumes—such as the floral RSW005 (seen here)—now come in spray form.

Jet Blue
Smashbox's best-selling gel liner gets repackaged as a pen—no brush required.

Clear Winner
Shiseido Ibuki Multi Solution Gel shrinks blemishes with a combination of peony-root extract and salicylic acid.

Rock Stars
If each gemstone had a scent, what would it be? In Bulgari's Noorah—one of six new jewel-inspired Le Gemme fragrances—perfumers interpret turquoise as sweet vanilla blended with spicy cardamom.

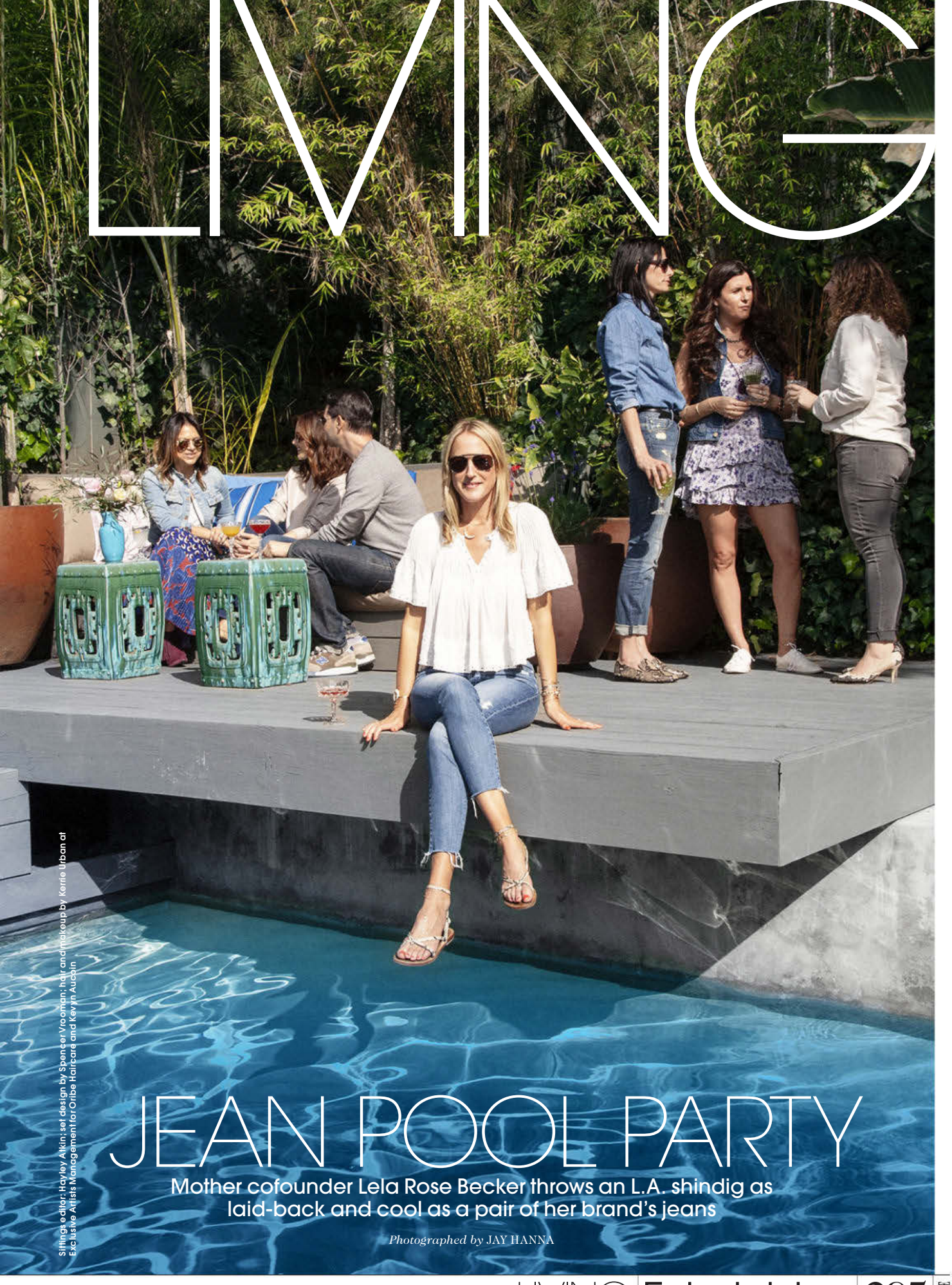
Eye Candy
With Guerlain Cils d'Enfer Maxi Lash mascara in Marine, lashes appear black until light reveals a glint of blue.

Pink Lady
New Dior Cheek & Lip Glow reacts to skin—the higher the moisture level, the brighter the color.

Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D


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JEAN POOL PARTY

Mother cofounder Lela Rose Becker throws an L.A. shindig as laid-back and cool as a pair of her brand's jeans

Photographed by JAY HANNA









Clockwise from left: Hors d'oeuvres by Campbell; Becker and Kaeding toast guests in Becker's dining room

Above: Rose, Ambre Dahan, and Bartoli

At a late lunch in Santa Monica Canyon hosted by Lela Rose Becker, cofounder and director of sales for Mother, talk eventually turns to the enemy of blue jeans. Tim Kaeding, Mother's designer and cofounder, fires the first shot: "Denim is not having the best time right now, because everyone's wearing yoga pants." Dressed in head-to-toe blues, save a pair of black Converse, Tim looks rather bummed. Immediately the dozen or so guests, sitting at a smoky glass table set with rose gold flatware and amber goblets, erupt into chatter. Everyone is eager to slam on the scourge of Los Angeles fashion that has infected the nation, according to this denim-clad crowd of designers and stylists, including Shiva Rose, Maryam Malakpour, and Chloé Bartoli.

"But everyone's butt looks so good in denim," cries Jacquie Aiche, a jewelry designer dripping with purple tourmaline and gold. "You can't say that about yoga pants."

"I blame the Westside," Becker says. "They started it."

Despite denim's slight faltering in the marketplace—according to recent reports, sales are down by 6 percent—Mother is enjoying a strong presence. Stocked in Nordstrom and Neiman Marcus, the near-ubiquitous jeans strike a balance between chic and relaxed.

Becker's beautiful home, perched near the Pacific, is a sign of her successes in the denim industry (before Mother, the 41-year-old designer held the top sales post at Citizens of Humanity). Shared with her husband, Dave, a real estate agent who found the house himself six years ago, the Becker residence is a multitiered upscale tree house, outfitted in earthen hues, oceanic blues, and lots of wood, including shady outdoor decks with a hammock and a wine cellar. The pool, surrounded by vibrant greenery and plenty of gray-toned nooks for lounging, is one of the prime entertaining spots. Before lunch, the guests sipped gin cocktails in the sun and snacked on caterer Annie Campbell's toast points with goat cheese, honey, and basil.

"We barely ever go out," Becker confesses. "That's probably not very cool." But it'd be hard to leave this vision of California dreaming, which the Beckers embody as well. Eternally sun-kissed and low-key, the pair love to have family over for dinner parties that start with Dave cooking farmers-market finds and end with everybody—from their parents to their nieces and nephews—rocking out to videos from Beyoncé, Rihanna, and LMFAO. "We love the all-ages dance party," Becker says, "with the adults dipping into a little tequila."

When the couple do venture out, it's typically to take their Australian shepherd, Ozzie, for a stroll, sometimes to the beach. Becker, a California native who has never lived outside the state, craves the ocean's calming effect, which she pays homage to at home with elegant, nautical touches. No matter how busy she may be keeping Mother jeans on the minds of fashionistas, she likes to return to a serene environment. "Life-work balance is important to me," Becker says. "I really value quiet time and relaxing." Just never in sweatpants, of course.—*Margaret Wappler*



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THE DEATH OF EROS?

Cristina Nehring asks whether new laws governing sexual behavior will do as much harm as good—to men *and* women

"Shall I take you home now?" he asked. It was one in the morning. I had recently arrived in a city whose geography was still opaque to me. I was in the car of a man I'd met at a dinner and who'd invited me to drinks.

"Yes, of course," I said, giddy from a goodly amount of rosé. Dozens of turns and traffic lights later, we pulled up in front of an unfamiliar apartment building. It was his home. Not my home.

My heart plunged. I'd never spent the night with a man. But what to do? Confess I'd misunderstood the question? Show that I, an international college exchange student, was that uncool, that frigid and frightened? Plead, like an innocent, to go home, to *my* home? I twisted my face into a smile, kept silent, and followed my companion to his flat the way I pictured a cow heading to slaughter.

There was a twin bed in his tiny apartment. One. "I'm beat," I murmured, and clambered, Goldilocks-like, into the small bed, turned against the wall, and attempted to stop audibly breathing. "Good night," he said after a long while, and climbed in behind me. I didn't move, didn't speak, and didn't unglue my face from his flowered wallpaper.

The night passed with excruciating slowness, punctuated only by an occasional attempt on my part to add inches to my black dress by tugging on its hem. And then, just before the sun rose, the man behind me began to stroke strands of hair out of my face. He stroked my temples, shoulder, shin, my bare side under my dress. His caresses explored, were eluded, slowed, circled, soothed, revived, roamed. Dawn broke slowly, and my defenses with it. Somehow, in these moments, I became his lover.

I remained his lover—and we a fast

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couple—for the next six years. They were years of passionate devotion, discovery, complicity; years of nearly accepted marriage proposals, intercontinental moves, and high romance.

But then again, this was the 1990s. And this was Paris. Were it today and in the U.S., our first time together could readily be considered "rape."

As I write these words, the "yes means yes" bill governing behavior on college campuses has passed in my home state of California and is being enforced at UCLA, my alma mater. Similar "affirmative consent" policies have been adopted at more than 800 campuses around the country, according to the National Center for Higher Education Management. For sex to be legal between college students, the California law states, the noninitiating party must not just *not* say "no"; he or she must verbally, and soberly, pronounce "yes." If the noninitiating member has not audibly articulated her assent at every stage of the exchange, the encounter may legally be determined a rape, even if the couple have been lovers for a long time and no threat was implied.

Here is the text of the law: *Lack of protest or resistance does not mean consent, nor does silence mean consent. Affirmative consent must be ongoing throughout a sexual activity and can be revoked at any time. The existence of a dating relationship between the persons involved, or the fact of past sexual relations between them should never...be assumed to be an indicator of consent.*

Also: *It shall not be a valid excuse that the accused believed that the complainant affirmatively consented to the sexual activity if the accused knew or reasonably should have known that the complainant was unable to consent... [because of] alcohol or medication [or] a mental or physical condition....*

We all understand that the law protects those who are unable to consent because of mental illness or impairment, but it's hard not to wonder what other mental conditions the legislators may have in mind. Infatuation, perhaps? Love, as biologists, neurologists, and poets have all attested, is a notoriously mind-altering condition, and thus, under California law, someone in love should never make any sexual decisions at all.

My French lover today would have almost every strike against him. His conquest: a disoriented foreign visitor, to whom he'd given drinks and never clearly told she was headed to his domicile; a girl who hadn't uttered a word of assent during their encounter and with whom he lacked any previous "dating relationship" but enjoyed a power differential via both local savvy and his status as director of an art group I'd just joined.

Yet rape—despite any and all stories of French seduction and love—is an unsettling and intolerable reality. To my Parisian tale I add another, one that took place 12 years earlier. I was eight.

It was a Christmas party in the suburban home of a family friend. My parents and I had attended it four years running. Which is why no one wondered when the host's 19-year-old son took me to an attic room while Santa was handing out gifts.

"I'll get you a better gift," he said as we entered a dimly lit space under the sloping rooftop. "Would you like this camera?" He retrieved a small Nikon from a chest. "I will give it to you if you take off your clothes."

"Why?" I asked, perplexed.

Another object came out of the chest. He unfolded it. This time it was a pocketknife. "What about this?"

I retreated.

"How about you lie down?" he asked.

"I'm not tired," I said, panic rising in my throat.

He tugged my skirt down with his free hand. Then, with equal rapidity, he pulled down his dress pants. Putting the knife out of my reach, he turned back to the chest and withdrew two rubber balls, twice the size of the bouncy toys my mother had sometimes bought me from coin-operated supermarket machines.

"Look," he said. "I put these here sometimes." He slid the balls into his briefs. "Girls make fun of you unless you have something in your pants."

"Let's go back to Santa Claus," I said.

He pushed me onto the carpet. Before I could react, he'd straddled me and was grinding the rubber balls against my pelvis. "If you make a sound, you'll be in *big* trouble with your parents," he said.

I kicked under his weight like a potato bug on its back. He tore off our underpants; the balls rolled idly across the carpet. He reached into the shadows and retrieved the knife. "And you'll be in trouble with *me*, too."

I lay paralyzed as he began to move back and forth. I did not understand what he was doing or why.

There was a final hard thrust, and it was over.

I did not say a word. Not then. Not when we rejoined the festive crowd downstairs. And not for many, many years after. I did not grasp until junior high school health class what exactly had transpired. That night, I did not know it was rape. I knew only that I was terrified. Sullied. And intimidated by young men for years.

A culture that conflates my suburban rapist and seducing Frenchman is a culture that is fundamentally confused. And I say this although I survived the encounter with the former reasonably well—better, in the long run, than he did. The young man who pinned me to his attic floor ended up, years later, in a mental institution, where he was killed by a fellow inmate who bludgeoned him to death. By the time I learned this, I felt, for the most part, only shock and pity. I had ceased torturing myself over that Christmas night some time before.

IT SEEMS CLEAR THAT SOPHIA WAS NOT OVERPOWERED BY STAN SO MUCH AS SHE TACITLY ACCEPTED A SEX-FOR-RENT DEAL WITH HIM.

But several hundred thousand women worldwide are raped every year with infinitely greater fallout than I experienced. They are left for dead, rather than escorted downstairs to see Santa Claus. Women's bodies—in Iran and India and Saudi Arabia and, yes, the United States—are mangled, their human dignity and intimate integrity trampled.

We owe it to these women—and to the girls protected under statutory rape laws, who often don't even realize that "no" is an option—to avoid mistaking emotional risk for actionable crime. The loudest of rape alarmists think of themselves as vanguard feminists—but, in a significant way, they are antifeminists: They turn their backs on the most victimized members of their sex; they confound messy human relations with criminal sexual coercion, ambivalence with iniquity.

Take a not-untypical story that originated recently, tore its way through the Internet, and sparked international debates on Facebook and Twitter. It was written by a 20-year-old woman named Sophia

Former football player—and male feminist activist—Jackson Katz thinks men hold the key to ending sexual violence. Read Nina Burleigh's profile of him at ELLE.com/jackson-katz.

Katz who made a trip to New York to network for her prospective writing career, after accepting a twentysomething editor's invitation to stay at his place. "Stan" had e-mailed her that she was "welcome to sleep in my bed—ha ha."

Sophia accepted his invitation, appeared in the editor's Brooklyn pad soon afterward, and spent many days accompanying him to readings and nights sleeping next to him in his bed. On the second night, "we were sitting on his bed and he began kissing me.... I had no interest in making out with him or having sex with him but had a feeling that it would 'turn into an ordeal' if I rejected him.... I knew I had nowhere else to stay, and if I upset him, then I might be forced to leave." When she hears his roommates enter, she speaks up: "Stan, please, can we just do this later? Your walls are really thin."

He reassures her that his roomies don't mind.

"Wait," she says, "aren't you going to use a condom?"

"Please don't make me do that..." he implores. "I'm clean. Are you?"

"There was no way for me to win," she declares, and gives herself over to the advances of her host. The scenario repeated itself again and again over the several days she remained in his flat. Back home, her networking trip over, she wrote about the incident.

Similarities between stories like Sophia's and my own are easy to spot: new girl in town, powerful host, some misunderstanding of host's intentions, no unambiguous verbal consent to sex. There are also differences. Sophia seems to have made some hardheaded calculations: She did not want her host's sexual advances, but she preferred them to maybe having to leave or arrange different accommodations.

The criminal law takes account of implied threat, where a woman fears harm based on a man's size, menacing demeanor, or factors such as blocked exits, but by Sophia's telling none of that pertained in her case. As difficult as it can be to judge the suffering of others, it seems clear that she was not overpowered by Stan so much as she tacitly accepted a sex-for-rent deal with him. Worrying that erotic activity will be overheard by acquaintances a few feet away—rather than, say, signaling to them for help—suggests assent. As does, perhaps, continuing to have sex with him after he brushed off her suggestion that he use a condom. To claim that Sophia presented to Stan "every iteration of 'no' that a person could muster," as a Salon writer and many others have done—is simply inaccurate.

Let me stop here to say that Stan is a jerk, a boor, and an opportunist. His encounter with Sophia was seedy. Had I stayed in his bed that night and subsequent nights, I'd regret it very badly too. But regret is not the same thing as being victimized.

The fact that a number of young (and less young) women feel moved to equate the two suggests a real fragility in our culture. As sex has become an expectation between available single persons rather than a surprise or a transgression, it has also become less tempting and meaningful. And as touch—via "Cuddle Up To Me" parlors, Tinder-style apps, and ubiquitous massage and sensual "service" providers—has become available on tap, it has grown easy for a person "tapped" to feel used and unsatisfied—especially when she is emotionally invested. But these are the risks of freedom.

WE EMBRACE ENDLESS RISKS IN OUR LIVES, THE FRUITS OF WHICH CAN MAKE US UNHAPPY OR UNPROUD OR ANGRY—JUST AS THEY CAN ENCHANT, INSPIRE, AND TRANSFORM US.

And if, by our teens, we have not followed Hamlet's advice to Ophelia to "get thee to a nunnery," there are endless risks and trade-offs we embrace in our lives. The fruit of these risks can make us legitimately unhappy or unproud or angry—just as they can enchant, inspire, and transform us for the better. Either way, the attempt to eliminate them, via Big Brother–like legislation and finger-pointing, is a cure often worse than the disease.

It's worse because it turns the clock back on gender equality and gender relations both. It cuts the breeze of freedom, exploration, and responsibility that was once integral to the American dream. In the distrust it sows between the sexes, in its reinfantilization of women, and in its recasting of eroticism as crime, it in fact puts one in mind of America's alleged antithesis, religious fundamentalists who stone women to death for being raped.

Regret about sexual mistakes is as old as Western civilization—and it is emphatically gender neutral. Shakespeare pays tribute to it at the beginning of the seventeenth century:

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action...
Enjoyed no sooner but despisèd straight,
Past reason hunted; and, no sooner had
Past reason hated as a swallowed bait...

On the other end of the spectrum, Katie Roiphe evoked it at the end of the past century: Her 1993 book, *The Morning After: Sex, Fear and Feminism on Campus*, appeared in the wake of America's first college-rape panic. Roiphe was a student riding the collegiate romantic roller coaster—loving some, losing some, regretting some, and rousingly celebrating still others. She contends that the morning after a charged sexual-emotional experience can be painful, but that it's inseparable from a rich, free, and unsheltered existence. The only way to cure it would be to bleed the patient of life.

But the media, university, and government sex-assault panic has only barreled on since Roiphe's book, moving from Antioch College, an offbeat liberal arts college that pioneered the speech codes intended for sexual encounters in 1993, straight to the White House, which, in April 2014, created the Task Force to Protect Students from Sexual Assault. It is not the reality of sexual assault but its definition that has broadened in America. Where the word *rape* once implied the threat of violence, it now simply means, in the words of one new California college sex policy, that an "individual is hesitant, confused, uncertain" in the course of an erotic encounter.

To expel this uncertainty, we are encouraged, now, to preface our every sexual move with a question and documented answer: "May I kiss you?" (Please sign here.) This is the greater shame for the fact that the extraordinary virtue of erotic life is precisely that it is not identical to verbal life: If we require every touch to be preceded by a speech, the irreplaceable revelation of touch is eliminated.

All great love stories have a moment when the protagonists abandon the codified rigidities of language for the fluent river of sensuality. Take Dante's famous lovers, Paolo and Francesca, as captured

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AND BABY MAKES THREE

For years it was just Courtney Hodell and her brother—gay, fun, fantastic. Then he suddenly decided to have a child. And she wondered if there was love left for her

My brother, Christian, was a benevolent dictator, though only 11 months older than me; Irish twins, they call it. Early on, we got the idea that it would be sensible to look after one another, and our private mythology of brother and sister as the two faces of a coin, around which so much of our lives has taken shape, was forged before either of us could speak. I recently found a snapshot of the two of us hand in hand, walking ourselves to kindergarten. It's taken from behind, and we don't know we're being watched. Our white kneesocks are pulled very high. Who took it—my mother or my father? What were they thinking as we set off on our own?

The bedtime song my mother sang us was called "Babes in the Woods." We clamored for its lilting melody: "They sobbed and they sighed, and they bitterly cried, and the poor little things, they laid down and died." Here we tucked ourselves side by side under her arm to savor their deliciously awful fate. "And when they were dead, the robins so red/ Brought strawberry leaves and over them spread."

I was very happy to have a mother who didn't want to leave me in the woods (although sometimes she must have, rather badly), but my imaginings never extended to being a mother myself. Press-ganged into babysitting by neighbor parents, I noted their eagerness to leave, how they rattled off emergency numbers while the car keys jingled. Christian and I were terrible sitters, impatient, insincere. The kids knew it. One used to ask accusingly, "What are you doing here, stupid?" Christian gave large doses of baby Tylenol to another hapless little complainer. I quit the job as soon as I got a work permit and could clear plates for $2 an hour plus tips.

From birth, Christian had a sense of flair: In grammar school he'd cut our peanut-butter-and-jellies into crustless tea sandwiches and include a fluted paper plate in our lunch bags, indifferent to mockery. By adolescence, this quality had toughened into a defiant flamboyance, which took breathtaking moral—and sometimes physical—courage to carry off in 1983 New England. Injustices done to him—Neanderthal Brad Crawley throwing Suzy Q's at my beautiful and rare brother!—made my skin burn with caustic fury. But I was dealing with misfitness too, though instead of blazing, as he did, I moped and skulked. He left for college, and the house was horribly quiet. No one to dance around waving a dish towel and singing show tunes while I did the dishes.

But, as it happens, the following year we went off to school together again, the first of many thousand-mile drives in a 1974 Chevy Impala with a Styrofoam cooler of fried chicken in the backseat. I'd bothered to apply to only one college. Had he decided ahead of time, in his imperious way, that I'd follow him to his?

At college, I was delighted and relieved to find that he was loved. Stoners, sorority girls, supercilious professors, and ROTC cadets adored him for his absurdist wit and his air of having trailed a little bit of splendor behind him, like the sharp winter smell that follows you in from outside. Christian taught me how to pull a respectable bong hit, how to find the nerve to fling myself into a pool of conversation, and how to sign up for the right classes—that is to say, those with the least practical application: Introduction to the Art Song, the Seven Hills of Augustan Rome. "Come on, sister, have yourself a ball!" So the Kinks song went; I heard it for the first time on a body-swallowing sofa while getting high with his friends. "Don't be afraid to come dancing, it's only natural."

A job as a book editor eventually took me to London, where Christian had gone to work as a dramatic agent, and after a gap of a decade we once more lived close by. If I felt lonely, I could put a coat on over my nightgown and walk unnoticed through the sleazy all-night carnival of Old Compton Street to hang out at the flat he shared with Mikey, his boyfriend and

Clockwise from top left: Evan Kafka/Getty Images (3); Cultura RM/Megan Maloy/Getty Images; Evan Kafka/Gallery Stock; GS/Gallery Stock

then husband once England discreetly began to allow civil unions. Christian and I spent our professional lives looking after sometimes emotionally fragile people. It is not easy being a creative person, and the tantrums that were thrown, the vulnerabilities that cracked open and needed to be patched up again, could be wearying and unnerving. Like children who lacked the adorability to seduce you into not minding so much. "The world," Christian said darkly one of those evenings, "has enough people. You and I do not need to add to them." And I was happy to sign this latest treaty of mutual intention with him. Every now and then I'd squint to visualize a time when I'd start craving a child: When I was 30, it would be 32; at 32, I'd be ready by 36; and so on. I was hitching a ride on Zeno's arrow, speeding toward a target I'd never reach.

Meanwhile, there had been a societal swing back to the orthodoxy of motherhood. Serious journalists wrote with anguish of their biological clocks, a phrase I came to hate. All the available cultural artifacts seemed to be telling holdouts like me that if you were a woman, your business was having a baby, and if you didn't, there was something wrong—with your body, meaning you couldn't conceive, or with your mind, meaning you couldn't conceive of it.

"I'd get on with it, if you're going to do it," my gynecologist said, blunt as a speculum. A literary agent with a litter of kids told me over lunch that I'd regret my decision but by then it would be too late, and she smacked her hand down on the tablecloth so hard that our water glasses sloshed. (What decision? What and when had I decided?) A friend held both my reluctant hands, eyes drilling into mine, and said that for her having children was like flicking on the light in a dark room. But the older I get, I thought mutinously, the more I like a bit of dim lighting. At 40, it's easier on the complexion.

In the meantime, Christian and I had taken to pointing to each other.

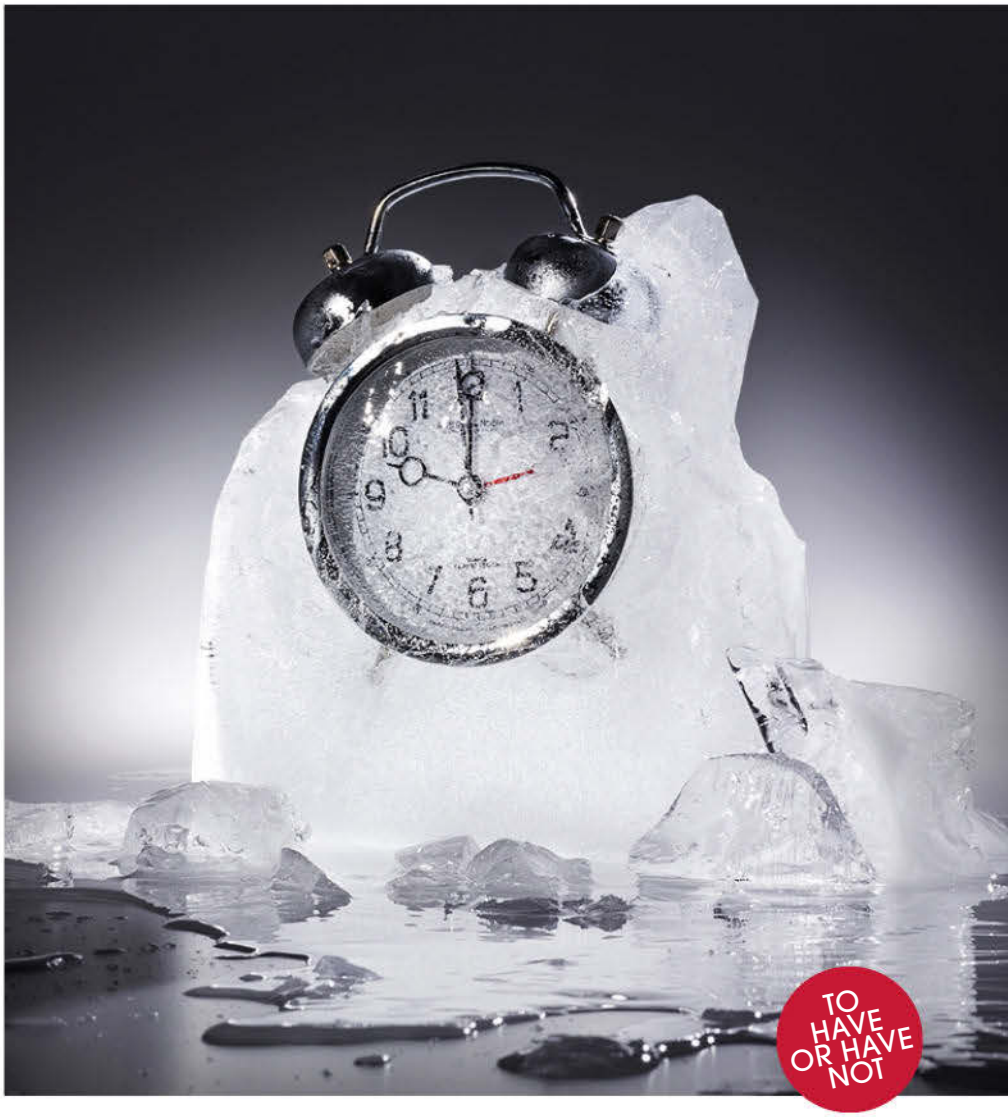
You do it.

No, you do it. And we laughed.

So much of being a grown-up is about managing or quelling desires. For food, for drink, for sex, for good times; if you're a woman, I maintain, for ambition. You should not want too much. It is strange, then, to be in a position where society demands you have an appetite for something. And yet here was a rare instance where I was appetite-free, and the world seemed to be saying, "You have to want this thing, if only so we can help you work through your feelings about not having it!"

And so I set about trying to try, with the same enthusiasm that I would have brought to cooking a Thanksgiving dinner and sitting down to joylessly chew the whole thing myself. The big joke, after all that worrying in my twenties, is that it isn't so easy to get pregnant later on. And now that I had skidded past 40, I didn't. I wasn't relieved, exactly, but I wasn't sorry, either. I felt with some satisfaction that

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Dan Saelinger/Trunk Archive

FROZEN ASSETS

More women than ever who've frozen their eggs are circulating on the dating market. Sarah Elizabeth Richards considers when, how, and whether to tell

Chrissy Albice may be 43 years old, but her eggs—at least a stash of them she froze six years ago—are a mere 37. It's a fact she deliberately works into first-date conversations when the topic turns to kids. "I tell everyone I want kids and that I froze my eggs. I'm like, 'Don't count me out because of my age. I'm still in the game,'" says Albice, a former television host from Los Angeles who owns an online clothing boutique. "I know it's on guys' minds."

So far, the reactions have varied. One man replied, "Well, ticktock, ticktock," and torpedoed the date. Another said,

Is there an ethical solution to dealing with leftover frozen embryos? Paul Ford shares his family's story at ELLE.com/frozen-embryos.

"Okay then!" and the two went out for several months.

For the first time in history, there is a critical mass of women on the dating market who have a reproductive ability that doesn't match their chronological age—and the question is, how should they handle the situation? Studies show that women feel more "empowered" after freezing their eggs, and the recent decisions by Facebook and Apple to offer the procedure as a corporate perk have given what used to be considered a sad, hushed act a certain cool factor. Yet when and how do you tell a potential partner you've frozen? Will he consider you prudent for making a contingency plan or so baby-crazy you underwent surgery to make sure you didn't miss out? And if you're on the older end of the fertility spectrum, you've got to find someone who's open to having kids but not so focused on his own mission to become a dad that he's willing to gamble that you'll be able to get pregnant well into your forties with your thirtysomething eggs (or at least be okay with using donor eggs).

Radell Peischler, 34, a divorced sales representative from Arlington, Virginia, was so proud of her decision to freeze that she considered checking in on Facebook the morning of her egg retrieval at Shady Grove Fertility Center, until one of her male friends exclaimed, "Don't be a freak! People don't want to hear about your crazy decision."

"That was my first clue that not everyone would perceive it like I did," Peischler says. "I don't see what the big deal is, but it made me wonder what would happen if I started telling my dates."

The government has yet to release figures on how many woman have cryopreserved their eggs since the technology became readily available in the U.S. a little more than a decade ago, and reports on what happens with women postfreeze are almost completely anecdotal. That said, many fertility doctors believe the method has been a boon to women's romantic lives. "The 'freezing effect' is a real phenomenon," says Alan Copperman, MD, codirector at Reproductive Medicine Associates of New York in Manhattan, where doctors have performed nearly 1,000 egg-freezing cycles since 2005. "I hear from patients in follow-up appointments that their dating is going better. They're more relaxed. They're not desperate." He says he knows of a dozen women who found a partner within a year of the procedure and returned to his office seeking advice on getting pregnant.

But some patients don't come back for years, or at all. Brooke Hodes-Wertz, MD, a fertility specialist at New York University Langone Medical Center who is conducting a follow-up study of egg freezers patients, says that of the nearly 2,000 cycles performed at the hospital since 2005, only 167 have been thawed, resulting in 39 babies, with 15 more on the way from recent conceptions. About a quarter of the thaws were requested by single women using donor sperm, she says, but that's about all the clinic knows: "We aren't sure why more patients haven't come back. We have no idea how many women met partners and got pregnant on their own." Or how many are in relationships and trying to get pregnant naturally. Or how many have decided not to have kids after all, or are still hoping to fall in love and start a family.

Peischler didn't end up posting about her freeze on Facebook, but she told a 36-year-old man by their third date. He complimented her for taking control of her fertility, adding, "That's good to hear, because I want four kids." "It felt so freeing to tell him," she says. "Now I just blurt it out and think of it as a test. If a guy isn't cool with it, then he's not an open enough person for me."

Melanie Bradshaw, 39, a medical practice development manager from Alexandria, Virginia, also uses it to vet dates, specifically to gauge the depth of their desire to have children. She knew her friend's neighbor was on the fence about having more kids, since he already had an eight-year-old son and was in the middle of a divorce. So when the casual friendship turned romantic eight months ago, she was straight with him. "For me it was a black-and-white conversation. I told him, 'I'm sure,'" says Bradshaw. "I wasn't trying to be controlling. I was just saying, 'This is who I am. I froze my eggs, and this is how far I've gone for what I want.'" The candor of those early conversations helped him warm to the idea of having more children, she believes.

Not only should freezers tell, but journalist Pooja Bhatia went so far as to argue that foot-dragging partners should do the decent thing and help pay for the procedure. "As months turn to years," she wrote in an article for digital magazine Ozy, "he's effectively taken an option out on her fertility, which is a depreciating asset.... Why shouldn't he chip in?"

Perhaps more thorny than raising the topic in a new romance is telling someone you're already dating that you've decided to freeze. Isn't that a sign that you're hedging your bets, setting aside some eggs to be fertilized by someone else later, in case the current union goes bust? But Shelley, 34, a nurse practitioner from Manhattan, said her boyfriend of six months was supportive rather than distrustful. "I told him this was something I was doing for me. Even if we did end up together, I didn't want to rush into having kids. I wanted time to enjoy us." Although they broke up a year and a half later, she thinks the relationship benefited from less baby pressure.

ONE JOURNALIST ARGUED THAT A MAN WHO DRAGS HIS FEET ABOUT COMMITTING SHOULD DO THE DECENT THING AND HELP HIS GIRLFRIEND PAY THE BILL FOR FREEZING HER EGGS.

The big reveal isn't always a success, of course. In another instance, Shelley unwittingly turned a two-martini third date into a biology lesson when she mentioned the subject. "At first, he said, 'Wow! That's really smart,'" she says. "But then he kept talking about the logistics. 'How do you have a baby with frozen eggs? How does that actually work?' It sort of killed the mood."

And Anita, 40, a physician from Philadelphia who froze her eggs a couple of years ago, has adopted a strict "need to know" policy after she turned off a guy whom she'd been dating for a couple of months. "Let's not worry about that," her boyfriend, who was five years younger than she, told her. Although Anita says she gave him the information to reassure him that she wasn't in a rush to marry and get pregnant, he still gave her the speech about not wanting to waste her time when he broke up with her.

As for her new love interest, she'll tell him when and if they have a serious discussion about starting a family. "He doesn't think of me as old," Anita says, "and I'm not going to risk having him see me that way." ●

Elective egg freezing began to gain traction in 2004, and most specialists agree that more than 2,000 babies have been born using this method, with some doctors estimating that the number is now closer to 5,000.

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THE AMAZING BABY RACE

Jillian Lauren tried anything and everything to get pregnant. And then she paid a visit to a traveling band of Maori healers…

One room in our house remains empty, or rather has become a repository for every object my husband, Scott, and I can't find a place for—a de facto storage room. For a couple of years now, the door has remained closed. We do not call it a nursery.

Everyone has unsolicited advice: *You just have to relax. When you stop trying, you'll get pregnant. Go get stoned. Have sex in the car. Stop thinking about it.* I feel like I'm acting in the movie of someone else's life. Fertility treatments—one round after another—are for fortysomethings in power suits or fringe weirdos with septuplets and their own reality show. Not for boho graduate students in their thirties with rock-musician spouses. Still, here I am.

On Sunset Boulevard, I run into an old friend one morning. I know that, like me, she's been having difficulty getting pregnant. I've long been jealous of her slender figure, fashionable clothes, and chic friends. She always seems to be coming from a SoulCycle class with Gwyneth or book club with Beyoncé. When she turns around, I see that I can add a baby bump to the list of things she has that I want.

With a beatific smile, she tells me that she got pregnant with the help of Maori tribal healers from New Zealand, who happen to be in town again right now. "I heard about them from (insert movie-star name here). Have you seen her baby, (insert name of fruit, Hindu god, obscure blues/country singer)? Adorable! Ridiculous! The baby was breech, and she almost had to have him in the *hospital,* but the Maori healers laid hands on her and turned that baby around, and three days later it shot right out of her before her husband even had time to fill the birthing tub."

When I get home, I look up these healers before my coat is even off. Indeed they're in Santa Monica, being hosted at the home of a Vedic astrologer, whatever that is. I book an appointment for the next day. I am elated.

I show up at a 1950s beach house, painted powdery pink. Two dachshunds dressed in lederhosen—little Peter Pan collar shirts, embroidered suspenders, the whole thing—greet me at the door. You can read that sentence again if you need to. They're followed by a plain-looking woman in the kind of shapeless dress you buy at the Hare Krishna Cultural Center off Venice Boulevard. She rubs her pregnant belly. Of course she does. Everyoneeveryoneeveryone is pregnant.

"The dogs are so cute," I say, because it would be strange to not remark on this canine cast of *The Sound of Music.* "Are you doing a photo shoot or something?"

"No, no. I would never make them be models. The rejection isn't healthy. I dress them up every day because they like it. I sew all their clothes myself."

She gives me that same pregnant smile my fashionable friend gave me. The one every pregnant woman gives me. The one I uncharitably imagine to be smug.

"I'm sure you'll make lots of great baby clothes," I say, still haunting her doorway.

"I've already got a closet full of gender-neutral clothes for three different ages. After the dog outfits, it was really challenging to figure out the place to put the baby arms and legs, but I've got the hang of it now." She gives a snorty little laugh. "Would you like to come inside?"

I'm thinking the dog clothes are strange and maybe sad. Then I check myself; that's not exactly getting off to a non-judgmental start. If the astrologer were a drag queen, I might think that the dogs in suspenders were eccentric or charming. Because how these things read is all about context. It's all about tribe. I suppose you never know where you may find one. Mine might be right through the door.

The astrologer and her Teutonic wiener dogs lead me into a room with two massage tables set up in the center and a half-dozen or so people sitting on couches around the edges. Some of them look like what I imagine Maoris to look like—thickset and wide featured, with almond-shaped eyes. Some look more like the dog costumer's friends—tanned and beflip-flopped and stylishly tousled.

No one looks up or stops talking. I stand there, hovering somewhere between the doorway and the couches for a long moment before I start to panic. I'm such a schmuck. I've handed $200 over to yet another charlatan. I think of the angel healer I saw the week before, who had a visitation from the archangel

Alita Ong/Stocksy

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Michael, telling her that all I needed was a ritual cord-cutting, where she'd sever the invisible cords tying me to my past. She could do it right then and there, she said, for a mere $300. Or the storefront psychic I went to on a whim, if desperation can be classified as a whim, who told me there was a curse on me that could only be lifted if she traveled to the village where she was born and, at the foot of a mountain there, buried a jar of nails that I'd peed on. All she'd need from me was my urine and $2,000 (true story, I swear).

One of the men starts asking what people want for lunch. He hands around a Chinese menu. He turns to me. "You want some Moo Shu or something?"

"No, thanks. I'm just here for..." What do you call it anyway?

Without getting up, another of the men indicates that I'm to lie on one of the tables—I haven't even told them why I'm here. Are we really going to do this in front of the smug dog lady and everybody? Do I have to admit in front of all these men that I can't get pregnant? Ashamed or not, I lie down.

Then a third man, slight and muscular, approaches the table as his friend orders Chinese. "Why are you here?" he asks. I'm grateful that he leans in close so I don't have to speak loudly. When I'm through explaining my situation, he walks to an ample woman of impossible-to-determine age, who's been sitting on the couch with her eyes closed and her hands on her knees, like a statue. He whispers in her ear. I don't even know what language they're speaking. I don't know anything about these people, and I'm completely at their mercy. Is this what smart people do?

This is what happens when you want something so intensely. You lose all your power. In my effort to conceive, I've tried acupressure, chiropractic, Reiki, quitting wheat, quitting dairy, quitting sugar, quitting meat, unquitting meat, eating lots of ice cream, expensive supplements, charting ovulation, Chinese herbs, yoga, breathing, meditation, hypnosis, ayurveda, muscle testing, meditation, homeopathy, Kabbalah classes, church, colonics.... I've taken out my piercings because an acupuncturist suggests they are "obstructing the flow of my chi." Still, when the buxom tarot reader in my neighborhood suggests a pagan ritual that involves burning a candle shaped like a penis during a certain phase of the moon, I do it. I order special magnets off the Internet and put them under the bed. Because what else should I do? Nothing?

A Buddhist would say that I'm suffering because I believe happiness resides outside of myself. I'm suffering because of my attachment. I tried Buddhism once, and I sucked at it. My entire soul has been sculpted by desire; longing is a particular talent of mine. I'm wedded to my spiritual hunger—what would I do with my nights? Miracles, on the other hand....

Upon hearing what the man whispers in her ear, the woman on the couch opens her eyes like an angry, awakened spirit. Or maybe she's just annoyed that her nap was disturbed. She removes her gray hoodie, then strides toward me with an impassive face but a caged energy, as if something is about to spring. Everybody keeps on talking, but they do at least turn down the volume a bit.

The Chinese-food-ordering man stands at my feet and holds my ankles down, and the question-asking man stands behind me and puts his hands on my shoulders. The woman gingerly lifts my shirt to expose my midsection. The girth of her arms is impressive. She says nothing, just shapes her fingers into what look like talons and then, with all of her mass behind them, brings them down onto my stomach and begins to dig. She feels for the outlines of my organs, and then I believe she actually tries to move my uterus around, to draw my pelvic bones apart, to reposition my ovaries. At least I think that's what she's doing. I can't say for sure because pain explodes in the center of me and radiates out toward my extremities. I instinctively leap up, and the two men pin me back down. I scream for her to stop. When she doesn't, my screams turn into sobs.

She's hurting me for being a fool. For being an asshole from L.A. who believes that movie-star moms have the answer. For thinking I can just insert myself into the middle of her tribe and hand her two hundred American dollars and be healed. She's punishing me for believing that I'm entitled to a miracle.

Everything in me contracts around the pain. My feet hurt and my ears ring and my hands feel like ice.

A shrunken old Maori man with a shock of white hair rises from the couch and shambles over. He shakes a rattle behind my head and begins to chant.

The guy holding my shoulders leans down and says in my ear, "He's calling the spirit of your child." The old man gazes into the space above me: "Your child is here. We see him. He just can't find you."

The chant is beautiful. It soothes me. Something bright and calm breaks over me. The healer lets up with her claws and as the pain recedes, I begin to laugh. The Maoris laugh along with me, though we never check in with one another about the punch line. The session ends, and I thank them and walk out, feeling exhausted and famished and spent.

Little waves of laughter surprise me the whole ride home. Because, after all, it's funny—all the bizarre things I've done in pursuit of motherhood. It's human—to be miserable at achieving nonattachment. And it's worthy of compassion—to try so hard and to fail. I finally feel a shred of this compassion for myself, as opposed to wild fluctuations of self-hatred and self-pity. If motherhood ever does find me, this may prove a useful thing.

Later that afternoon, I walk on the beach. I remember the doctors' words after my last round of IVF: "We're not giving up yet!" The expanse of sand stretches out in front of me. Life stretches out in front of me: the blank check to the medical-fertility gods, the drugs again, the waiting again, the online-forum nights turning into mornings, as I shake with stress. The sham cures. And everybody telling us that if we'd just relax already, we'd get pregnant.

It is as clear to me as anything I have ever known. The doctor might not be giving up, but I am. I'm giving up.

I tell Scott that night. I fear this will be the end of us. Not immediately, perhaps, but eventually. My husband wants children more than anything, and here I am quitting the race before the finish line. He puts his head in his hands. He's the best thing I've ever had, and he's going to leave me. Here it comes. Instead, he says, "Thank God, baby. Thank God."

I walk around for the next few days blanketed by a luminous placidity. I'm aware that this is a temporary reprieve, that I'll soon again be longing fiercely for a child. But for now, releasing the cycle of hope and despair has left me with an odd sensation of freedom, my first in years.

One day, I wander into a coffee shop, and a poster on the wall catches my eye. On it is a smiling family, a jumble of ages and races. It advertises a seminar on adoption, which I haven't seriously considered to this point. It had seemed so vitally important to carry a child in my body—to experience the wonder that everyone keeps talking about. I look at the flyer and in an instant reconsider this whole perspective. What do we really want anyway, a miracle or a family? I take out my phone and call the number on the flyer. ●

Adapted from Everything You Ever Wanted, *May 2015, Penguin/Plume*

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SEPHORA



ASK E. JEAN

Tormented? Driven witless? Whipsawed by confusion?

WORKING CONSTRUCT

DEAR E. JEAN: *My belt has tools on it. I wear boots and Carhartts instead of heels and suits. And I love my work! But I was recently let go from my full-time job in the malecentric construction industry. My boss said he "couldn't afford to keep me on." But I have a sneaking suspicion it was more personal. There was a good deal of ribbing and joking in our casual work environment, and I have a tough skin and could laugh off most things.*

However, on the occasions when I felt a line was crossed, if someone attacked my intelligence or turned my romantic life into the topic of the hour, I spit back a little fire, even to my boss. I'm young (23) and still figuring out what exactly "professionalism" is. I think that when I stopped allowing myself to get walked on, my comebacks bruised my boss's ego, and he started disliking me, and it was this *that led to my dismissal.*

Did I act unprofessionally? I want to avoid doing so again in the future, but I was only reacting to his *(joking) insults. I was establishing that I am* not *a doormat. How should I handle similar situations in the future?*

–Bruiser

BRUISER, MY BEGONIA: No. No. You are definitely not a doormat. May I tell you a little story about the proper way to "spit back a little fire"? You're too young to have met my Montana neighbor, the Empress of Ennis, Irma Manley, who, in 1912, at the age of 11, walked from Kansas to Missoula driving a herd of cattle. Like you, she wore boots to work. She grew up in a man's world and became one of the more captivating, more delightful, and, as a matter of fact, more terrifying women I've ever known.

Now, it so happened that Mrs. Manley, like you, defied the constraints of her sex. The woman wore full makeup when castrating and branding her herds and was famous for two things: First, she could stone-cold *geld* a chap with a retort. However, just as the meaning of her words was bursting upon the man and he was staggering backward and raising his hands to protect himself, Mrs. Manley would smile and follow up with a sly compliment to his genius, and then he'd end up feeling like Alexander the Great.

The second thing she was famous for was she shot a man at the Ennis rodeo. He had addressed to her a disparaging remark. When she was tried for murder, the all-male jury acquitted her without inquiring what the fellow said.

You see, Miss Bruiser? In your male-dominated workplace, you can be an equal participant. Your comrades' egos *will* take a shot, if you do it with style.

But the boss? Never. There's a massive gap between what you think is a funny comeback, and what your boss—who spends 99 percent of his day believing he's the next Frank Lloyd Wright—thinks is funny. And, though he may not show it, any jab of yours that is less than totally positive will cause him agony. He may, however, quite enjoy seeing you lampoon one of your colleagues. (Insert the "he couldn't find a vagina with a blueprint" joke here.)

Stay loose, stay cool, do good work, follow your jibes with a bit of praise for your work buddies, and your boss will *organically* know you are *not* a doormat. Good luck, Miss Bruiser. Keep us abreast!

EX BOXING

DEAR E. JEAN: *My ex-boyfriend has my pictures posted on his Facebook in a special photo collection–along with* all *of his other ex-girlfriends. Would it be so terrible of me to ask him to take my pictures down? I dislike being grouped with Connie, MaryBeth, Jo Anne, Billie, Cindie, Jannine, Debra, Pamela, Karen, Regina, Kim, Stacy, Tamara, and Jennifer.*

*–*Not *Another Notch*

MY NINOTCHKA: If Facebook had been around in the 1640s, then Ottoman Sultan Ibrahim I might have simply removed his harem's photos from his page. Instead, he tied up the poor ladies in sacks, weighted them with rocks, and threw all 280 of them into the Bosporus.

If your Mr. Blow-Up refuses to remove your picture, create a group on Facebook. Invite Connie, MaryBeth, Jo Anne, Billie, Cindie, Jannine, Debra, Pamela, Karen, Regina, Kim, Stacy, Tamara, and Jennifer to join. Then let the chump know that since he's so fond of photos, you'll be exchanging his snaps *de pene* until he sets you all free.

TRUTH IS THE BEST DEFENSE

DEAR E. JEAN: *It's tempting for people to stereotype eating disorders as "just a phase" reserved for privileged white teenage girls, but I know firsthand how debilitating this mental illness can be. And it's important for me to be able to talk about it with any man I'm dating. Here's my conundrum: I've started seeing this great guy–he's funny, smart, fantastic career, and attractive. (So am I, if I do say so myself!) How do I talk to him about this? And when?*

I'm currently in treatment, but even when I'm in a more stable place, I know that I'll need to continue to work actively at my recovery. I'm not ashamed of this part of my life. Sad sometimes, yes. But not ashamed. I've found that trying to compartmentalize my eating disorder isn't healthy or helpful–to either my relationships or myself. My friends and family all know. But I get the sense that my new man is not acquainted with mental illness, and I question whether he has the emotional backbone and understanding to be supportive. So how do I test the waters?

–New Territory

MISS NEW, MY LUV! Frank and open is the way to go. (He is, after all, just a fellow mortal.) Say: "There's something I want you to know about me. I've suffered and continue to suffer from an eating disorder. I'm getting help, but it's hard, and it's ongoing, and I don't want to hide it from you because it's part of who I am."

Actually, it's *after* you tell him that the "waters" will be tested—*after* you've

Gregg Delman (Styled by Christian Strobie; hair by Eduardo Carrasco at Ford Artists NYC; makeup by Sylwia Rakowska at Ford Artists NYC)

You can watch videos, write with anonymity, and exchange genius tips on Advice Vixens at AskEJean.com. And if you're in need of a Mystery Date: Tawkify.com.

been direct and honest—that some courage and exertion will be called for. For as you say, he may not be "acquainted with" this kind of devastating illness. He may be startled; he may be panicky; he may lack the right words to even ask questions. For instance, he may not know what being in "recovery" means. But that's all right. He may want to do the right things to help, so let him know what those are. You might become—weirdly—*his* supporter and comforter in the beginning. Give him time to adjust to you as a woman with more strength, power, weakness, scars, hurts, quirks, and joys than he ever imagined.

Miss New, it's fair to want him to know about this part of your life. However, it's *not* fair to make your eating disorder *his* problem. (Of course, if he wrinkles his nose, get rid of him.)

NOTE: Miss Jilly Gagnon, a young woman from Harvard who has dealt extremely well with these issues, helped me enormously with this answer. You can read more of Jilly's articles at ELLE.com.

Q: I have two lovers. One I'm marrying this month. But the second (whom I've been sneaking around with for two years) promises that if I choose him, I can ask for "anything" and that he'll give me whatever I want "and more." Which should I pick?

A: Who says a girl should love only one man at a time? Call off the wedding. You're not cut out for marriage. *P.S.* When you're asking the Second Dude for "anything," please ask him to come repave my driveway.

DOES HE OWN *MAGIC MIKE*?

DEAR E. JEAN: *Is this a thing now? My boyfriend exchanges topless photos with other male friends via smartphone. The guys (in their late twenties, early thirties) are straight, and he says they do it as an immature joke. But some of the poses are so provocative! And though he says he* wants *to stop doing it, it's now weeks later and he's still at it.*

–Foolishly in Denial? Or Closed-Minded?

MISS DENIAL: I haven't heard it's a thing. It *could* be a thing. It certainly *should* be a thing. But even though it'd be great if guys were able to flaunt their buffness and shout, "*Hell yes! I look awesome!*" without having their sexuality labeled, alas, I don't think it's a thing. (And if any ELLE readers know if it's a thing, we all have a very good time coming our way, if you can send Auntie Eeee proof.) Meanwhile, listen to your heart, which knows—*hold on*! I just heard the topless male pec-tograph *is* a thing among well-defined dudes. I'd say stick with him. But if he starts exchanging Anthony Weiner shots, *that's* another kettle of jockstraps.

THE SASH WILL SET YOU FREE

DEAR E. JEAN: *I recently placed in the top 15 of the Miss M–– 2015 Pageant, on my first try! I've just turned 25, and I'm smart and motivated, with a finance degree. I've been in the same analyst position at a* Fortune *500 company since I was a junior in college.*

But here's the thing: I absolutely thrived *on my double-workout regimen for my pageant preparation. I loved it! I loved being onstage! And I'm suddenly bored to tears in my cubicle. I now have a nagging feeling in my soul that I'm not fulfilling my purpose in life–that my true calling is helping people become stronger.*

I'm in agony with this dilemma! With the debt from college forever looming, the idea of going back to school to obtain a bachelor's in exercise science seems financially irresponsible (something I should know about!). But I dream of owning my own gym and having a list full of clients. Do I stay safe in my cubicle? Or get the degree? It seems like an impossible decision.

P.S. I included a photo. That's me, backstage at the pageant!

–Fit and Frustrated

MISS FIT, MY QUEEN: *Whaaaaaat?* You're sensational! I never saw a selfie so happy! Forget your "impossible decision." It's done. It's over. You didn't marry your finance degree. You didn't take that cubicle for better or for worse. The moment you walked onto that pageant stage looking ripped and rosy, you changed the way you saw your future. And when you changed the way you saw your future, you changed.

Stay in your job and take a personal-trainer certification course from a nationally recognized organization (it will run around $600). Once you're certified, you can train private clients while earning your new degree. Good luck!

P.S. For all the personal trainers reading this who want to be financial analysts: Follow James Baldwin's advice: "Go the way your blood beats!"

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF AGONY AUNTS WILL PROTEST THE PUBLICATION OF THIS NEXT LETTER—IT'S TOO INNOCENT, TOO CHEERFUL. BUT IT'S ALSO TOO CHARMING TO KEEP TO MYSELF.

AH, YOUTH. . .

DEAR E. JEAN: *There's this guy who I like at my company, and I'm not sure he likes me in return. Here are the facts:*

1. He teases me.

2. He starts conversations with me that are not necessary.

3. He touches my back sometimes.

4. He cooked me dinner twice.

5. When I compliment other male coworkers in front of him, he says my compliments are wrong.

6. When I told him he was not strong enough to lift me, he carried me halfway to my apartment.

I'm 22, and he is 25. Do you think he is interested? Please help me.

–I Need to Know

MISS KNOW, MY NOUGAT: Yes. He's interested. Absolutely interested. Positively and beyond all doubt, interested, yes! (If I could get the editors to give me one more page, I'd fill *that* with yeses, too.) ●

Ask a question! E-mail E.Jean@AskEJean.com or follow her at Twitter.com/ejeancarroll. Read past columns at ELLE.com/AskEJean.



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A BRIEF ENCOUNTER

If you see our April cover girl, Shailene Woodley, on a celebrity gossip blog, there's a 99.99 percent chance it'll be for advising cast mates on some alternative health remedy, such as eating bark, rather than for any of the wardrobe malfunctions or messy breakups that too often define young Hollywood. But for all the attention her hippie-chickisms have garnered, the gifted young actress is a poster girl for going one's own way. Whether you fancy yourself a flower child or slightly more buttoned-up, we've got plenty of fresh spring looks that will allow you—and your individuality—to shine.

Embroidered tulle dress, BLUMARINE, *$4,815, visit blumarine.com.*

Photographed by Ilona Diekgerdes; styled by Sabina Schrader

CATCH HER IF YOU CAN

SHE'S ONE OF HER GENERATION'S HOTTEST STARS…AND WAY TOO COOL TO BE FAME TRAPPED. SHAILENE WOODLEY GETS OFF ON LOVING DEEP, INCITING A REVOLUTION, AND SURVIVING IN THE WILDS OF HOLLYWOOD.

BY HOLLY MILLEA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL THOMPSON

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Viscose and polyamide bodysuit, $2,065, viscose and acetate bralette, $630, both, BALMAIN, *collection at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Patent leather belt,* LAUREN RALPH LAUREN, *$48. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

I'VE LEARNED A LOT

about a lot of things from her," says Nat Wolff, speaking of Shailene Woodley, his costar, along with Ansel Elgort, in *The Fault in Our Stars*. "She convinced Ansel and me not to wear deodorant. She somehow has that magical girl thing where you don't ever smell bad. She had special crystals that make her smell good. Ansel and I, after two days—it was disgusting. We smelled like wild animals. I soon went back to the deodorant that's going to give me cancer." Wolff pauses. "I feel like when people talk about her, it ends up being a lot about these fun eccentricities. But that's not my favorite part of her."

Woodley has grown a reputation as an über-cool hippie chick who collects drinking water from mountain springs, forages for wild foods, and makes her own toothpaste, face creams, and medicines. It's a rare actress who assures you: "Cramp bark is the best thing for menstrual cramps. Take the raspberry plant and the cramp bark plant and make a tincture—you can get it at Whole Foods—and take a dropperful...."

"As free and loving and sweet as Shailene is," Wolff says, "she has depth and edge. There's a weight to her. She's super, super soulful. It's not a coincidence that she's a great actress."

From the get-go it's easy to be sidetracked by her spiritual singularity. Woodley, 23, greets you with her ritual double hug—one to the right, another to the left, "heart to heart"—at her Culver City hangout Akasha, which has a '70s-mod aesthetic and a farm-to-table menu.

She smiles a dimpled smile, her striking brown-rimmed blue-green eyes that turn up at the corners smiling too. Tall and taut, Woodley has regained the natural athletic build that she diminished to portray a cancer patient in *Fault*. Dressed in black leggings and a tight charcoal sweater, her thick auburn hair slicked straight back behind her ears, she's both unaffected and intimidating. "Shailene's genuinely comfortable in her own skin," observes director James Ponsoldt, who cast Woodley in *The Spectacular Now*. "She loves her identity, her mind, her skin, her body. She knows who she is and values herself."

That's an extraordinary arsenal for surviving in Hollywood, where neuroticism runs rampant and the career mortality rate is high, and where Woodley is one of a triumvirate of young actresses recently catapulted into crazy fame and incredible fortune, each of them starring in film adaptations of best-selling young adult series. As naturally as *Twilight*'s Kristen Stewart projects Bella's dark, conflicted inner life, and Jennifer Lawrence radiates the instinct and fierce physicality of Katniss in *The Hunger Games*, Woodley relays the intuition and intelligence that define Beatrice, the narrator of Veronica Roth's dystopian *Divergent* novels.

When last we saw her alter ego, Tris, she was on the run from the power-mad Jeanine (Kate Winslet), riding an open train, her cheerleadery hair blowing in the wind, her hunky love interest (Theo James) standing behind her as the voice-over set up the sequel: "We have nothing. No home.... We've left everything behind.... Tomorrow we may have to fight again. But for now we'll ride the train to the end of the line. And then? We'll jump."

In this month's *Insurgent*, round two in what will ultimately be a four-picture commitment, "Tris is not only dealing with PTSD over the loss of her parents and best friend," Woodley says, her voice deep and gravelly, "she's trying to figure out who she is and process the natural hormonal, emotional growth of being a young lady." And at the same time, "she has to engage in a new sort of war—mental warfare."

Unlike the *Hunger Games* movies, which were shot back-to-back, the *Divergent* installments are filmed around their stars' schedules. "I shot *Fault* in between the first two," Woodley says. "I thought it would be easy to drop back into being Tris. But it wasn't, because...I've naturally evolved since then. I had to relearn who I was in 2013 when I first—Oh my God!" Her eyes widen. "Can you believe it's 2015? Even physically, when I shot *Divergent*...I look so much younger—I still had my baby face!"

Elgort, who's been along for the wild ride, having costarred in Woodley's last three films (he plays Tris' brother and was Woodley's love interest in *Fault*), can account for what actually hasn't changed. "Shai still only talks about how much she loves everything and how much she can't wait to eat what she made for lunch," he says with obvious affection. "She came over to our hotel and said, 'You guys, I just love eggs!' She said, 'I'm so excited I have these great eggs that I made for lunch!' It was such a funny moment. She's a simple person. That's a great thing, and that translates to the screen—how honest she is with her emotions. She's simple and then quite complex."

And awesomely canny, when you consider the original, alternate, alternative life she's constructed for herself in the onrush of becoming an attraction in the Hollywood zoo.

Woodley is unlike a lot of stars, who are easily tracked outside their gated, gilded homes, tricking out their lives with conspicuous creature comforts and the stuff of success. You never know where she's coming from or going to—and you won't catch her in between. She lives among us, camouflaged in understatement, driving an old car and wearing secondhand clothes (except on the red carpet, where she's been dressed by Stella McCartney, Zuhair Murad, Ralph Lauren, Preen...). As for stuff? Consuming is not her thing.

Unless it involves spicy tandoori chicken wings. "Eat with



Bonded-satin metal-detail top, skirt, both, MUGLER, *prices on request, visit muglerusa.com. For details, see Shopping Guide.*





Far left: Embroidered eyelet dress and printed jersey two-piece swimsuit, PACO RABANNE, *price on request, collection at Just One Eye, L.A. Left: Cotton shirt, $2,595, viscose and wool pants, $695, both,* ALEXANDER WANG, *visit alexanderwang.com. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Cotton and elastane top, THEORY, *$180, visit theory.com. Rubber neoprene bikini top,* LISA MARIE FERNANDEZ, *$315 (for set). Stretch-cotton leggings,* AMERICAN APPAREL, *$28. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

your hands!" Woodley encourages as they arrive. "There's no embarrassment! Do you know that when you eat with your hands your body sends a chemical through your nervous system that tells your stomach to get ready to eat? A predigestive enzyme is set off by eating with your hands! Try these sauces, they're insane."

Like Tris, Woodley has pretty much left her worldly possessions behind, storing things at her mom's or in the house that she gave to her maternal grandmother, Diane. Everything she needs for living is in her car. Between films, the actress vagabonds around L.A. without a place to call her own. She's the beautiful girl in a Bob Dylan song. "I live a chosen homelessness," Woodley says. "I never know where I'm going to sleep. Tonight? I'll lay my head on a friend's pillow."

"The material world for Shai isn't what life is about. It's about experience and loving," says a close friend, who met a relatively unknown Woodley about four years ago in acting class and asked not to be named, as he prefers flying under the radar with her. "She just walked up to me and said, 'Um, will you be my friend? I just feel like you and I are meant to be friends.' I was like, 'Yeah, random girl I don't know. Okay.' It was a cosmic thing." He laughs, remembering. (Two weeks later they took a 10-hour road trip to the Sundance Film Festival—the first and last time Woodley went as a civilian.)

"She bounces around from place to place because she just wants to spend time with the people she loves," he continues. "There's four of us core members. We're a little tribe. She leaves things at our houses. We call them Shai deposits, little piles all over the place. Over here is a suitcase and some clothes, and then over here is a box from Café Gratitude and some other stuff. All these little deposits of things, it's like, 'Oh, Shai's here!' When she leaves, you would never know she was there. It's all swept up and taken away."

> "I HAVE A GREAT RELATIONSHIP WITH MYSELF; IT DOESN'T MEAN WE GET ALONG EVERY DAY."

Woodley's sagacious spirit seems equal parts nature and nurture—though with both parents, Lori and Lonnie, being psychologists, she just as easily could have ended up nuts. "I was born into a family of warriors, really strong people," says Woodley, who, along with her younger brother, Tanner, grew up in Simi Valley. (*Simi* is the Chumash Indians' name for the thread-like clouds in the sky over this Southern California town.) "It doesn't mean that it was an easy childhood and we didn't have our shit, because every family does behind closed doors. But even though my parents are divorced, they get along. I have a family who every day strives to do the right thing."

It helped, too, that her grandmother was ever present. "One day I was having one of my teenage crises, when you think everything's falling apart—your estrogen and progesterone are freaking out. And she said, 'Shai, the most important thing in life is self-love. You've gotta take care of yourself. You've got to take care of yourself, and you gotta live from your deep heart.'" Woodley wraps her hands around a warm porcelain teapot on the table; her brow furrows. "For some reason, her saying the words *deep heart* just always stuck with me. And I was like, 'Well, what is a deep heart? What does it actually mean?' What I've come to determine in my life is that my deep heart is my—it's my compassion, empathy, and intuition. Because your intuition never wants to be mean to somebody. You intuitively know that another human being on this planet is hurting just as badly as you may be. The way that they express themselves could be rude or seen as douchey or whatnot. But maybe they're scared, or had no one there to support them." She looks up, and her face brightens: "My Grams is the most banging 69-year-old I've ever met in my life. She's so fit. She's so rad!"

You'd guess that Woodley's '70s sensibilities—environmentalism, homeopathy, recycling, equal rights—were part of her upbringing, but it was all her own initiative. "I was the first one in the family," she says. "I mean, we didn't drink soda or eat white bread, but we were still drinking the Capri Suns and all the corporate manifestations of high-fructose corn syrup!" More than just a throwback, Woodley's a progressive thinker who defines the interesting theory of "rewilding" as a "way of adapting to our current environments. Like natural selection, the most fit survive. It's living in conjunction with our modern inventions and industrialism while also aiding the body in progressive evolution. This whole concept of detoxing is so fascinating to me, detoxing to get things out of your system—like the radiation from the phones—instead of empowering your body and learning how to *live* with the radiation and *live* with the drywall chemicals and whatnot. So it's adapting to modern industrialization in order to live a healthier life."

Woodley was five the day she tagged along with her mom, who was taking a younger cousin, a child model, to a cattle call for a Supercuts commercial. While they waited there, a woman approached Lori Woodley. "She said, 'Oh, your daughter is so cute. For $500 you could get her acting classes and head shots.' My mom was like, 'No, thanks.' *I* was like, 'Yeah, please, that sounds awesome!'

"My mom said, 'If I do this for you, you've got to commit to it.' For her it was like an exercise in being responsible. I'd been in gymnastics for, like, three months, soccer for four months.... I was like, 'I'll commit!' I ended up loving it."

By the time Woodley had worked her way through 50 commercials (while maintaining a 4.0 GPA in school), she was old enough—16—to win the role of a pregnant teen in the ABC Family series *The Secret Life of the American Teenager*. In 2011, with a year left on her six-year contract, she played George Clooney's daughter in director Alexander Payne's *The Descendants*. But denied an early release from the show, Woodley shot the film and was forced to return for that last year. Not fun.

"Shailene was so clearly the breakout star of the show," says Molly Ringwald, who played Woodley's mother in *The Secret Life*. "She had a hard time with the creator. She was singled out and had to endure a difficult work environment. The way that she handled herself was incredibly dignified. I remember being extremely impressed with that." Adds Ringwald, herself a

former teen actress who at 18 made the cover of *Time* magazine, "It's exciting and fun in certain ways, but at the end of the day it's a business, and businesses are not known for having a lot of heart, you know? You have to be an extremely strong person to weather that and have a career that endures."

From the moment Woodley jumped into the pool in *The Descendants* and broke down underwater, silently screaming in rage and pain, you knew she was a long-haul actress. Clearly the movie's MVP, she was honored with an Independent Spirit Award and a Golden Globe nomination and became the go-to indie girl. "She reminds me of a young Sissy Spacek or Barbara Hershey, or a Debra Winger," says Ponsoldt. "The hardest thing on earth is to seem like you're not acting, right? She's incredibly gifted and has incredible craft all to make it seem like there's no artifice. Being is harder than acting."

Whether she's fronting movies huge (*Divergent*), large (*The Fault in Our Stars*), or small (*White Bird in a Blizzard*), Woodley appears void of vanity and tics and the usual tricks of the trade. She often eschews makeup, is okay with necessary nudity, and doesn't need those glycerin drops, thank you very much. Not since Demi Moore in *Ghost* has an actress been able to turn on the real waterworks and induce an audience to empathetic tears. She can make a grown man cry. John Green, who wrote *The Fault in Our Stars*, recalls being on set when they shot the scene in which Woodley's Hazel hears that her boyfriend, Gus, is dead. "For, like, 20 takes, Shailene had to just fall apart," he says. "I kept wanting to go upstairs and check on her. It seemed like no human being should have to go to that place, over and over again. I was freaked out by it. Shailene came downstairs and said, 'You wanna go to lunch?' I was like, 'Fuck no, I want to be alone and weep!' And she said, 'Oh, no, that was *fun*.' She's weird, man. She's weirdly talented."

She's also technically proficient (film actors who started in TV, where the hours are grueling, easily make adjustments and always hit their mark) and plays well with others. Laura Dern, who played her mother in *Fault*, remembers the two of them struggling through another of that movie's harrowing scenes. "They kept the camera rolling between takes. It was quiet, and Shailene looked at me and said, 'You okay?' There are very few actors whom I've ever worked with who are constantly checking in during the work. She's one, and it's really generous."

At the same time Woodley was offered the *Divergent* series, she was offered, and turned down, a chance to act with George Clooney again, in *Tomorrowland*. Clooney, known for not suffering fools, became a sensei of sorts to the young actress. "George said to me, 'Whoever is number one on the call sheet, and whoever the director is, it's their responsibility to set the tone for the crew. If they come in in a pissed-off, angry mood, it's gonna trickle down, and everyone on the set is going to be miserable. But if they come in with a smile on their face, on time, ready to engage and take on the day, then you're going to have a brilliant, beautiful film set.' "

When it comes to advice, Woodley gives as good as she gets. Gregg Araki, who directed her in *White Bird*, a psychological thriller, recalls a conversation they had before shooting the scene in which her character loses her virginity. "It's very different being male and losing your virginity than being female," Araki says. "And Shai was illuminating; she really enlightened me about what that experience is like. There's pleasure, but there's also discomfort, pain. And I think that's part of why she's so great, because there's just that *realness* to it, that humanity, how it really is versus the Hollywood version: 'Oh yeah, it's wonderful, the clouds open and you hear angels singing!' "

By last count, she's lost her virginity five times on screen. The triumvirate are at that age. Each has her own allure: Lawrence is plush; Stewart, brooding; Woodley, vulnerable. Unlike her peers, off screen, Woodley keeps a low romantic profile that's in sync with the way she lives the rest of her life. As you'd expect from a heart-to-heart hugger, "I'm all-loving," she says. "I fall in love with people based on who they are.

"I never want to love like this"—Woodley holds her arms outstretched, as if to envelop you—"I always want to love like this." She thrusts her arms behind her back, pressing her chest forward. "Heart centered, like, 'This is who I am! And I love you if you love me for who this person is. And if not, I'll still love you, but I ain't fallin' *in* love with you!' "

Happily she carries on with what could seriously be the best personal ad ever—feel free to steal it: "When you're truly in love, for me, it's...you're my lighthouse! You're somebody who holds me high, keeps me safe, you've got my fuckin' back.... You also love me whole, wild, and free. You let me do me, and I'm gonna let you do you! And I'll be the home that you return to."

Is she currently in love? Woodley smiles. "I'm currently not going to answer that question."

If you were to shake a Magic 8 Ball, it would answer, "Signs point to yes." The last two books she read were David Deida's *Dear Lover: A Woman's Guide to Enjoying Love's Deepest Bliss*, and *The Way of the Superior Man: A Spiritual Guide to Mastering the Challenges of Women, Work, and Sexual Desire*. "It's about loving oneself and deep intimacy and allowing yourself to be vulnerable. I found it very heart opening," she says, adding, "I have a great relationship with myself; it doesn't mean we get along every day."

Soon the vagabond will be sweeping up her Shai deposits and packing them into a single suitcase, which she describes as "10 percent clothes and 90 percent shit—a little altar of candles, sage, talismans, cards from dear friends, even strangers, things that remind me of home." Adding yet another cool director to her credits, Woodley's off to costar with Joseph Gordon-Levitt in Oliver Stone's untitled project based on the NSA whistleblower Edward Snowden. She'll play Snowden's professional-pole-dancing girlfriend, Lindsay Mills.

The waiter arrives with the check, and the actress dives for it. "I'm buying you dinner," she insists. A fight ensues. Clearly, this meal will be on ELLE. As much fun as the evening was, business is business. And we're the ones who asked her out.

"Dude, that wasn't even dinner, that was, like, a *snack*," Woodley replies. And then comes some more progressive thinking. "It's not even me—all money comes from the same place. It's not my money; it's not your money. We're just cycling paper."

The specious argument of a generous and prosperous 23-year-old; nice try. "Look," she says, "I know it's uncomfortable. It feels strange because it's something outside of our paradigm. But we're breaking through, man! We're changing!"

Determined, Woodley launches into a story about being on an airplane, exhausted, sitting next to a stranger who struck up a conversation. "I was like, 'I'll give her 10 minutes, then I'm going to put my mask on and sleep.' We end up talking the entire plane ride—she's become a very close friend. She said a lot of beautiful things. Among them: 'As human beings we're always afraid to jump off the cliff because we forget we have wings.' So every time I'm in a situation where I'm like, 'I'm uncomfortable! I don't know what to do!' I'm like, '*Jump*!' Isn't that the best?"

Woodley smiles, firing up her dimples: "Trust me." She waves the waiter back over. "It's gonna be fine. We have wings." ●



Knit dress, CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION, *$2,150, at Calvin Klein Collection, NYC. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Hair by Serge Normant for Sergenormant.com; makeup by Rachel Goodwin at The Magnet Agency for Chanel Beauté; manicure by Ashlie Johnson at The Wall Group for Chanel Le Vernis; production by Dan Foley for 3 Production Inc.; fashion assistants: Alli Conrad and Brittny Chapman



MIX MASTER

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THE SEASON'S MOST COMPELLING TEXTURED LOOKS PROVE THAT MORE REALLY IS MORE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LIZ COLLINS STYLED BY SAMIRA NASR



Feather-embroidered coat, shorts, both, VALENTINO, *prices on request, at Valentino, NYC. Intarsia mesh top,* PACO RABANNE, *$2,900. Silver and turquoise necklace, $450, rings, $275–$350 each, all,* VICKI TURBEVILLE. *Silk pumps,* PRADA, *price on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Jacquard coat, $3,790, silk brocade dress, $3,890, both, LANVIN, *at Lanvin, NYC. Silk scarf, $390, leather and brass belt, $690, both,* SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE. *Silver and turquoise necklace, $450, ring, $275, both,* VICKI TURBEVILLE. *Leather clutch,* LOEWE, *$990. Silk pumps,* PRADA, *price on request.*



Jersey and lace dress, price on request, jersey bodysuit, $1,390, lambskin boots, $3,625, all, GIVENCHY BY RICCARDO TISCI, *at Givenchy, Las Vegas. Leather and brass belt,* SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE, *$690. Silver and turquoise necklaces, both,* VICKI TURBEVILLE, *$110–$450 each. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Cotton coat, $1,560, silk dress, $1,040, both, SHARON WAUCHOB, *visit sharonwauchob.com. Leather and brass belt,* SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE, *$690. Silver and turquoise necklaces, both,* VICKI TURBEVILLE, *$110–$450 each. Calfskin boots,* DIOR, *$1,650.*



Eel-leather jacket, embroidered dress, lace knit leggings, all, LOUIS VUITTON, *prices on request, at select Louis Vuitton stores nationwide. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Lurex trench coat, MISSONI, *$2,980, at Missoni, NYC. Cotton top, $750, leather trousers, $4,790, python mules, $1,090, all,* LOEWE. *Silver and turquoise necklaces, $110–$450 each, rings, $275–$350 each, all,* VICKI TURBEVILLE.



Sequin-embroidered polyamide dress, MUGLER, *$4,089, collection at neimanmarcus.com. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Beauty Secret: To keep long hair shiny and strong, GARNIER *Fructis Triple Nutrition Nutrient Spray conditions with shea butter and avocado oil.*



Leather and woven fringe coat, SALVATORE FERRAGAMO, *price on request, at Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques nationwide. Linen top,* PRADA, *$2,400. Waxed cotton pants,* ALTUZARRA, *$695. Leather and brass belt,* SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE, *$690. Python mules,* LOEWE, *$1,090.*



Coated jacquard coat, $4,100, cotton pants, $1,100, calfskin boots, $1,650, all, DIOR, *call 800-929-DIOR. Lace bra,* ERES, *$300. Silver and turquoise necklaces, both,* VICKI TURBEVILLE, *$110–$450 each. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Linen coat, price on request, skirt, $2,560, both, PRADA, *visit prada.com. Chinoise brocade top,* VERA WANG COLLECTION, *$895, at Vera Wang, NYC. Leather and brass belt,* SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE, *$690. Silver and turquoise necklace, $450, rings, $275–$350 each, all,* VICKI TURBEVILLE. *Python mules,* LOEWE, *$1,090.*



Cotton mesh dress, PACO RABANNE, *price on request, collection at Barneys New York. Silver and turquoise necklace,* VICKI TURBEVILLE, *$110. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Hair by Chi Wong at Julian Watson Agency; makeup by Georgina Graham at Management + Artists; manicure by Jenny Longworth at CLM; casting by Sisi Chonco at Zan Casting; model: Amelia Roman at Women Management; production by Charlie Brierley at D+V; fashion assistants: Yashua Simmons and Katy Fox

RANK AND STYLE



UNIFORM DRESSING LOOSENS UP WHEN MILITARY-INSPIRED TOPPERS MEET DELICATE LACE FROCKS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID BELLEMERE STYLED BY VANESSA CHOW



Jacket, MONCLER, *$1,515, visit moncler.com. Lace plumetis dress, price on request, leather and suede boots, $3,625, all,* GIVENCHY BY RICCARDO TISCI. *For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Cotton-blend coat, ANTONIO BERARDI, *price on request, visit antonioberardi.com. Embroidered tulle jacket, price on request, top, $1,605, pants, price on request, leather and python sandals, $1,040, all,* ROBERTO CAVALLI. *Silver-plated brooch,* KENNETH JAY LANE, *$90.*



Waxed-cotton jacket, ALTUZARRA, *$1,995, collection at Barneys New York. Silk blouse, $1,585, lace skirt, $2,920, both,* NINA RICCI. *Leather and suede boots,* GIVENCHY BY RICCARDO TISCI, *$3,625. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Embroidered brushed-cotton jacket, GUCCI, *$3,990, at select Gucci stores nationwide. Silk blouse, $895, skirt, $1,695, both,* CHRISTOPHER KANE. *Leather and suede boots,* GIVENCHY BY RICCARDO TISCI, *$3,625.*



Washed-cotton jacket, $1,995, taffeta skirt (worn underneath), $1,995, both, RALPH LAUREN COLLECTION, *at select Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. Knit lace turtleneck,* DIOR, *$1,700. Canvas and cotton voile dress,* PORTS 1961, *$2,075. White gold, diamond, and rose quartz pendant (worn as brooch),* DEBORAH PAGANI, *price on request. Ring,* ALEXANDER McQUEEN, *$665. Toile messenger bag,* CHANEL, *price on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Wool shirt, $995, skirt, $975, both, MARC JACOBS, *at Marc Jacobs stores nationwide. Embroidered tulle dress, price on request, embossed leather sandals, $980, all,* ROBERTO CAVALLI. *Vintage garnet brooch, $530, gold signet ring, $1,200, both,* GARLAND COLLECTION. *Silk and goat handbag,* MARC JACOBS, *$2,700.*



Beauty Secret: The translucent ink formula of LANCÔME *Sourcils Tint Eyebrow Pen gives a subtle, natural touch of color.*

Cotton and chiffon vest with blouse, $1,058, skirt, $658, both, SACAI, *visit sacai.jp. Gold signet ring,* TOM WOOD, *$1,500. Leather and suede boots,* GIVENCHY BY RICCARDO TISCI, *$3,625. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Right: Embroidered leather-detail canvas jacket, crystal-adorned lace net skirt, embossed leather sandals, all, RODARTE, *prices on request, collection at Satine, L.A. Calfskin handbag,* MARK CROSS, *$2,495.*

Far right: Wool coat, MARY KATRANTZOU, *price on request, collection at net-a-porter.com. Silk top,* JASON WU, *$895. Skirt,* AKRIS, *price on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.*





On location: Hair by Pasquale Ferrante for Wella Professional; makeup by Fiona Stiles at The Wall Group for Chanel Beauté; manicure by April Foreman at The Wall Group; production by Andrea Cahigal for Portfolio One Inc. In studio: Hair by Shin Arima at Frank Reps for Redken; makeup by Deanna Hagan at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel Beauté; manicure by Maki Sakamoto at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel Le Vernis. Casting by Sisi Chonco for Zan Casting; model: Teddy Schwab at Supreme Management; fashion assistant: Alban Roger


SHORT
CAUSE A COMMOTION IN THE SHORTEST HEMLINES SEEN SINCE THE '60S



Far left: Knit dress, CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION, *$1,595, at Calvin Klein Collection, NYC. Palladium earrings,* LOUIS VUITTON, *$975.*

Left: Wool dress, MARC JACOBS, *$3,200, visit marcjacobs.com. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

STORY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HORST DIEKGERDES STYLED BY SABINA SCHREDER



Crepe and latex-detail dress, ANTHONY VACCARELLO, *$3,350, collection at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Patent leather pumps,* MIU MIU, *$890.*



Beauty Secret: JOHN FRIEDA *Sheer Blonde Go Blonder Controlled Lightening Spray boosts color by reacting with blow-dryer heat to lighten and brighten hair.*

Eel-leather dress, knit top, prices on request, ear chain, $525, LOUIS VUITTON, *at select Louis Vuitton stores nationwide. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Beauty Secret: The tawny DIOR *Diorshow Fusion Mono in Météore adds a touch of shine for an understated eye.*

Embellished sleeveless leather jacket, price on request, embellished jersey bodysuit, $1,390, stretch-cady shorts, $1,500, all, GIVENCHY BY RICCARDO TISCI, *collection at Barneys New York.*



Printed silk dress, DOLCE & GABBANA, *$2,995, at Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide. Leather ankle boots,* CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION, *$695. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Cady jacket, $2,325, silk and Lycra top, $625, cady skort, $1,225, all, VERSACE, *at select Versace boutiques nationwide. Horn, gold, and diamond pendant, $2,130, gold chain, $1,695, both,* SIDNEY GARBER.



Silk shirt, MAXMARA, *$625, at MaxMara, NYC. Leather skirt,* HILFIGER COLLECTION, *$450. Printed silk scarf,* GUCCI, *$270. Gold-plated brass and mother-of-pearl cuff,* LIZZIE FORTUNATO, *$280. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Hair by Sebastien Richard at Jed Root; makeup by Stephanie Kunz at Calliste; manicure by Christina Conrad at Calliste; prop styling by Sophie Glasser at Talent & Partner; production by Jamila Wahid at Brachfeld Paris Production; casting by Sisi Chonco at Zan Casting; models: Kristina Lisovenko at Major Models Paris, Frances Coombe at Muse, and Juliette Fazekas and Renata at IMG; fashion assistant: Benjamin Simeoni

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perhaps most concisely in a sonnet by Edna St. Vincent Millay: Studying literature together one long afternoon, one of the two smitten scholars—till recently an awkward jumble of elbows and explanations—"lets fall the coloured book upon the floor." Or as Dante put it: "That day they read no more."

In our safety-checked and responsible culture, in our endlessly chattering, texting, blogging, brownnosing, apologizing, analyzing, verbalizing culture, eroticism may be the last frontier we can explore intuitively. Like dance, sexuality is at once preverbal and transverbal: It predates the word and outstrips it. To pin it down with questions and formulas is like pinning a butterfly to a wall. You can see it better there, but it no longer flutters. And neither, in all likelihood, does your heart.

There is a second, entirely different reason that the new regulations and terminologies are profoundly damaging: When we use the word *rape* to designate a hesitation during—or a second thought after—sex, we rob the victims of real sexual violence of credibility and support. To confound women who are overpowered with weapons or muscles or threats or fear with women who are simply of two minds about their romantic forays afterward is to obfuscate terror.

For when everyone is a rape victim, no one is a rape victim. When enfranchised women who take their chances with men they find attractive or useful are equated with those who are forced to have sex via threats or deeds, everybody loses: The enfranchised women are cheated of the personal equality and responsibility for which their feminist forebears fought. The women assaulted are robbed of legitimacy because those who might hear of their plight are increasingly desensitized to the concept of rape and fail to act with conviction to punish and prevent it.

We live in a world in which horror is real, and opportunities for activism abundant and insistent. We must protect and defend the women and girls in our midst who run the risk of sexual assault. But that is not best accomplished when we cry wolf at every sheep we spot. To do so turns our allies into skeptics, supporters into passive bystanders.

It also destroys the erotic wilderness. There must always remain some part in sexuality of the "selva oscura"—of Dante's dark forest, his mysterious wood. It cannot be all brightly lit airstrips, big arrows, wide landing lanes. The power of eros lies in its anarchism—in its surpassing and bypassing of the verbal, the logical, and the polite.

I've known disasters along my amorous way, but I've also known magic. And of one matter I'm nearly certain: I would never have pursued anything in love or bed had I been asked to consent to it in advance or explicitly name it afterward.

It's no accident, I believe, that two out of three major world religions prohibit us from naming the Godhead, from calling out what is most holy to us. The devil may be in the details—but the divine is in the abstract, the unpredictable, the forever unsayable. ●

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my body had honorably answered for my whole family this lingering question of whether there would be a next generation of Hodells. I'd done my duty, and now we could all move on. The two kids with their high, white socks were now undeniably middle-aged.

One afternoon, Christian e-mailed to say that he and Mikey had something important to talk to me about. His Important Conversations could be unpredictable and sometimes terrifying: Why He Is the Wrong Boyfriend for You; Your Job Is a Poisoned Chalice; That Lipstick Shade Does Not Flatter. (We all feared the familiar words, "I'm going to say this with love....") We Skyped; I trained my face to look serenely receptive.

But this time it was not about me. The comedy of it! While my family had glanced covertly my way, wondering when I'd get around to marrying, my gay brother had gone and done it. And now he'd visited a clinic in Connecticut to flip through binders of baby mamas. He and Mikey squeezed close so they'd both fit onto my monitor to say that they'd picked an egg donor—a pretty brown-eyed law student of Czech extraction from Rhode Island—and with luck and about $100,000, in a year's time they'd be parents. I hadn't even known they were considering it.

In Connecticut, Mikey and Christian met the law student for 15 nervous minutes before she was wheeled in to have her eggs vacuumed up. They both contributed—I didn't ask, but I imagined it involved specialized magazines in a toilet stall—and the results were eyedroppered onto her eggs. "We've got 13 embryos in the freezer," Christian reported expansively. "You could have one, if you want."

They'd also found a surrogate, the magnificent and sainted Sharla, who lived all the way out in Wichita, Kansas. She was flown to the clinic, and several embryos were implanted. Christian returned to London, and I was visiting him there—I'd moved back to the U.S.—when he got the news of a strong single heartbeat. Sitting in his fishbowl office with his staff clapping around him, he rejoiced and we all cracked each others' spines with hugs like a convention of chiropractors. But when he shut the door, tears glazed his eyes: "I mind that there aren't going to be two to grow up together."

Soon, Sharla e-mailed ultrasounds in which a little bean could be seen and then not seen, inky and blurred, like an old mezzotint. Christian and Mikey talked baby names for hours. "Now let's do jewels! Ruby. Pearl? Jade." In the end, she was Elsa. I flew to Kansas on her birth to be housekeeper while they figured out how to be parents. Christian was Papa; Mikey was Daddy. But the dot of blood harvested when she was minutes old would show that she was Christian's biological child. "That's mine," he whispered disbelievingly.

It would take a month to get Elsa's documents in order, and they rented a suite in a sort of shantytown for transient executives. Sharla pumped as much breast milk as she could. Bottles of it sat, unsettlingly yellow, in the fridge among our groceries. This generous stranger, no blood of ours, had the most sustained physical relation to Elsa of any of us. She had made her—or rather, she'd allowed Elsa to make herself inside her, spinning her little body from the genetic material of my brother and a woman none of us would ever see again.

Not everyone falls in love with a newborn. That is this auntie's secret. Elsa was a red and wrinkly visitor from outer space, skinny, with a slightly lopsided face and opaque mineral-blue eyes that minutely raked the face of whoever was bent over her with the bottle, searching as her little mouth worked. Things were most definitely going on in there, but who could say what? Her squalls were spasmodic, weak, shuddering, as if her small bones weren't sturdy enough to withstand the gusts of wanting. When I welled up at the noises of grief, Christian snapped, "Are you drunk?" He snatched her up, swaddled like a canapé, and speed-skated around the living room in his socks, singing Christmas carols as Elsa stared up at him, transfixed. He whisked past me. "There's Tatie Courtney!" This was the shocker. He was a natural father, easy, confident, fearless. How was he allowed to be different from me?

Wichita seemed to be all mall, and we toured one after another in an enormous rented SUV, shopping for the numerous items necessary for a weeks-old baby. Christian was explaining how her life was going to go. "She'll ski, and she'll speak French; she'll play tennis and the piano. Everything else she gets to pick for herself."

The atmosphere in the car shifted a little; I could tell he was working up to something. I glanced over at his profile with the ribbon of Kansas beyond it. His Byronic swoop of hair was clipped like Caesar's now, but he'd grown into his handsome nose, and I thought he looked very distinguished and not at all improbable at the wheel of the big car. "Tell me about the...about the coochy." He couldn't quite get the word out.

"You mean the vagina?" I bit down a laugh. Really, I was thrilled to be asked about a subject I could at last feel learned about. "Think of it as a kind of self-cleaning oven. You don't need to get up in there with any soap or whatnot. It takes care of itself as long as you keep the outside area clean...." And so I went on.

His knuckles tightened on the steering wheel after a time. "Okay, great. I don't think I can hear any more right now." He appeared to be breathing through his mouth. "But thanks. Really helpful."

Poor boy. I realized I didn't know if he'd ever seen a vagina up close, and now he was in charge of making someone feel comfortable about hers. We steered into a consoling Krispy Kreme drive-through with the HOT NOW sign lit up. I realized that it would probably be a decade before he next asked for my advice, when the dreaded menses loomed.

Elsa was no longer than my forearm, and there was just so much turbulence ahead. Girls are born with all the eggs they will ever have, enough to populate a small city. But these start dying off at birth, and only a few hundred of them will ever kick off into the fallopian tubes and mature into the big chance. Women have, I'd guess, about two decades of genuine, galloping fertility. Twelve periods a year, that's 240 shots at making a baby without enlisting a team of professionals and some lottery winnings. Why was I thinking about this already? She was a few weeks old. This was the telescoping nature of human endeavor. All that mad activity—going to parties, falling in love, buying houses, striving at work—could be smashed like a soda can into this flat fact: We have children so they can have children so they can have children. I had a blast of vertigo, as when you look into a puddle and see the stars falling away behind your head.

Elsa got her passport, Sharla's milk dried up, and we all dispersed, exhausted: Mikey and Christian to a wholly altered life, with unrecognizable hours and fears and blisses, and me back to mine, where there was still a sock lying in the middle of the rug and an empty glass in the sink.

I'm no Facebooker, but I started checking in daily to see photos of them settling in, 3,500 miles away. One morning Christian posted, *Last day of my paternity leave. Devastated. From this moment on, everything I do is for her and her wonderful daddy.*

Here it was: I'd been kicked out of our tiny Narnia. The wardrobe held only coats. The cold stone in my chest was the rightness of what he'd written. In his novel *On the Black Hill*, Bruce Chatwin describes grown twins: "Because they knew each other's thoughts, they even quarreled

without speaking." Now my brother was thinking and feeling things I never would. In college he'd taught me how to speak, but this was something I could never say aloud: *Don't leave me behind.*

The only recourse was to love this little scrap of a human, and in the first really adult way I would love anyone. Without expectations of returned affection. Without wounded vanity. With foreknowledge of impending boredom, exasperation, even anger. In the understanding that I would sometimes be ridiculous in her eyes. Knowing I did not have the rights of parenthood, I could make no demands of her beyond those any grown-up would make of a child: Hold my hand, we're crossing the street....

When Nathan, my boyfriend of five years now, held Elsa for the first time, he wept—big sparklers caught in his lower lashes, too light to drop. "Not sadness," he said, "just big feeling." Now the decision is made. But the decision is not past. No matter how it came about—was it my procrastination, disinclination, anxiety, self-absorption?—we live with its consequences every day. Nathan is younger than I am, and it's a little odd to be dealing at his age with the question of whether he'll have his own children or not. As long as he chooses to be with me, it will be the latter. I want him to stay, but it is, as they say, a big ask.

I've learned from the work of the primatologist Sarah Blaffer Hrdy that aunts exist in nature. Of course they're everywhere, biologically speaking, but some (marmosets and langurs, I'm looking at you) truly behave as the aunt I want to be, the aunt I'm becoming, and this is called allomothering. They'll feed, groom, and hold a child when they don't have one of their own. So there is a word for what I'm doing, I and all my sisters of the genetic dead end. Whatever I've learned in this life will not stop with me; I'll teach it to her.

From feeling we move to thinking, and then to doing. "If there is a kindness instinct," writes psychologist Adam Phillips, "it is going to have to take onboard ambivalence in human relations. It is kind to be able to bear conflict, in oneself and others; it is kind, to oneself and others, to forgo magic and sentimentality for reality...."

As night falls in the forest, Hansel crowns Gretel Queen of the Woods and sings to her, "I give you the strawberries, but don't eat them all." It is hard, so hard, to let go of a story you've lived by. Brother, goodbye; father, hello. As in fairy tales, there must be a gift at a christening, and this one is my offering: For her, the wild strawberries will be only strawberries, and sweet. "*Fraises des bois*, Elsa darling," my brother will say. "Try one." ●

Adapted from Meghan Daum, ed., Selfish, Shallow, and Self-Absorbed *(Picador © 2015)*

COVERS

Viscose and polyamide bodysuit, $2,065, viscose and acetate bralette, $630, by *Balmain*, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC), Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, Maxfield (L.A.). Patent leather belt by *Lauren Ralph Lauren*, $48, similar styles at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide.

BEHIND THE COVER

PAGE 104: Bandeau by *Monique Lhuillier*, at Monique Lhuillier stores nationwide. Eyeliner by *Lancôme*, at Lancôme counters nationwide. Pump by *Alexander Wang*, similar styles at alexanderwang.com.

FIRST, WE TAKE DC

PAGE 110: Muriel Bowser wears: Wool coat by *Les Copains*, $1,795, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. Triacetate-blend dress by *Boss*, $595, at Hugo Boss stores nationwide, call 800-HUGO-BOSS or visit hugoboss.com. Gold and diamond hoop earrings by *Jennifer Meyer*, $3,450, collection at Barneys New York. Gold and diamond necklace by *Hearts On Fire*, $2,250, call 877-PERFECT or visit heartsonfire.com. Gold and diamond bracelet by *David Yurman*, $16,500, at David Yurman (NYC), visit davidyurman.com. Gold-plated metal bracelet by *R. J. Graziano*, $55, visit rjgraziano.com. Gold cuff by *Coléoptère*, $27,000, collection at stoneandstrand.com. PAGE 112: Stephanie Schriock wears: Knit coat, $1,595, dress, $895, by *St. John*, at St. John (NYC; Beverly Hills; Costa Mesa, CA). Silver and black enamel cuffs, by *John Hardy*, $895–$1,295 each, visit johnhardy.com. Resin and silver-tone bangle by *Miriam Salat*, $265, visit miriamsalat.com. Nicolle Wallace wears: Stretch-crepe dress by *Roland Mouret*, $2,295, visit net-a-porter.com. Gold and diamond choker by *Elsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co.*, $3,150, visit tiffany.com. Vintage Cartier gold bracelets, $3,550–$4,550 each, from *Beladora*, visit beladora.com. PAGE 114: Elise Stefanik wears: Dress by *Boss*, $625, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. Metal, glass pearl, and Plexiglas bracelets by *Chanel*, $1,825 each, at Chanel boutiques nationwide, call 800-550-0005. PAGE 116: Gwen Ifill wears: Organza coat by *St. John*, $1,595, at St. John (NYC; Beverly Hills; Costa Mesa, CA). Crepe dress by *Marina Rinaldi*, $400, at Marina Rinaldi (NYC). Gold earrings by *Elizabeth Locke*, $4,400, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Gold and diamond necklace, $14,700, gold bangle, $4,580, by *Marco Bicego*, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. Gold ring by *David Yurman*, $3,950, at David Yurman (NYC), visit davidyurman.com. Jen Psaki wears: Wool, viscose, and elastane blazer by *Boss*, $895, at Hugo Boss stores nationwide, call 800-HUGO-BOSS. Cotton T-shirt by *3.1 Phillip Lim*, $295, visit 31philliplim.com. Gold necklace by *David Yurman*, $5,300, at David Yurman (NYC), visit davidyurman.com. PAGE 118: Cecilia Muñoz wears: Silk jacket, $1,495, silk and leather-detail dress, $1,995, by *Ralph Lauren Black Label*, at select Ralph Lauren stores nationwide, visit ralphlauren.com. Silver and crystal pin by *Kenneth Jay Lane*, $165, visit kennethjaylane.com. Amy Klobuchar wears: Jacquard coat, viscose-blend pants by *Ann Taylor*, visit anntaylor.com. Silk blouse by *Diane von Furstenberg*, at DVF (NYC).

THE LOOK

PAGE 147: Top, pants, shoulder bag by *Bottega Veneta*, call 800-845-6790 or visit bottegaveneta.com. Earrings by *Delfina Delettrez*, collection at openingceremony.us. Cuff by *Tiffany & Co.*, visit tiffany.com.

TRENDS AND ACCESSORIES

PAGE 148: Necklace by *Chanel*, call 800-550-0005. Bucket bag by *Ralph Lauren Collection*, visit ralphlauren.com. PAGE 152: Bra by *Carine Gilson*, visit carinegilson.com, collection at Barneys New York. Bra by *Eres*, collection at net-a-porter.com. Bra by *Morgan Lane*, at Morgan Lane stores nationwide. PAGE 154: Skirt by *Anthony Vaccarello*, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC), Just One Eye (L.A.), The Webster Miami, Alchemist (Miami). PAGE 156: Dress by *Stella McCartney*, $5,735, at Stella McCartney (NYC). Dress by *Mary Katrantzou*, $15,840, visit marykatrantzou.com. PAGE 161: Handbag by *Chanel*, call 800-550-0005. Bracelets by *Hermès*, call 800-441-4488 or visit hermes.com. PAGE 164: Handbag by *Dior*, $6,300, at Dior boutiques nationwide. PAGE 166: Clog by *Prada*, visit prada.com. Handbag by *The Row*, $5,500, at The Row (L.A.). PAGE 168: Watch by *David Yurman*, visit davidyurman.com. Clutch by *Bulgari*, $7,150, visit bulgari.com. PAGE 170: Handbag by *Fendi*, $8,450, visit fendi.com. Handbag by *Dior*, $8,400, call 800-929-DIOR. Sandal by *Michael Kors*, call 866-709-KORS. Handbag by *Giorgio Armani*, $5,575, at Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide. Bucket bag by *M Missoni*, at M Missoni boutiques nationwide. PAGE 174: Cuff by *Irene Neuwirth*, $18,580, at Irene Neuwirth (West Hollywood). Ring by *Digby + Iona*, visit catbirdnyc.com. Necklace by *Bibi van der Velden*, $10,940, visit bibivandervelden.com. Earrings by *Kimberly McDonald*, $35,000, at Kimberly McDonald (L.A.). Earring by *Delfina Delettrez*, collection at openingceremony.us. PAGE 176: Sweater, shorts by *Rag & Bone/Jean*, visit bloomingdales.com. Rings by *Chanel Fine Jewelry*, at Chanel Fine Jewelry boutiques nationwide, call 800-550-0005.

BANANA APPEAL

PAGE 184: Far left, designer Marissa Webb wears: Scuba jacket, cotton shirtdress, stretch-cotton jeans, by *Banana Republic*, visit bananarepublic.com. Cotton jacket, rayon skirt, gold- and rhodium-plated brass and steel earrings, gold-plated brass and rubber ring, leather sandals by *Banana Republic*, visit bananarepublic.com. Model on right: Silk romper, stretch-cotton vest, gold-plated brass cuff, leather pumps by *Banana Republic*, visit bananarepublic.com. Bottom right: Cotton-blend jacket, leather top, tencel shorts, gold- and rhodium-plated brass and steel earrings, gold-plated brass cuff, by *Banana Republic*, visit bananarepublic.com. Faux-leather top; stretch-cotton pants; rhodium-plated brass, steel, and zinc earrings; cotton scarf; gold-plated brass and glass stone cuff, by *Banana Republic*, visit bananarepublic.com.

COME AS YOU ARE

PAGE 190: Jumpsuit by *Rachel Comey*, collection at totokaelo.com. Cardigan by *The Elder Statesman*, at The Elder Statesman (West Hollywood). PAGE 192: Blazer by *Pallas Paris*, collection at net-a-porter.com. Jeans by *AG*, at AG (NYC). Belt by *Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane*, visit ysl.com.

SHOPS

PAGE 195: Bra by *Eres*, visit eres.com. Earrings by *Lynn Ban Jewelry*, visit lynnban.com. Rings by *Dior*, to special order, call 800-929-DIOR. PAGE 198: Jacket by *French Connection*, at French Connection (NYC). Handbag by *Longchamp*, visit longchamp.com. Tank by *Creatures of Comfort*, at Creatures of Comfort (NYC, L.A.). Tank by *T by Alexander Wang*, visit alexanderwang.com. Skirt by *The Limited*, at The Limited stores nationwide. Earring by *Lito*, $5,325, collection at twistonline.com. PAGE 201: Top by *Julien David*, visit juliendavid.com. Bucket bag by *Tory Burch*, at Tory Burch boutiques nationwide. Sandals by *Zadig & Voltaire*, at Zadig & Voltaire boutiques nationwide. Watch by *Movado*, call 800-810-2311. Sneaker by *Cole Haan*, call 800-695-8945 or visit colehaan.com. PAGE 203: Sandal by *Jimmy Choo*, at Jimmy Choo stores nationwide, call 866-524-6687. Cuff by *Jemma Wynne*, $7,350, collection at Marissa Collections (Naples, FL). Pants by *Alexander Wang*, at Alexander Wang (NYC). PAGE 206: Shorts by *Zadig & Voltaire*, at Zadig & Voltaire boutiques nationwide. Shorts by *Denim & Supply Ralph Lauren*, visit denimandsupply.com. Shorts by *The Castings for Aritzia*, at Aritzia (NYC). Shorts by *Genetic Los Angeles*, collection at nordstrom.com. Ankle boot by *Gianvito Rossi*, collection at Just One Eye (L.A.). Sneaker by *Ralph Lauren Collection*, at select Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. PAGE 210: Earring by *Ana Khouri*, $6,512 (for pair), collection at Barneys New York. Clutch by *Ethan K*, $5,100, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. PAGE 212: Mule by *N°21*, collection at Magenta Couture (Boca Raton, FL).

A FAMILY THING

PAGE 217: Auston Reynolds wears: Embroidered-cotton bomber jacket by *Dolce & Gabbana*, $4,495, at select Dolce & Gabbana stores nationwide. Cotton shirt by *Dior Homme*, at Dior Homme stores nationwide, call 800-929-DIOR or visit diorhomme.com. Sunglasses by *Ray-Ban*, collection at Sunglass Hut stores nationwide, visit sunglasshut.com. Rey Reynolds wears: Lambskin jacket by *Schott NYC*, at Schott (NYC; Glendale, CA). Silk charmeuse shirtdress by *Public School*, collection at The Dreslyn (L.A.), Nordstrom stores nationwide. Sunglasses by *Ray-Ban*, collection at Sunglass Hut stores nationwide, visit sunglasshut.com. PAGE 218: Rey Reynolds wears: Silk-blend top by *Sandro*, at select Bloomingdale's stores nationwide or visit bloomingdales.com. Auston Reynolds wears: Nylon tank by *Tim Coppens*, $290, collection at Barneys New York. Sunglasses by *Ray-Ban*, collection at Sunglass Hut stores nationwide, visit sunglasshut.com. Jess Reynolds wears: Viscose-blend dress by *Tanya Taylor*, at Saks Fifth Avenue (Beverly Hills).

SHAILENE WOODLEY: CATCH HER IF YOU CAN

PAGE 307: Bodysuit, bralette by *Balmain*, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, Maxfield (L.A.). Belt by *Lauren Ralph Lauren*, similar styles at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide. PAGE 310: Dress, swimsuit by *Paco Rabanne*, $12,000, collection at justoneeye.com. PAGE 311: Shirt, pants by *Alexander Wang*, at Alexander Wang (NYC). PAGE 312: Bikini top by *Lisa Marie Fernandez*, collection at shopbop.com. Leggings by *American Apparel*, visit americanapparel.net.

MIX MASTER

PAGES 316–317: Coat, $27,000, shorts, $6,990, by *Valentino*, at Valentino (NYC). Top by *Paco Rabanne*, collection at Barneys New York, visit barneys.com. Necklace, rings by *Vicki Turbeville*, visit southwesternjewelry.net. Pumps by *Prada*, at select Prada boutiques nationwide, visit prada.com. PAGE 318: Belt by *Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane*, at Saint Laurent (NYC). Necklace, ring by *Vicki Turbeville*, visit southwesternjewelry.net. Clutch by *Loewe*, at Loewe (Miami). Pumps by *Prada*, at select Prada boutiques nationwide, visit prada.com. PAGE 319: Dress by *Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci*, $9,450, at Givenchy (Las Vegas). Belt by *Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane*, at Saint Laurent (NYC). Necklaces by *Vicki Turbeville*, visit southwesternjewelry.net. PAGE 320: Belt by *Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane*, at Saint Laurent (NYC). Necklaces by *Vicki Turbeville*, visit southwesternjewelry.net. Boots by *Dior*, call 800-929-DIOR. PAGE 321: Jacket, dress, leggings by *Louis Vuitton*, call 866-VUITTON or visit louisvuitton.com. PAGE 322: Top, mules by *Loewe*, at Loewe (Miami). Necklaces, rings by *Vicki Turbeville*, visit southwesternjewelry.net. PAGE 323: Dress by *Mugler*, collection at Boyds Philadelphia (Philadelphia), visit boydsphila.com, The Webster (Miami), visit thewebstermiami.com, Albright Fashion Library (NYC), visit albrightnyc.com, Neiman Marcus (Bal Harbour, FL; L.A.), modaoperandi.com. PAGE 324: Coat by *Salvatore Ferragamo*, $23,000, at Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques nationwide, call 866-337-7242. Top by *Prada*, at select Prada boutiques nationwide, visit prada.com. Pants by *Altuzarra*, similar styles at saksfifthavenue.com. Belt by *Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane*, at Saint Laurent (NYC). Mules by *Loewe*, at Loewe (Miami). PAGE 325: Coat, pants, boots by *Dior*, at Dior boutiques nationwide. Bra by *Eres*, call 888-656-ERES or visit net-a-porter.com. Necklaces by *Vicki Turbeville*, visit southwesternjewelry.net. PAGE 326: Coat, $6,340, skirt by *Prada*, at select Prada boutiques nationwide. Top by *Vera Wang Collection*, at Vera Wang (NYC). Belt by *Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane*, at Saint Laurent (NYC). Necklace, rings by *Vicki Turbeville*, visit southwesternjewelry.net. Mules by *Loewe*, at Loewe (Miami). PAGE 327: Dress by *Paco Rabanne*, $16,000, collection at barneys.com. Necklace by *Vicki Turbeville*, visit southwesternjewelry.net.

RANK AND STYLE

PAGE 329: Dress, boots by *Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci*, visit givenchy.com, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC). PAGE 330: Coat by *Antonio Berardi*, $5,900, visit antonioberardi.com. Jacket, top, pants, sandals by *Roberto Cavalli*, at Roberto Cavalli boutiques nationwide, visit robertocavalli.com. Brooch by *Kenneth Jay Lane*, call 877-953-5264. PAGE 331: Blouse, skirt by *Nina Ricci*, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, net-a-porter.com. Boots by *Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci*, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC). PAGE 332: Jacket by *Gucci*, visit gucci.com. Blouse, skirt by *Christopher Kane*, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Ring by *Tom Wood*, visit tomwoodproject.com. Boots by *Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci*, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC). PAGE 333: Jacket, skirt by *Ralph Lauren Collection*, visit ralphlauren.com. Turtleneck by *Dior*, at Dior boutiques nationwide, call 800-929-DIOR. Dress by *Ports 1961*, visit ports1961.com. Pendant by *Deborah Pagani*, collection at Ikram (Chicago). Ring by *Alexander McQueen*, visit alexandermcqueen.com. Messenger bag by *Chanel*, at select Chanel boutiques nationwide, call 800-550-0005. PAGE 334: Shirt, skirt by *Marc Jacobs*, visit marcjacobs.com. Dress, sandals by *Roberto Cavalli*, at Roberto Cavalli boutiques nationwide, visit robertocavalli.com. Brooch, ring by *Garland Collection*, visit garlandcollection.com. Handbag by *Marc Jacobs*, at Marc Jacobs stores nationwide, visit marcjacobs.com. PAGE 335: Ring by *Tom Wood*, visit tomwoodproject.com. Boots by *Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci*, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC). PAGE 336: Jacket, tank, skirt, sandals by *Rodarte*, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC), Curve (L.A., NYC), shopbop.com. Handbag by *Mark Cross*, collection at harrods.com. PAGE 337: Coat by *Mary Katrantzou*, $10,890, collection at net-a-porter.com. Top by *Jason Wu*, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. Skirt by *Akris*, at select Akris stores nationwide.

SHORT STORY

PAGE 338: Earrings by *Louis Vuitton*, at select Louis Vuitton stores nationwide, call 866-VUITTON or visit louisvuitton.com. PAGE 339: Dress by *Marc Jacobs*, at Marc Jacobs stores nationwide. PAGE 340: Dress by *Anthony Vaccarello*, collection at Alchemist (Miami). Pumps by *Miu Miu*, visit miumiu.com. PAGE 341: Dress, top, earring by *Louis Vuitton*, call 866-VUITTON or visit louisvuitton.com. PAGE 342: Jacket by *Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci*, $5,890, collection at Barneys New York. PAGE 343: Ankle boots by *Calvin Klein Collection*, at Calvin Klein Collection (NYC). PAGE 344: Jacket, top, skort by *Versace*, call 888-721-7219. Pendant, chain by *Sidney Garber*, at Sidney Garber (NYC, Chicago). PAGE 345: Skirt by *Hilfiger Collection*, at Tommy Hilfiger (NYC). Scarf by *Gucci*, at select Gucci stores nationwide, visit gucci.com. Cuff by *Lizzie Fortunato*, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide.

Prices are approximate. ELLE recommends that merchandise availability be checked with local stores.

Positioned in direct opposition to Uranus, ruler of all things unanticipated, the 4th's full-moon lunar eclipse won't be an easy aspect for anyone. But a string of lucky dates later in the month will bring good news that's well worth the wait

ARIES

THIS MONTH FOR ARIES: *(MAR 21–APR 19)* Monitor your relationship sector closely near the 4th—an angry full-moon lunar eclipse could give rise to instabilities or unfair challenges—and wait silently until events shake out. Once Jupiter exits retrograde on the 8th, you can respond with its protection, as well as that of a female ally, indicated by Venus' friendly conversation with Pluto. The good-luck planet's return to direct motion also places it in your house of true love until mid-August. One of your best days will arrive soon, on the 22nd, when Jupiter and Venus will play Cupid. You can up your chances of meeting someone if you travel over the weekend of the 25th, when Venus in Gemini will contact unpredictable Uranus in Aries. By contrast, you may feel as though you've reached a temporary plateau in your career, following Pluto's retrograde on the 16th. For now, stick to what's on your plate and take advantage of the cosmic support the 18th's new moon will give you toward other life goals. Now's your chance to exit dysfunctional situations or relationships and move on.

YOUR YEAR AHEAD: Romantic potential abounds, thanks to beneficent Jupiter boosting your love quotient until August. Reevaluate your relationship priorities—Jupiter wants you to think big. It also may encourage travel (hold June's first two weeks) or improve your chances of conception. July 1st might be your next career milestone. If you ask for a raise, you could celebrate over the Fourth of July weekend, when Venus will beam Jupiter, which enters your work-project sector on August 11th to stay for 13 months. And be ready for January 9th's new moon, ready to deliver your dreamed-of promotion. This period also will emphasize health and fitness. Financially, your prospects couldn't be rosier. Saturn will retrograde in your money sector from June 14th to September 14th, but that shouldn't set you back. You're wiser than ever, dear Aries.

TAURUS *(APR 20–MAY 20)*

A health or work-project development could reach a critical stage with the 4th's full-moon lunar eclipse. If it threatens your physical well-being, channel your signature Tauran practicality: Seek medical opinions and plot a sensible plan with your doctor. Take a similar tack for a work snafu and keep your cool if things spin out of control as you're finishing an assignment, for Jupiter and Venus, your ruler, will back you up. Now, the good news. With Mars set to enter Taurus on March 31st, to stay until May 11th, you'll be advantageously positioned to launch a new initiative in any realm of life that pleases you. And if you're skeptical about this celestial pairing's power, watch the 21st and 22nd, when Mars, Pluto, Venus, and Jupiter will make you shine, professionally and romantically. Venus will stir up more fun with Uranus on the 26th, the perfect time for a luxe escape, due to a transiting moon in royal Leo. You deserve the best, and it's well within your reach.

GEMINI *(MAY 21–JUNE 21)*

Noxious news could rock a relationship near the 4th's wayward full-moon lunar eclipse, with erratic Uranus and forceful Pluto in play. If the surprise isn't about your lover, it may concern one of your children or a sudden pregnancy. In any case, keep breathing. Your choices will become clear days later, and Jupiter in your communications house will assist you by amping up your trademark intelligence. The rest of the month will be easier to navigate. A fresh crop of people could enter your sphere with the 18th's friendly new moon—a motivational change. If you're seeking funding for an idea, make your move on the 21st, when Neptune will be in your house of fame; but, with Pluto in Capricorn in your house of other people's money, maintain a dash of practicality. Venus' arrival in Gemini on April 11th will usher in romantic fun. The 22nd looks starry for shopping or date-night sizzle—the 25th and 26th too. With magnetism like this, who could resist you?



Allison Williams
April 13, 1988

John Lamparski/WireImage/Getty Images

CANCER *(JUNE 22–JULY 22)*

Your living situation is about to change dramatically, perhaps sooner than anticipated, and that instability could seep into other parts of your life, including your career. Blame the 4th's full-moon lunar eclipse, for it has an angry side. Fortunately, Jupiter will be in your financial sector, and it could deliver a generous payout as it extends to your career honors and reputation sector. You'll also see professional opportunities open up with the 18th's new moon. And when it comes to socializing, Mars in Taurus will offer your pick of invitations. The 21st, when Mars contacts Pluto, might hold a glittering event, full of successful people and prime for networking. Your best-day runner-up? The 12th, when Mars and Neptune will sync. Plan an artsy date, and inspiration could strike. Sometimes chaos works in our favor, dear Cancer. That seems to be the case for you.

LEO *(JULY 23–AUG 22)*

Pack your bags, for the 4th's full-moon lunar eclipse, ruled by Venus in your status sector, likely will send you on the road for work. Things may not initially go according to plan—unbeknownst to you, a client may be unhappy—but steel your nerves. Good-fortune Jupiter in Leo will liaise with Uranus in your travel sector to ensure smooth face-to-face meetings, and Saturn, well-angled to Mercury, will help you draft an enduring agreement. Best of all, action-oriented Mars will enter your tenth house of honors on March 31st, to stay through May 11th. This is a key career moment of 2015, so mobilize if you're looking for a new job or a promo-

tion. It's prime time for love, too, with Jupiter in Leo until August 11th and Venus gliding through Gemini from April 11th to May 7th. Friends will coax you out, and the fun you'll have on the 22nd—and the sparkling weekend to follow—will be nothing short of epic.

VIRGO *(AUG 23–SEPT 22)*

The 4th's full-moon lunar eclipse could be jarring to your finances. The answer to a funding question could arrive within four days of it, along with an unexpected expense on its coattails. Still, you can come out ahead if you think smart. You'll have cosmic support from Venus and Jupiter, not to mention a friend and an influential new person who have your best interests at heart. The rest of April will be far less dramatic—and more positive. With Uranus so close to the Sun, the 18th's new moon could reveal a onetime fiscal opportunity; consult a financial adviser before you jump on it. Circle the 21st and 22nd, when Jupiter and Venus will sync, as your luckiest professional days—they might even presage a travel opportunity. Take off between the 18th and the 26th for optimal results, as the 24th and 26th could deliver urgent (but exciting) news. Romance will take a backseat to money and career for now, but you can look forward to the 29th, when the Sun and Neptune will harmonize, for some hard-earned excitement.

LIBRA *(SEPT 23–OCT 22)*

April may be the most important month of the year for you, since eclipses like the 4th's bring resolution. With Uranus, planet of rebellion, acting wildly, this one may have your partner in love or business acting unpredictably or out of character; alternatively, he or she may be in crisis. Either way, you'll need an action plan. But because the eclipse will take place in Libra, you'll see your options vividly and know what you want. It appears your dilemma could involve a living situation. With Venus, your ruler, in a powerful position and synced with Pluto, you can work to resolve matters agreeably. The rest of the month won't demand as much from you. The 18th's new moon may open possibilities with a partner in a calm environment, though it's unclear whether this is the same partner the eclipse concerned. And if the 4th revealed a home issue, you could see a breakthrough when Mars and Pluto sync on the 21st. For pure fun, luck, and romance, the 22nd looks outstanding; then Venus' playful mood will lighten up the weekend of the 25th. Surprises wait just around the corner.

SCORPIO *(OCT 23–NOV 21)*

The 4th's full-moon lunar eclipse may reveal a colleague's upsetting offstage dealings, but don't let that get to you. You have the finest career aspects of any sign until mid-August, with Jupiter now watching over the Sun and Uranus in your sixth house of projects and Venus in harmony with Pluto, your ruler. However, this eclipse may also expose a health matter requiring immediate attention, or spotlight a bad habit you need to quit. Your wellness will definitely be front of mind near the 18th's new moon in competitive Aries, which will encourage you to get fit. With Mars in a partnering house, you'll double your benefit if you invite a friend along, especially on the 21st. Work will remain hectic—especially the high-pressure week of the 20th—but you'll have a sensational day on the 22nd, when perks or a bonus could lift your spirits. For now, your career is number one, but fun and love will topple it next month.

SAGITTARIUS *(NOV 22–DEC 21)*

The 4th's full-moon lunar eclipse will signal endings in your friendship house, meaning a pal could move away or ignite a falling-out. Gather all the facts before you respond, but you're in luck if it's money related, for Venus will send a fortuitous beam to Pluto to help you find a remedy. On the flip side, the eclipse may reveal a down-and-out friend in need. Early April might sap your energy, but the 18th's new moon will jump-start your love life. If you're attached, you can use it to connect more deeply with your partner; single Sags can take this cue to leave the office on time and socialize, for with Jupiter in perfect angle to your Sun, there has rarely been a better time to find your true north. Your best days to make a connection: the 21st and the 22nd—and the following weekend looks ideal for an overnight escape. Careerwise, your creativity will soar. Your ideas have legs and can take you precisely where you want to go.

CAPRICORN *(DEC 22–JAN 19)*

Brace for sudden changes on the career front, stemming from the 4th's full-moon lunar eclipse, but don't let it rush you into hasty decisions that might impact your home life, too. Speaking of home, it seems an unstable situation has been lingering. This eclipse could reveal a way forward. If you need funding to move, good-fortune Jupiter will help you collect it, and Mercury, planet of leases and deeds, will receive a golden beam from your ruler, Saturn, indicating April's shifts will benefit you. Still, be prepared to act fast when you hear about a desirable job or home. You're due to score with an investor or buyer on the 22nd; if you're the one placing a bid, do so on the 25th or 26th. Mars and Venus will brighten your social life; then when Pluto in Capricorn receives a beam from Mars in Taurus on the 21st, your charisma will hit an all-time high. If you're invited to a party, accept! You have plenty to celebrate.

AQUARIUS *(JAN 20–FEB 18)*

Personal travel will distinguish April, likely starting around the 4th's full-moon lunar eclipse. With Mars and Venus activating your living situation, it seems you may need to visit a family member or assess real estate. You'll have plenty of time to invest in your domestic life, because work will slow when Pluto, ruler of your tenth house of career advancement, retrogrades on the 16th; that also means you'll be able to react quickly when and if Mars and Pluto generate home or family news on the 21st. You could set off again near the 18th's new moon, probably for a closer-to-home destination. If you're not dating anyone, consider booking a few days at a singles hot spot, for your weekends from the 11th until May 7th will be romantically charmed. Your best dates will be the 25th and 26th, when Uranus will signal to Jupiter in your solar fifth house of true love. Attached? Plan a fancy dinner on the 22nd—or use this date to commit to something more enduring. It's an ideal time to get engaged.

PISCES *(FEB 19–MAR 20)*

You'd rather devote energy to creative projects than financial ones, but the 4th's strong full-moon lunar eclipse won't give you a choice. In direct opposition to Uranus, it could deliver news that feels about as good as an electric shock. But Jupiter, in a very positive angle to the Sun, will help you cope by generating fees from new business and side gigs; the lucky planet will work even harder for you after it returns to direct motion on the 8th. Venus and Uranus could chip in too, with a cash influx near the 26th. Then, Mars will turn your eye to travel, to visit family or friends—or possibly for romance. Take off in the first 10 days of April, when Venus in Taurus will make even a short trip worth the effort, or on the 21st, when Mars and Pluto will sync. Happily, artistic endeavors will frame the month: The 22nd will encourage at-home design changes, and the 2nd and the 29th will foster out-of-the-box thinking. You'll be a virtual idea factory, so set your sights on doing what you do best. ●

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RUNAWAY LOVE

As a Grammy-winning rapper, film star, father, and recent newlywed, **Ludacris** goes all out (up in here). By Mickey Rapkin



By this time next month, Ludacris, né Christopher Brian Bridges, could easily be celebrating a number-one movie (*Furious 7*) and a number-one album (*Ludaversal*, his eighth studio record). To call anyone a Renaissance man these days is to court cliché, but surely he's earned it. More proof? In a move straight out of the modern mogul's playbook, he proposed to girlfriend Eudoxie Mbouguiyenegue—who founded the nonprofit Unspoken Angels, which counsels young female abuse victims—over the Christmas holiday and then flew her to Costa Rica on his private jet. The two married almost immediately after, with Ludacris, 37, posting a wedding photo to Instagram with the caption: "Why wait? Did the thing before 2015. #mrandmrsbridges." Here, the Atlanta-bred artist discusses that big leap, as well as strip clubs, religion, and why he loves *The Devil Wears Prada*. Ludacris indeed.

ELLE: In the late '90s you interned at an Atlanta radio station under the name Chris Lova Lova. Any good stories from those days?
LUDACRIS: When you're learning on the radio station, you work the graveyard shift. That's 2 A.M. to 6 A.M. People call up with extremely sexy voices, saying, "Come see me after you get off the air." This one woman said, "I'll leave the door open." I was probably 19. I said, *Hell yeah, I'm about to try this out.* She told me she'd be in the tub, waiting. When I got there, the tub was damn near overflowing.
ELLE: Did you stay?
L: I immediately left! That's one of those times where you learn a lesson. Just because someone has an extremely sexy voice does not mean they are extremely sexy.
ELLE: In a 2013 radio interview you talked about making music specifically for strip clubs. What kind of music is that, exactly?
L: The best way for me to describe it is it has a particular bounce to it. In Atlanta, we have some of the best strip clubs in the world. They have these poles, and they go all the way to the ceiling. It's almost like a damn Cirque du Soleil show. A lot of women go. They're not so ashamed.
ELLE: What's your favorite song to hear in a strip club?
L: It's called "Pussy Poppin."
ELLE: That's your song!
L: Absolutely.
ELLE: You appeared in the movie *New Year's Eve*. Do you have a favorite chick flick?
L: *The Devil Wears Prada*.
ELLE: Come on.
L: I'm dead-ass serious. I love that movie. It's not even so much a chick flick.
ELLE: It's the definition of a chick flick. It's about a fashion magazine.
L: It's about leadership and focus. That's one of my favorite movies of all time, honestly. Period.
ELLE: You have a 13-year-old daughter. What do you hope to teach her?
L: Independence. Striving for excellence. Her schedule is damn near busier than mine. She'll have piano one day and acting another day and dance another day.
ELLE: Being a teenage girl today seems very scary.
L: The number-one thing I try to get across is we're in a digital age where it's cool to be on your iPhone all the time. So all of those activities I mentioned are about getting her away from that. People are on video games and their phones, and it's taking up all their mental space.
ELLE: Did you ever receive any particularly valuable advice about women?
L: One time I was at the movies with my mother and my father. I was young, and I was watching the movie, and my mom started crying. I had to reach over to my dad and say, "Why is Mom crying?" And he looked at me and said, "Son, sometimes they just do that." [*Laughs*]
ELLE: What did your mom teach you about women?
L: She didn't have to tell me much. She's a very hardworking individual. And self-educated. She worked three or four jobs at one time. She worked at a real estate agency, she worked at a grocery store, she was going to school part-time. Basically she's the perfect model for me. I'm a mama's boy, of course. I'm an only child.
ELLE: Congratulations on your wedding. Why settle down now?
L: Life is all about timing, to be honest with you. I don't doubt any plans that the Man Upstairs has for me. And I listen closely to Him guiding me to where I need to be.
ELLE: Are you religious?
L: I talk to the Man Upstairs every day.
ELLE: I'm trying to reconcile that part of you with, say, the guy who wrote the lyric "I lost my count baby/ How many times did I make you cum."
L: This is true. I think He has a sense of humor. [*Beat*] When we get into religion, I want to be careful about what is said. He's given me a talent to entertain. My name is Ludacris for a reason. There are things that are satirical, and there are things that are bending the truth a little bit and making it sensationalized.
ELLE: Oprah famously took issue with the lyrics in rap music, leading to some beef between you two. What did you learn from that?
L: I learned that sometimes you can agree to disagree. That is the quote.
ELLE: Would you vote for Hillary Clinton for president?
L: It depends on who she's running against, my friend.
ELLE: You mentioned her in a song once, rapping that she's "irrelevant."
L: [*Laughs*] Satirical Ludacris....
ELLE: If I asked all of the women you've ever dated to agree on something about you, what would they say?
L: Man, how explicit can we get in an interview?
ELLE: How do you mean?
L: They would say a factual thing. They would all attest to one thing. And that would be the anatomy. [*Laughs*] I call it The Truth. 'Cause you can't handle The Truth!

Mishon Pulliam

"The hottest song lyric in music history?" says Ludacris. "It's Jamie Foxx featuring Ludacris: 'Some say that sex is overrated, but they just ain't doin' it right.'"

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